


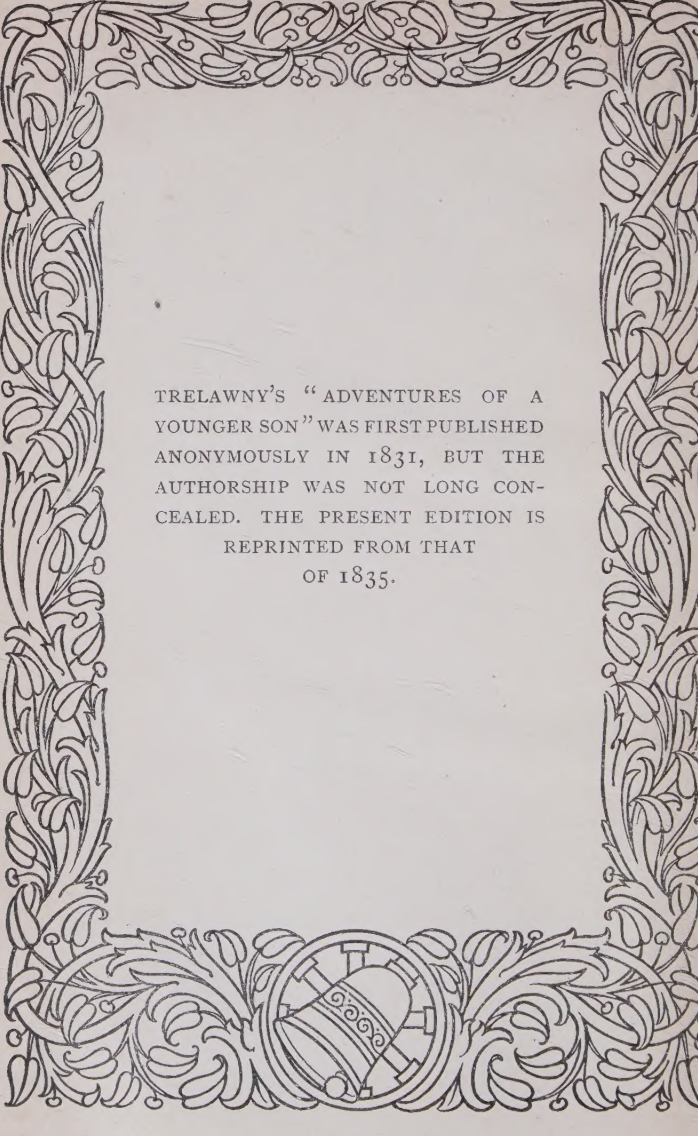




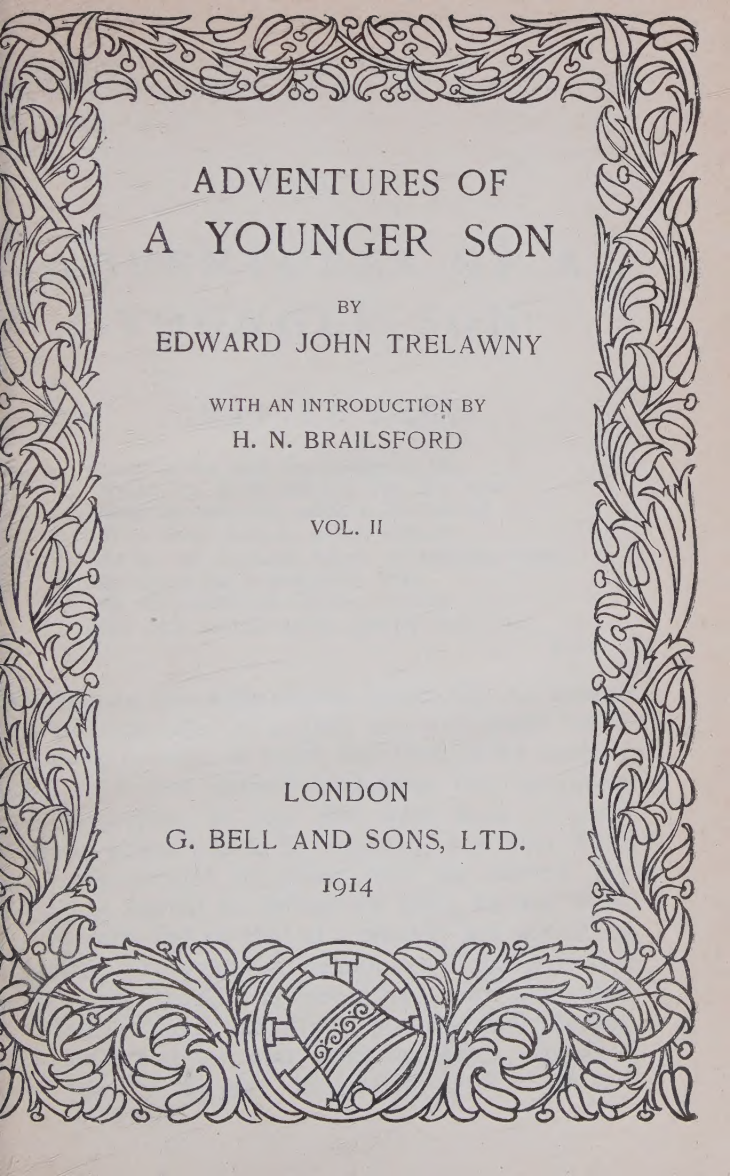
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TRELAWNY'S "ADVENTURES OF A
YOUNGER SON" WAS FIRST PUBLISHED
ANONYMOUSLY IN 1831, BUT THE
AUTHORSHIP WAS NOT LONG CON-
CEALED. THE PRESENT EDITION IS
REPRINTED FROM THAT
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A decorative border of stylized leaves and vines surrounds the text. At the bottom center, there is a circular emblem containing a shield with a cross and other heraldic symbols.

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNGER SON

BY
EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
H. N. BRAILSFORD

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the sight of the sea made him qualmish, and cursed the sea breeze for uprooting his sugar-canes and destroying his young plantations. He interdicted the use of nautical phrases, and forbade salt junk to be brought into his house.

So that one day when he hailed me from the balcony, as I was at work in the garden, with—"Holloa! my lad—heave ahead!—you're wanted!" I threw down my spade and entered the house, ready to tax him with his sea-slang. But I was stopped, on entering the room, by observing the floor covered with charts, a case of instruments lying open, and himself kneeling and measuring distances with a scale and compasses. The tall spare form of the Arab Rais leaned over him, pointing with a sea-bleached hand to a group of islands in the Mozambique Channel. As De Ruyter was too intently occupied to perceive me, I looked for a while first at one, and then at the other. The hazy film which hung on his eyes when he was calm had evaporated, and they sparkled; all his face was lighted up, and its muscles in motion. I then looked at the Rais; but his features were as little subject to change as a ship's head, stained with tar and tempests; his face was like an antique sundial, with its surface corroded and effaced, no longer marking the passing hour. "Ha! my boy," said De Ruyter, "we must be stirring. Order out our cattle. We must go down to the port."

He then rose up, took off his white jacket, and shipped a blue one. I asked no questions, but followed his example, and off we started. His little Achinese pony kept not pace with his rider's impatience. "Come," he said, "let us leave these ambling stumbling brutes, only fit for monks, and cross the hills on foot by the compass."

We gave them to a servant, climbed the hills, and

made our path as straight, and our flight almost as rapid, as the crane's. Arrived at the port, we pushed off in a canoe. The instant he was on board of the grab, he resumed his command with a stamp on the deck, when the idle Arabs, who were listlessly lying in the sun, jumped up, and all was life and motion. As he went about giving orders, the new masts, spars, and sails, which had been preparing, were now completing. The copper bottom of the vessel was careened; the elongated bow was unshipped; the upper works lowered; and the grab was about to be converted into a corvette.

When De Ruyter had instructed me in what he wished to be done, he went on shore with the Rais, and crossed the land to Port St. Louis, to recruit his crew, complete his stores, and arrange his other affairs. Immediately it was known he wanted volunteers, sailors of all countries and all sorts of adventurers flocked to him. His name was enough; every man shipped for a cruise with him thought his fortune made; and instead of slinking about to avoid his creditors, he was again to be found carousing and brawling in wine shops and lolling on shop-boards and benches. The hollow in his cheek was again filled with a quid, and his inconstant womankind now his constant companion. But De Ruyter was fastidious in the selection of men, particularly of Europeans, whom indeed he employed as sparingly as he could, knowing the difficulty of governing such lawless outcasts, and left the old Rais in charge to make up the number of his crew from Arabs, and various natives of India, which, in the crowded port of this island, was no great difficulty.

Meantime we worked hard, day and night, on board the grab—as I shall still designate her, for she underwent many transformations. In a few days, from looking like a floating hulk, she became like a winged

thing of life ; and, in a few days more, like a ship of war. We painted her sides of different colours, one entirely black, the other with a broad white streak.

De Ruyter had given me to understand that he should proceed to sea alone. He also informed me of the design he had in view ; which was to intercept some English vessels in the Mozambique Channel ; and that he should not be absent more than a month or six weeks. " In the meantime," he said, " you can amuse yourself in overlooking the plantations and completing the improvements we were about. You seem so perfectly happy here, are become such a good planter, and there are so many things that require a master's eye, that it is better, since one of us must remain, that it should be your lot. Besides, Aston must not be left alone. On my return, I have more important designs in view. We will then refit, and all embark ; when we can put Aston ashore in one of the English settlements."

These and other reasons induced me willingly to consent ; and when De Ruyter had completed his water and provisions, we had a carouse on board the grab, shook hands, and parted. He weighed with the land-wind ; and in the morning, at break of day, from a height, which Aston and I had ascended, we saw her dark hull and white canvas, skimming the water like an albatross.

I continued the same sort of active, yet quiet and happy life. My love for Zela knew no diminution. Every day I discovered some new quality to admire in her. She was my inseparable companion. I could hardly endure her out of my sight an instant ; and our bliss was as perfect as it was uninterrupted. My love was too deep to fear satiety ; nor did ever my imagination wander from her, to compare her with any other woman. She had wound herself about my heart till

she became a part of me. Our extreme youth, ardent nature, and solitude, had wrought our feeling of affection towards each other to an intensity that perhaps was never equalled, assuredly never surpassed. I went to the town only when affairs called me thither, or to visit the commandant, with whom De Ruyter had pointed out it was necessary to keep on a friendly footing. His lady, who was really a good creature, preserved her liking for me, and wished me much to put Zela under her tuition ; that she might be instructed in, what this lady called, the rules of civilised society, declaring she would be a gem of the first water, if set and polished. Little as I had seen of polished and accomplished ladies, that little was enough to disgust me. Even in their extreme youth their beauties are soiled by the pawing and officious hands of dancing masters, music masters, and French masters, whose breath is the essence of garlic. Then, when properly drilled, and the necessity of hypocrisy and lying inculcated by their mothers and governesses, they are thrust into the stream (not a crystal one) of fashionable life, rudely stared on, and examined, point by point, by those, exclusively denominated, gentlemen, who earn the title from doing little but drinking and gambling. If the girl has money, some sinking gamester seizes on the occasion to keep himself afloat by marrying her ; if she is poor, some old lechers, their dormant passions rekindled, beset her ; and if she escapes either of these snares, a season or two of fashionable dissipation, day-beds, fetid air, nightly waltzes and quadrilles, rob her of youth ; when, with a mind tainted by vicious converse, her rose-coloured cheeks now yellow, her bosom collapsed like an ancient matron's, she could not, had she lived in the most degraded places, have suffered more, or gained less, from her bringing up and bringing

out. Something I had already seen of this, which determined me, from the first, to leave Zela wild and unreclaimed as she came from the deserts; and I carried my dread of any innovation in her country's customs so far that, had cannibalism been one of them, I do not think I should have permitted her to change it.

CHAPTER LXV

"A sail!—a sail—a promised prize to hope!
 Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?
 She walks the waters like a thing of life,
 And seems to dare the elements to strife.
 Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck,
 To move the monarch of her peopled deck?"

BYRON.

DE RUYTER had been absent little more than five weeks, when I was aroused, before the day, by a messenger with news of the grab's lying at anchor in Port St. Louis. I sprang from my couch, asked no questions of the messenger, but hurried through the gloomy wood, ascended the *Piton du milieu*, with the fleetness of a roebuck, regardless of falls and broken bones. When on the height over the port, there still was not light enough to distinguish the vessels: I could see only a confused mass of hulls and masts. I hastened on. The morning gun announced the daylight, when, running up a high bank, I saw the grab's dark, long, low hull, and her masts towering above all the other ships. She was lying outside the harbour; she was in the act of hoisting her flag. A cable's length astern of her, my eye caught the beautiful American schooner, floating buoyantly on the short and breaking sea (for it had been blowing freshly during the night), like a sea-

gull. What could she be doing there ? She had left the Mauritius for Manilla, and then to return to Europe. I was the more astonished at observing her hoisting a French flag, and an English ensign unfolding itself beneath. What could it mean ? Certainly she had come in with De Ruyter. I descended the bank, and my pace was not slackened by this first excitement. I thought I should never arrive at the port ; and when there, I was in despair at the few minutes which elapsed ere I could get a boat to take me on board. I passed one of the grab's boats going on shore, but would not delay an instant in speaking to her. I seized hold of the stroke-oar, and pulled as if each stroke was for my life. The clear and deep voice of De Ruyter struck my ear, and in an instant our hands were clasped together. His left hand was suspended in a sling : I pointed to it, not having yet recovered my breath. He smiled, and, in return, pointed to the schooner.

“ What do you mean ? ” I exclaimed.

“ Come down, my lad, and I'll tell you. After cruising some time on the northern coast of the Mozambique Channel, I received intelligence of an English frigate's having run into Mocha in a gale of wind. To avoid her, I stretched over to the Amiranti Islands, between them and the amber shoal, during a tempestuous night. I observed, or rather, I imagined, for amidst the lightning it was difficult to distinguish them, blue lights and signal rockets to leeward. I kept my wind as well as I could, thinking it might possibly be the frigate. Towards daylight the wind lulled, and I soon after discovered, to my great surprise, as well as joy, a sail on our lee-quarter, certainly not the frigate. She was to the northward and eastward ; and as we had been standing to the eastward, I could only make out she was a fore-and-aft, and not a square-rigged vessel.

I got my top-gallant masts up, and bore down to make her out better. We neared her fast, for she was lying to, having, as it afterwards appeared, been struck by lightning, with the head of her foremast badly wounded. As we neared her, I discovered, by her hull and raking masts (for who that has once seen can mistake her), our Boston schooner. Now doubly anxious to get to her aid, I buried the grab's lean bow in the still heavy swell, by crowding canvas on her, till I thought I should have been dismasted too. The puny spars bent like bamboos, and the kiar backstays, strong and elastic as they are, snapped like cast-iron—not from having too much wind, but too little. On showing my flag, I observed some commotion on board of her, and marvelled at seeing her soon after, despite of her crippled state, making sail, and bearing up. You know the grab's point of sailing is not before the wind; nor is the schooner's, luckily. However, she got her square sail up, and, with her immense mainsail, she seemed to hold her ground with us. In this juncture, a man at the mast-head called out, 'Another strange sail to leeward!' Pondering on what this could mean, I saw the Boston schooner's mainsail jibe; and as she broached to, the head of her foremast went by the board. I pressed more sail on the grab; and ere she could clear, or rather cut away the wreck, which soon after floated past us, I was within gunshot of her. I then fired my bow-chaser, but without shot, to make her show her colours; but she did not show them till a second, with shot, was fired over her, and a third into her. The mystery was then explained by her showing an English ensign. She had been captured by the frigate which was to leeward of her. They had been separated by the gale during the night. There was no time to lose. The frigate, though a long way to leeward, was in sight; yet it was probable,

from her great distance, and from our being smaller objects than she was, that she had not yet seen us. The courage of Englishmen is not to be subdued, under whatever circumstances they are encountered. Having cleared herself of the wreck of the foremast, she bore down on her consort, and kept up a fire on us with every gun she could get to bear. Soon alongside of her, I was compelled to give her several broadsides; and, keeping to leeward of her, we cut off all possibility of escape. She then struck, and I took possession of her. I found she had been——”

“But,” I said, “you have not yet told me what loss you suffered, and what is the matter with your arm.”

“We had one man killed, two wounded, and my fin shattered by a splinter.”

“Not much damaged, I hope?”

“Oh no—nothing.”

“What!” said my old friend Van, who came into the cabin with plaster and scissors—“what do you call nothing? I, that have practised for nearly half a century, never saw a worse contused wound. Were not two of the three digital branches of the ulnar artery lacerated?—the bone denuded under the flexor profundus of the mid finger?—the first phalanx of the index finger shattered, even to the socket of the metacarpal?”

“Bah!” said De Ruyter, “a feeler or two smashed and jammed together.”

“Yes,” answered Van, looking at me with triumph, and then with complacency on the swollen and disfigured hand, which, having unbandaged, he laid on the table, and examined; “had I not amputated that index finger, and removed every particle of splintered bone—had you been under any other surgeon’s hand than mine—you would not have lost a mere finger, but the entire hand up to the wrist. And now you call

it nothing ! But wounds are nothing, when I am by to heal them ; such is my art ! I operate so gently " (applying a strong wash of blue stone), " that my patients are more inclined to sleep than groan."

Perceiving that De Ruyter winced, I said, " Yes, Scolpvelt, you torture your patients into insensibility."

Without noticing this, he watched De Ruyter, and said, " I feel pleasure that you feel pain."

" The devil you do ! "

" Oh yes ! I am delighted ; for it shows that the sensibility of the part is restored. I also observe that the muscle is granulating. Now we have only to use fomentations to subdue the swelling, and keep down the proud flesh with lunar caustic. It will soon be well."

I greeted old Louis, who inquired kindly after the turtle he had left with Zela ; and, while breakfast was preparing, I went on deck to shake hands with the Rais and my old shipmates.

CHAPTER LXVI

" Ay, we like the ocean patriarch roam,
Or only know on land the Tartar's home !
My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
Are more than cities and serais to me ;
Across the desert, or before the gale,
Bound where thou wilt, my barb ! or glide my prow !
But be the star that guides the wanderer, thou !
Thou, my Zuleika ! "

BYRON.

AFTER breakfast De Ruyter related the conclusion of his cruise. He found that all but five of the Americans, who were ill of the fever, had been removed on board the frigate ; that seventeen men, with two junior officers

of the frigate, had been put on board of her, with orders to keep company; but, as has been mentioned, she was separated in the squall. "I sent these men on board the grab," said De Ruyter, "replaced them with a strong party of my best, took her in tow, and set about repairing her damage with some of our spars. The frigate chased us, and kept in sight two days, till I got among the Amaranti Islands. There (for I knew them well, which they did not) I baffled her by anchoring, during the night, under the lee of one of them. I saw no more of the frigate, put a jury mast in the schooner, and here I am, my boy.

"Now take a boat, and go on board of her; let us work into the harbour; or—stop—you had better remain in the grab—the wind is dying away. I must go on shore. Do you moor them close together in our old berth. I'll return in two or three hours. I must go and talk to the commandant, get our prisoners landed, and see the merchants to whom the Boston was consigned. Though taken by the English, she was not yet condemned by them, when I retook her; so I suppose I am only entitled to salvage on her and her cargo; but that will be a heavy one."

This news a little damped my pleasure; for I had regarded the prize as ours, and doubted not having the command of her, to obtain which was the climax of my most aspiring wishes, and certainly I should have preferred her to a dukedom. From our first meeting her at sea, and especially when I afterwards examined her in port, I had viewed her with a longing and jealous eye. The apparent impossibility of possessing her made me covet her the more. I would not only have sacrificed my birthright, but a joint of my body to boot, with all I had in the world, except what was alone more estimable—Zela—to obtain her. De Ruyter had often bantered

me on this ; and now that my wish seemed within my grasp, I could not comprehend his law of salvage. He had possession, and that was the only law I considered just or rational.

I awaited his return with impatience, but when he came, my impatience was left unsatisfied ; for he was to meet the merchants in the evening. Next day brought the same story, and so on for many days. I loathe the tardy transactions of these grovelling serpents. I hate arithmetical calculations ; they do more mischief than earthquakes in destroying badly founded fabrics ; they are like a mameluke's bit to a fiery and impatient horse. I was, however, like the horse, compelled to submission.

Much time was thus wantonly wasted ere De Ruyter had concluded arrangements to pay, instead of receiving, certain sums, and give securities, and enter into certain bonds, and sign deeds, all preliminary to retaining possession of the schooner. However, it was accomplished ; and, in less than a month after his arrival, I was installed in my heart's desire. Aided by De Ruyter, I set about refitting the schooner for sea. Whilst at work on board, Zela stayed with me. We all made occasional holidays at the villa, which was left in charge of Aston.

When the grab and schooner were ready for sea, De Ruyter gave me his instructions. In company we weighed our anchors. De Ruyter had pretty well recovered the use of his hand. The Americans, who had been left on board, and the four English sailors, taken with Aston, had entered voluntarily to serve on board the schooner. My crew had been completed by De Ruyter, and was a tolerably good one. I was armed with six twelve-pound carronades, and four long six-pounders. We had provisions and water for ten weeks.

Zela, whom nothing but force could have induced to remain behind, and that I had no inclination to essay, was with me.

Thus, with all my wishes gratified, my joy was boundless as the element on which I floated; and I thought it would be as everlasting—thanks to my being no arithmetician, and not being gifted with the prescience even of an hour. Accursed foresight! which turns enjoyment into misery by calculating on what is to ensue! I never did so; but went to sea with an exulting heart, fearless and free as the lion, when he leaves his lair in the jungles to hunt on the plains.

We steered to the northward, intending to make the island of St. Brandon, thence to a group called the Six Islands, and cruise in the Northern Indian Ocean, crossing the track of the vessels which run from Madras to Bombay in the south-west monsoon. The first days were passed in trying our respective rate of sailing, and getting the vessels in their best trim. The grab beat everything in India, except indeed dead before the wind; with a heavy swell nothing hitherto had any chance with her but the schooner. We now found, on repeated experiments, that, in short tacks, we should beat her close on a wind; but in every other point of sailing she had the advantage, though so small as still to leave a doubt about it.

We ran by the island of St. Brandon without meeting with any particular event. Shortly after I gave chase to a brig, which I brought to. She proved to be French, from the island of Diego Garcia, bound to the Mauritius. Her captain told us he was employed in running to and from that island, for fish and fresh turtle, which abounded in its vicinity. It was uninhabited; but some merchants had sent him with a party of slaves thither; while taking in his cargo, an English ship of

war had nearly surprised him : and, though he escaped, the slaves and his cargo had fallen into their hands.

When De Ruyter heard this, we consulted with the captain on the possibility of recovering the slaves and cargo. De Ruyter, who was as fertile in plans as daring in execution, soon determined on a stratagem to be carried into effect by him and me. The brig, not being a very crack sailer, he recommended to go into a port, which he pointed out by his chart, in one of the Six Islands, which had previously been agreed upon as our rendezvous, in case of separation. This arranged, we made all sail, running down, with a rattling trade-wind, to Diego Garcia. The form of this island is that of a crescent, containing within its band a very small island, which, serving as a breakwater, afforded a spacious and secure harbour behind. On making the island, and observing the frigate at anchor there, we, in running down on the land, kept the little island between us and her, which prevented our being seen. We there anchored ; and the next day getting under weigh together, the grab ran down to leeward, disguised like a slave ship, and appeared at the mouth of the harbour, as if ignorant of there being any vessel there ; till, opening the frigate, which instantly got sight of her, she wore round, and made sail as if to escape.

The frigate, under the prompt and rapid hands of English sailors, slipped her cable, and made sail in chase. Yet time enough elapsed to give the grab a good offing, and time for me to keep out of sight, by working up to windward. I had landed a man on the little island to make signals of the frigate's motions, and timed it so well that, as she shut in the port, by rounding the projecting angle of the island, I weathered the extreme point of the little island, ran into the bay, hove to

close to the shore, and landed with a strong party of men.

The contrivance was so well managed, and so rapid, that I surprised a party of the frigate's men, with the slaves in custody, and others employed in cutting wood. We embarked the slaves, and as much fish which had been cured, and turtle as we could during the four hours I ventured to lie there. The remainder we destroyed. As to my countrymen, their case seemed so vexatiously hard—I left them; yet not before I made them declare I was the best fellow in the world—but then I had made them all drunk. Besides, I had cheated them, hoisting Yankee colours, and they knew the schooner must be of that country; so that, instead of escaping to the woods and hills, by running a hundred yards, they had awaited our landing without suspicion, discussing the amount of anticipated prize-money, and disappointed at having been left by the frigate, when in pursuit of a flying Frenchman, as they were certain the strange sail was, by her leanness and fleetness. We parted such good friends that, as I left the shore, they gave me three cheers, in return for three bottles of rum I left with them.

CHAPTER LXVII

“No dread of death, if with us die our foes,
Save that it seems even duller than repose;
Come when it will, we snatch the life of life;
When lost—what recks it—by disease or strife?”

BYRON.

I THEN rounded the northern point of the island, and, with a flowing sheet, scudded gallantly along towards the port where we had engaged to meet; nothing

doubting the success of De Ruyter's stratagem to draw the frigate off, and, after dogging her about to give me time, to escape in the gloom of night.

The weather had been hazy, with violent squalls of wind and rain, which was a favourable circumstance. We had a speedy run down to the destined islands ; and the grab and schooner almost simultaneously appeared to the north and west, as entering the channel between the centre of the cluster. We anchored together in a small but secure port, sheltered from the winds, as well as from observation, by a high and projecting bank stretching into the sea, in the form of a bent arm.

Next morning the brig made her appearance off the island ; and soon after came to an anchor. I left De Ruyter to settle the business he came about respecting the return of the slaves, and went on shore. I remember nothing particular of the natives, except that they were a simple-hearted, hospitable people, chiefly fishermen. We procured goats, fish, fowls, and vegetables ; and then took our departure, standing towards the Maldiv Islands, to get on the Malabar coast before the north-east monsoon, which was approaching, should set in.

We soon after boarded and plundered several vessels, having English papers. Among these there was one with a Dutch frow on board, whose beam was nearly as large as the vessel's. She had a considerable investment of goods belonging to herself, with which she was trading, between Madras and Bombay, on her own bottom. Her late husband had been in the employment of the English Company, which was enough for me to condemn her as lawful prize. After culling out some of the most valuable portion of the cargo, and throwing overboard the most worthless, I recollected we were in want of water. There were five or six butts of that element on her deck.

While I was waiting to get out the long-boat to send them on board the schooner, the Dutch monster of a woman was smiling, ogling, and coaxing me to come down in her cabin, praying and entreating I would not take the water. "It is infernally hot," said I, "and I want water. Hand a bucket here!" (catching hold of a half-empty cask).

"Oh, that's not good," quoth the oily frow; "here, boy, get some water out of the cabin. Oh, don't drink that, Captain! I'll get you some wine—Constantia, from the Cape itself!"

"Come," I ordered to one of the men, "knock out the bung from this cask."

One was trying to wrench it out with his knife, and the Dutch woman was entreating him to broach one of the others, declaring that to be brackish. "How comes it then, you old frow, abroach? I think you've got Constantia here! If so, I'll take it on board."

I seized on a crow-bar, and forced out the bung, marvelling at the frow's eagerness to withhold me, and withdraw my attention. I really believed there was something uncommonly good in it, schiedam or wine, owing to her protestations to the contrary. The bung out, I held a bucket as a man tilted over the cask; and, while the clear water rushed out, and while I was laughing at the beldam's pertinacity, she gave a scream, and I a shout of surprise, at what I first thought was some animal, but was soon distinguished to be the end of a pearl necklace. The frow's red face, as I pulled it out, and held it up to her, became redder than a string of cornelians, which next plumped into the bucket.

"Out with the head, and start the water!—A lucky prize! Hands off—or I'll cut them off. Put the baubles into the bucket."

We fished out a superb haul of rings, pearls, corals,

and cornelians—a private spec of the Dutch frow, who, during the chase, had thus cunningly secreted them. But for my having taken a particular fancy to diving into that cask, not wishing to broach a full one, we should have missed this pearl fishery.

We made a stricter search, but discovered nothing else. Giving back to the frow a ring, not one of the worst, which she, with an oath, assured me was her grandam's; together with a kiss, as I placed it on her fat, stubby finger, I said, "Don't grieve, my young frow; for this is a marriage-contract in the Arab country, and you're my wife. When we meet again I'll consummate the rite, and, till then, take care of your dower."

I then shoved off to the grab, putting the plunder on board her, as we had little stowage on board the schooner. I told Louis of the affair with his countrywoman, and added, "She is certainly your frow, by the description you have given me of her, in search of you—the identical woman, depend upon it."

Louis looked grave, but presently cheered up, and said, "My wife has no jewels, nor any rings on her fingers; she gave her wedding ring for a bottle of schiedam the first time I refused her a dollar to buy one."

We fell in with a fleet of country vessels from Ceylon and Pondicherry, convoyed by a Company's brig of war. De Ruyter telegraphed me to bring to, and examine the vessels, while he gave chase to the Company's cruiser. I soon came up with the country craft; they were of all sorts, shapes, and rigs—snows, grabs, patamars. The Company's vessel, discovering us to be enemies, made sail, and left them to shift for themselves. As soon as I was near enough to get a gun to bear, I fired a shot amongst them, when they separated like a flight of wild ducks, driving away in the direction

of every point of the compass ; while I pursued them as the bonito does the flying fish, and kept them as well together, by running round them, as a huntsman, or rather a whipper-in controls a pack of hounds. Some few, indeed, gave me the slip ; but I got the main body together. We boarded them successively, with little for our pains ; they were principally loaded with bumbalow, paddy, betel-nut, ghee, pepper, arrack, and salt. However, there was a sprinkling of silks, muslins, and a few shawls ; and, with infinite industry, I contrived to realise a few bags of gold mores and rupees.

De Ruyter was now a long way to leeward ; and by occasional reports of cannon, I knew she was keeping up a running fire on the brig, which seemed to be a remarkably fast sailer. Leaving the small craft, I bore away, crowding every inch of canvas, to rejoin the grab. In the direction they were running there was a group of three rocks raising their crests high out of the water. There was a passage between them, and the Company's brig seemed making for them. Her object I could not guess at ; but when she neared them, being much cut up in her rigging, and finding she had no chance of escape, she hauled her wind, and, after shortening sail, hove to, and commenced an engagement with De Ruyter. I was all on fire to be in it. As I approached, a signal from De Ruyter directed me to run to leeward of the rocks, to prevent the possibility of her escape ; and, judging from appearances, the grab had already so much the advantage of her opponent, that I could only have diminished my friend's glory, without gaining any myself. But, before I could obey the signal, the brig had drifted on the rocks, designedly to destroy her, and then struck her flag.

Instantly, in conjunction with the grab, we got all

our boats out, boarded her, and endeavoured to tow her off. She was a fine vessel, armed with sixteen eighteen-pound carronades, and had eighty or ninety men and officers on board. She had not been engaged more than ten or fifteen minutes ; yet her hull, as well as rigging, was a good deal cut up. She had only seven or eight men wounded, and one killed ; the grab had two or three wounded, and one killed by an accident. As he was in the chains, ramming down a cartridge (the gun not having been sponged, and the vent stopped), it exploded as the man was standing before it. The old Rais told me, in his unmoved way, " I looked out of the porthole, and ordered the man, who was loading the gun, to take care not to carry away the dead eyes of the standing rigging—for he was too hot and hasty. The gun going off prevented his replying. I looked again ; the man was no longer there ; but a piece of his red cap, or red head, was floating on the water. I never saw anything more of him."

" It was Dan Murphy—poor fellow ! "

" Yes," replied the Rais ; " he was always in a hurry, never attending to orders. And look at the dead eyes—he has carried them away with his foolish head."

We secured the Europeans in the prize, took some of her stores and arms, put on board our sick men, with all the plunder we had accumulated, and drafted twenty men, two quartermasters, a prize-agent, and master. After repairing her during that night and the ensuing day (for we hove her off the rocks, without much damage, it being calm weather), we sent her to the Isle of France. Her lascars and native sailors, in a few days after, we shipped in a country vessel, giving them their liberty ; with the exception of eight or ten, who entered with De Ruyter. More would have followed their example had we wanted them.

CHAPTER LXVIII

“But feast to-night!—to-morrow we depart;
Strike up the dance, the cava bowl fill high,
Drain every drop!—to-morrow we may die.”

BYRON.

DE RUYTER determined on running through the Straits of Sunda, while I was to run through the Straits of Molacca, and procure intelligence of the English ships—consequently we separated. We were to meet, after a certain date, at an island near the great Island of Borneo. De Ruyter gave me full instructions, from which he made me promise not to deviate.

He then took an affectionate leave of Aston, pressed on him presents of curious arms, in which Aston was an amateur, and both of them struggled, by indifferent words, to hide their emotions. De Ruyter then laid his last solemn injunctions on me, kissed Zela's brow, shook hands, and returned on board the grab.

“We made sail, steering different courses. As soon as I was sufficiently near the entrance of the straits, I stood over on the Malay coast, which is very high and bold. Getting into a large bay, formed by a bight of land, I anchored in a secure berth, between a small island and the main. There I opened a communication with the natives; and with some difficulty, procured a large and very fast-pulling proa; which, I thought, was the safest way of taking Aston to Pulo-Penang, lying at the entrance of the straits, and in the possession of the English. Pulling along the Malay shore, in one of their own fashioned canoes, I should neither be remarked by the natives, nor suspected, if seen, by the English. Thus I might land on any part of the island I pleased.

Pulo-Penang was purchased by the English East India Company from the Malays on the opposite coast, and is now called Prince of Wales's Island. It is small, but exceedingly fertile, and very beautiful. It runs parallel with the Malay coast, which is very high ; and the intermediate channel forms a magnificent harbour.

Determined to accompany Aston, I manned the proa with six Arabs and two Malays (their arms secreted), with three 'days' provisions and water. Aston and I embarked ; he in a white jacket and trousers, I in an Arab sailor's dress. We shoved off from the schooner, left in charge of the first mate, an American, who had been a second mate on board of her when she was taken. He had recovered from his fever, and De Ruyter had recommended him to me fervently. He was an active, intelligent fellow ; a thorough sailor, born and bred at New York. His name was Strong, a short, thick-set man, powerful as a Suffolk horse. One of my own country, who had been captain of the fore-castle in Aston's frigate, was my second mate. He had all the characteristics of a man-of-war's man, taciturn, obedient, brave, and hardy. He had also a sailor's predilection for grog. The captain of the hold, his mess-mate, having bulled an empty rum cask, that is, immediately after the spirit is started, put in a gallon of water, there to remain, with an occasional roll, for twenty-four hours, when it turns out good stiff grog, our fore-castle captain swilled too freely of this wash, and failed in his respect to a superior officer. The boatswain, jealous of this man's better seamanship, and hating the deference that was paid him, was the cause of the man's being flogged. This disgrace preyed on his mind, and was the motive for gladly entering with me. Besides, as he argued, he had been twenty years serving the king in the West and East Indies, with nothing

but two days' liberty on shore, the yellow fever, many wounds, one drunken bout while on duty, and a flogging.

To return to my story, after shoving off in the proa. It was calm, with a sun that seared to the bone. We kept along the Malay shore, and in the evening were off the Malay town of Prya, defended by a fort. Having got into conversation with some Malays in a fishing-boat, at night we crossed over in company with them to Penang River, lying to the southward of George Town, on the Prince of Wales's Island. As it was a run of less than two miles, Aston and I recreated ourselves with swallowing the delicious oysters, so celebrated on this coast. On attempting the river, we found our proa was too large to cross the bank; so he and I landed. I directed the proa to go into the harbour, with some fishing-canoes, taking fish to town in the morning.

We slept in a fisherman's hut. Just before daylight we started for the town; and crossed several streams, flowing from the mountains into the river. The hills were covered with magnificent timber, and our path was fragrant with the odour of flowers and spices, which seemed ten times more exquisite to us, just landed from a small and crowded vessel anything but fragrant. Near the town, in the margin of the sea, was a wide extent of plain, of a light sandy-looking soil, as thick with pine-apples as the most prolific soil in England could be with turnips. Like boys, always hungry, we walked along, scooping their hearts out with our knives, and daintily plucked and cast away twenty ere we were satisfied with the flavour of one.

We entered the town unquestioned, and went to a recently established hotel. Aston there rigged himself, waited on the resident, and told as much of his story as we had previously agreed on was necessary for him to know, or for us to divulge. He said he had been landed

from an American vessel lower down the coast, and brought to the town by a Malayan proa.

The resident, a military man, was very kind ; he requested him to take up his quarters in his house till some man-of-war or English ship should come into port. Aston thought it prudent to comply, merely requesting permission to stay at the hotel for a day or two till his apparel and other necessities should be furnished. *

He then returned to me ; and as I was to go back to my proa that night, we were resolved to make a day of it beforehand, which we forthwith commenced by a tiffin, and an order for a sumptuous dinner.

Aston took this opportunity of again counselling me to return to the navy, and pointed out the consequences of my serving under an enemy's flag, urging me, at all events, to remain at the Isle of France, neutral, and not act offensively against my own countrymen.

"When I have realised a competency," I said, "it was always my intention, following our old captain's example, to become agriculturist ; but I must first have money, for, you know, I am getting into years, have a wife, and shall have a family. Oh, I must be provident, and provide for them ! Now, if I were a single man like you, Aston, young and thoughtless, it would be another thing."

"Get out, you mad-headed boy. Why, the united ages of yourself and family would scarcely amount to the proper age of manhood—thirty !"

"Thirty ! Whew ! A man is then old, decrepit, grizzled like a worn-out mastiff !"

This was while we were playing at billiards. Weary of the game, I sauntered forth, surveyed the port, and set down in my memory every vessel lying there. I marked, too, my proa, lying astern of an Arab vessel, a

little to the westward of the town, near a landing-place which led to a slip where a large country vessel had been built. Not thinking it prudent to attract notice, I returned to the tavern. We dined; and what with sangaree before dinner, craftily qualified with Madeira, and claret, well brandied, after dinner, I cannot affirm I was as sober as a parson should be, or as silent as a Quaker: yet I was not drunk; and to avoid being so, I proposed we should sally out for a "lark."

When in the open air, I yawned about a little wildly, and was taken aback now and then by keeping too much in the wind's eye; but I soon became steady. We wandered for some time through crooked streets and among sunburnt mud-huts, till we fell in with a place called Bamboo Square. It was an open space, with an irregular range of shops, sheltered all round from the sun by bamboos and mats. A beating of drums and tinkling of instruments led us on to a row of huts exclusively occupied by Nâch girls. Aston was fond of music, and an admirer of dancing-girls, whom I, as all married men should do, had forsworn. Besides, the smell of rancid oil, ghee, and garlic was not to my taste. I therefore left him, and strolled on to a range of shops called the Jewellers' Bazaar.

CHAPTER LXIX

"So I drew
My knife, and with one impulse, suddenly
All unaware, three of their number slew,
And grasp'd a fourth by the throat."

SHELLEY.

It was thronged with people, and illuminated with coloured-paper lamps. I stood before one of these

shed-built shops : it was the best, and kept by a parsee. He was showing a woman, who was veiled from her feet to her face, some ear and nose rings, nearly the circumference of a boy's hoop, and descanting on their neatness and elegance. When they had agreed on the price, she removed part of her head-drapery, and exhibited her nostril and part of her ear : the latter almost as big and flat as a plate, and hung down like a sow's. The jeweller, placing his thumb to keep the slit in it open, suspended the huge ring, which looked like a chandelier. She had no occasion for a mirror, for, turning her head a little towards her shoulder, she pulled the lap of her ear forwards, and grinned with delight, showing a double row of deeply orange-dyed teeth, more numerous than a garden-rake's and as sharp-pointed. The jeweller, struck with these beauties, exclaimed, "What an angel !"

She then asked him for a betel box. He produced four or five of gold, declaring that no baser metal ought to touch her lovely hand. They were handsomely made ; and as it had just before crossed my mind that I should present some token of friendship to Aston, who had given me his watch in the morning, I took hold of two of the boxes. I then weighed them in my hand, without attending to the price he named, for I hated bargaining and haggling, put the boxes into the folds of my shawl round my loins, and gave him, without counting, what I considered to be the value in gold mores. He counted them, and seeing me so free with my gold, became urgent for more. He declared I had only paid for one. To this I answered, "That's a lie !"—rolled up a leaf with chinam, deposited it in my mouth, and was going away. The jeweller called me a robber, and stretched out his hand to detain me. He got hold of the end of my turban, which was hanging down, and pulled

it off. I turned round, and giving him a blow on the head, he fell among his glass jewel-boxes. A parsee never forgives a blow—who does? He stabbed at me with a knife, or weapon of some sort, the moment he recovered his feet: but he was in his shop, and I out of it, so that by stepping back I avoided his weapon; and my blood now rising, more at what I thought the fellow's audacity than at his endeavour to stab me, I seized on a jewel-box, and dashed it at his head.

Several persons, both in and out of the shop, interfered in the business, and sided with the parsee. The row spread through the bazaar. The jeweller, with his head and face bleeding, and frenzied with passion, called me thief, robber, and vociferated to those about me (for the clamour had now drawn all idlers to us) to seize me, to take me to prison, or to kill me, if I resisted. As the crowd increased, many pressed about me; and the infuriated jeweller, grown desperate, made another effort to lay hold of me.

Danger perfectly restored my senses, and I was enabled to rally that presence of mind with which I was gifted. I drew from my sash a pistol and creese, the two best weapons for close quarters; but not till I had seen several men close to me draw their arms. Still I refrained from using mine; for, in cases of this sort, men will bluster, draw, and threaten, but yet hesitate to strike an armed and resolute man, ready to oppose them; but the instant a blow is struck, all strike, when the weaker party must fall, unless by the intervention of some unforeseen event, some lucky chance. In this momentary pause, on which hung my fate, as by a hair, my eye glanced round, and I saw the impossibility of escape in the front, which was crowded. To be killed on the spot was preferable to being detained and made a prisoner. I seized the only outlet of escape, by retreat-

ing into the den of my enemy, the jeweller—not to solicit his mercy. My movements were so rapid that those in the shop could not oppose me ; I stabbed one, struck the jeweller down, and forced away, suddenly exerting my utmost strength, the two upright bamboos which supported his tent-like shed. Down the roof fell between me and the people, and I escaped into a narrow and obscure passage at the back of the bazaar.

The deep guttural curses of the Malays, and the parsee's loud threats of vengeance reached my ear. It was better to retreat than brave the fury of incensed numbers ; not forgetting who I was, and the consequences of being discovered. Had I been wise, I should have immediately retreated to the outside of the port, where my proa lay, and embarked ; but the desire of seeing and taking leave of Aston withheld me. I therefore cautiously threaded the crooked and dingy passage, which led from the bazaar, surprised at not being pursued. Nevertheless I hurried on ; and to avoid being recognised, made alterations in my dress. There was much difficulty, through a labyrinth of dark lanes, in finding the tavern, which was near the port.

I entered and reached my room unnoticed ; but was annoyed at Aston's not having returned. Thinking it possible he might be concerned in the fray, I determined on changing my dress, and seeing him. I put on a white jacket and trousers belonging to him, and could not forbear smiling, as I went out of the house, at the man who had attended us at dinner, when I saw him puzzled to conjecture who I was. But that triumphant smile, I had afterwards reason to believe, betrayed me.

I proceeded directly to the bazaar. There I saw Aston's tall figure, a head and shoulders above the

crowd, which was still before the jeweller's door—or rather, on the threshold, for it was all door now, an empty space. But I observed the crowd did not consist of the same persons, but of sepoys and police officers. Aston and one of the officers seemed listening to an account of the affair. The jeweller, haggard and ghastly, stood before them, narrating his injuries. Several of his family and friends were about him. He pointed to the place where his shop had stood, now a gap in the bazaar, stamped on the roof, as low as the foundation, and, as he finished his vehement discourse, tore the turban from his head, and rent his robes to fragments. And then, without heeding those who addressed him, he disappeared.

CHAPTER LXX

“Cry a reward to him who shall first bring
News of that vanished Arabian.”

KEATS' MS.

To avoid observation, and not wishing to be questioned, I went back to the tavern. Aston soon joined me, and, shaking my hand, said, “I am glad to find you here. There has been a serious row in the bazaar, and I feared you might have been concerned in it.”

“What was it?” I inquired.

“I was drawn to the spot, by seeing the people run that way. There was a shop, or shed, belonging to a goldsmith, pulled down, when the mob began to plunder it, while himself and a few others attempted to defend his property. But all the scoundrels from the port were there, and I don't think they have left the poor fellow a gold more. It was too late when I arrived there, nor had I my sword with me; but I did what I

could. I knocked down some of the fellows, and procured the sepoy guard from the gates."

"But how did it originate?"

"With an Arab; and, as far as I can understand, it is no unfrequent occurrence here, though seldom done so openly. The bazaar was full of people, and while the jeweller was showing some valuable trinkets to a woman, who is supposed to be an accomplice, an Arab came, seized everything he could lay his hands on, stabbed one of the men in the shop, knocked the jeweller down, and, assisted by others on the outside, rushed through the shop, which was then torn down, and a set of miscreants commenced plundering."

"Do they suspect any one in particular?"

"I don't know; they have some of the thieves in custody."

"Come, light your cheroot, and I'll tell you all about it."

His surprise was great at hearing I was the person denominated the Arab robber; and, in much grief, he censured my folly and rashness. "Besides," he added, "the jeweller said he could recognise the man who first attacked him amidst a thousand; and, casting from him the few things he had saved, swore by his religion he would fast till he was revenged."

"If he keep his word," I answered, "his rhamadan may last for ever; for I shall go to sea with the landwind."

But as the devil willed it, the weather was so bad I could not embark that night. I had no reason, however, to imagine that I was, or could be, suspected; especially in a town where brawls were common events, and where a man dead, or missing, was of little account, amidst a population of armed and bloodthirsty Malays (who, of all Eastern nations, and all human beings,

except kings, hold human life in least respect), and Arabs, with whom, if precedents and time can make a thing lawful, killing is no murder, and robbery no crime, for they are coeval with their race. Besides, the parsee's brother was not dead.

Aston went early in the morning to the resident ; and I went out, taking the precaution to wear an arrican cap instead of a turban, and loitered down to the port to glean information. Afterwards I visited the shops to purchase some trifling things I wanted ; besides which, I had several important commissions to execute for De Ruyter, in procuring information, and forwarding letters to the interior of Hindostan. This I did through an agent of the French Government, which had spies, I believe, in every port in India. Once or twice during the forenoon I thought I was watched, and evaded my imagined pursuer ; and, on more than one occasion, the waiter at the hotel surprised me by some observations he made on the affair of the preceding night ; which struck me the more, because another servant had told us this same jeweller was in the habit of bringing his trinkets to the hotel, when there were strangers there.

We passed this day in the same way as the preceding one ; not that I was altogether quite at ease in being delayed. The affair of the jeweller troubled me little, compared to the hazard of personal discovery. Some of the vessels I had plundered at sea might be in this port ; and notwithstanding the difference in my dress, some person or other might recollect me. My mind then reverted to the schooner ; for however secure she might be in her present berth for a day or two, some accident might discover her ; and she was only in comparative safety when in motion, with a good offing. Then there was a magnet, stronger than all these pru-

dential considerations to hasten my departure—my own little turtle-dove, Zela, who, I knew, would outwatch the stars, and find no rest while I was absent. This determined me to embark that night, in despite of wind and weather, which was still cloudy and unsettled; and, what is often the case in these latitudes, the day-breeze went down with the sun.

I pass over my parting with Aston; indeed, to avoid some portion of the pain, I took advantage of his absence, and wrote him a short adieu, leaving the fifty or sixty gold mores I had about me in the sleeve of his jacket, so that he could not fail to find them.

I made no mention of my departure to any one in the house. As to baggage, it consisted of nothing but my abbah, which the occasional showers made no burthen. Modern frippery of combs, razors, brushes, and linen, which prevents a man from sleeping out of his own house without the encumbrance of the best part of a haberdasher's shop, I never dreamed of. My teeth were as strong and white as a hound's without the aid of hog's bristles. My head was not, as before, shaved, but thickly sprouting like a bramble bush, and was left to its natural growth with as little care and cultivation as is bestowed on that most fondly remembered fruit-tree. I say so, because, in common with all young urchins, I recollect the time when, spurned like a dog from the vicinity of every other fruit-tree, I solaced myself under the friendly bramble, and its beloved companion, the beautiful hazel. Sacred haunts! unprotected by churlish guardians, and where, by the by, we eat without having planted. This must be the reason why starving poets call nature and mother-earth bountiful—there can be no other; for only be detected in extracting a turnip, and hear what a magistrate will say, particularly if he is clerical. You will

then find mother-earth the worst of stepmothers, and have enough of her in the colonies.

CHAPTER LXXI

“The waning moon,
And like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain.”

SHELLEY.

“He dies ! ’Tis well she do not advertise
The caitiff of the cold steel at his back.”

KEATS’ MS.

THUS unencumbered, a little before midnight, and avoiding the most populous parts of the town, I walked as fast as possible ; but the night, and the narrow, dirty lanes, considerably impeded my progress. At length I reached the open space near the now quiet port, in my way to the outside of the town, where was a rude sort of half-finished dockyard, off one of the slips of which lay my proa. The weather was favourable ; what wind there was, I observed, by the occasional gusts, was not stationary, but shifting about in all quarters. Dark and white masses of clouds seemed jostling together ; and, every now and then, as they met in contention over the moon, the world was left in almost total darkness. Men from the shore hallooing their vessels to send boats, and the “ All’s well ! ” of the sepoy sentinels, were the only voices I heard. When out of the town, my heart became lighter, and my stride longer, as I beheld the free expanse of sea on my right, and the mountains before me ; either of them would have been a refuge, had I been pursued ;

however, I now considered myself out of danger. I came on a little line of huts, and a wooden fence, which I had not observed before. A sentinel, standing under the lee of a hut, stepped forward, as I was passing, and said, "Who goes there?—stop!"

How near the guard was I knew not; therefore, to prevent his giving an alarm, which he would have done had I not stopped, I obeyed, and, to preserve my Indian character, answered in Hindustani, "A friend."

He then questioned me, in the usual manner, about where I was going, and upon what business. On my replying, he said, "You can't pass here without an order."

"I know that," I answered; "I have one;"—I fumbled in my dress for a letter or paper. I took one out, and, with great appearance of simplicity, advanced towards him, and said, "Here, Sir, it is!"

He bade me keep off, and was bringing his musket down, when I sprang in upon him, gripped him by the throat, which prevented his giving the alarm, and laid him on his back in an instant. His musket fell from his hands; and this little irascible Bombay soldier struggled hard to loosen my hold, and lay hands on me; but he had no more chance than a cat with a mastiff. I held him till he was almost strangled; then, the moon being again hidden by the clouds, I cast his bayonet one way, his musket another, let him go, arose, and bolted off in the direction I had come, as if returning to the town. But I took the contrary direction, and, giving the arsenal a wide berth, went through some Indian cornfield. When at a sufficient distance, I again slanted down towards the sea. More than once, it seemed, I was followed. I stopped, and turned round. As I regained the beaten track, I fancied I saw a figure skulking along, his shadow reflected on a wall.

I drew my creese, and, turning back, sought vainly for the object. The changing and uncertain light made my efforts fruitless ; I concluded it was a shadow created by my excited imagination, and went on.

As the moon again shone forth, I saw, between me and the sea, a building close on the beach, in a bight of the bay, which I knew to be a public slaughter-house. A little farther on was an enclosed slip, in which a vessel had been built or repaired. Half a mile onward, off at sea, lay my proa expecting me.

I stopped on a little mound of sand, looking to seaward, if I could make out the boat. One of the walls of the slaughter-house was by the side of this, and I leaned on it. At this moment, with a gleam of moonlight behind me, my shadow was reflected slantingly on the white ground, when a huge arm uplifting a weapon, large (such it appeared in shadow) as a spear, was in the act of stabbing. I turned, and thrust my left hand, in which my cloak was gathered, to ward off the blow, for it was a man with a creese in the very act of dispatching me. The blow pierced through many folds of the strong camel's hair, but the point of the weapon was turned, and glanced on my loins. I gave a shout, started back, presented a small pistol Aston had given me, and snapped it in the fellow's face. The Birmingham toy was not made for use ; it missed fire ; I cursed its manufacturer, threw it away, and drew my creese, in the use of which, thanks to the Rais, I was perfect. I having the upper ground, the assassin could not repeat his blow. He believed the first had wounded me ; and, knowing his weapon to be poisoned, and if the skin was but scratched, it was enough, he endeavoured to escape.

Instantly I was at his heels. He was swift of foot, and so was I. By the turnings and twistings he made,

he seemed acquainted with the localities of the ground, over which I repeatedly stumbled. Yet I pressed him so hard, calling out, "Stop—or I'll fire!" (though I had no firearms), that he suddenly turned through a gap in a wall, a loose stone of which I caught up and hurled at him. Following close upon him, I found, by the spars and timber which impeded me, that I was in the temporary dock. It had, I remembered, a high fence on each side; for I had been down there twice to speak with my men. The deep slip, or channel, which had been cut to float a vessel in, now almost free from water, lay in front. I therefore thought him embayed here. However, the man went straight on, then turned, and hesitated an instant. I imagined he was about to turn round and again attack me. The night had become a little lighter, but I could distinguish no features in his dusky face, except the eyes glaring on me. As I was now rushing on him, he eluded my grasp by stepping aside, for he was on the very verge of the deep chasm, and walking, as it at that moment appeared, in the air; whence he turned his head towards me, and exclaimed, "Robber and murderer, you dare come no farther!"

The moon, again unveiled, explained the mystery. The shaft of an unbarked tree, the larger part towards the side on which I stood, lay horizontally across the chasm; and the man, steadying himself, and clinging with his bare feet, was cautiously crossing on it.

He paused to defy and execrate me; and I, hesitating what to do, said, "Cowardly slave! who are you?—and why have you attacked me?"

With his ghastly face towards me, he replied, "I am the jeweller you robbed, the brother of him you stabbed! But I am revenged!"

"You lie—you are not!"

“ Fool ! ” said he, holding up a creese, “ if this did not go deep, the poison on it will ! ”

“ Will it ? ” I cried, and, without more hesitation, having shaken off my shoes, I sprang along the spar. He jumped on it, perhaps to increase the vibration, or to cross it, or to turn—I know not. My action was so rapid that, quick as lightning runs along an iron rod, I closed with him. He was surprised, if not panic-struck. The impetus with which we met destroyed our equilibrium, and we fell together, neither making the vain effort of using the dagger. The jeweller, who was on a smaller and more rounded portion of the spar, and, I believe, in the act of turning, made a desperate effort, as he fell, to catch hold of me, when we should have been precipitated together in the dark gulf. But it was not so decreed ; for he only clutched my dress, which rent asunder, and I heard him fall heavily beneath.

I had fallen on my face, and clung round the spar with my legs and one arm, for in the fall I seemed to have dislocated the other. My body was light, and my limbs long and sinewy. I contrived, though I hardly know how, to thus support and save myself ; but I remember what toil and peril I had in crawling along, hand and foot, on this dangerous bridge, which now, to my mind, was as difficult to cross as the bridge which Mohammed calls *al Sirat*, finer than a hair, and sharper than the edge of a sword, with the gulf of hell gaping below.

It was strange that, when the jeweller caught at me and rent my vests, the gold boxes, the source of all this mischief, dropped from my bosom (for, after what had occurred, I did not think it right to give them to Aston), and I saw them glittering, as I imagined, on the man’s head.

CHAPTER LXXII

“A bitter death, a suffocating death,
A muffled death, ensnared in horrid silence,
Suck’d to my grave amid a dreary calm !”

KEATS’ MS.

ON regaining the brink of the chasm, breathless and almost exhausted, suffering from a contusion on my head and wrist, I sat down on the margin of that deep and dismal gulf, which gaped like a charnel-vault beneath me, and looked the more deep and terrific under the clear moonlight. Then the noise from below, which the parsee made, struggling for life ; for at the bottom of the canal was a little stagnant water, dammed up with sand from the sea and sludge washed down by the torrents, with all the accumulated filth from the slaughter-house—being a consistency in which no man could long float, or immediately sink ; but every struggle made it worse. The man had sunk deep the first plunge, and his hard efforts to rise were apparent from the speechless agony with which he toiled, and the quick and stifling noise he made, as if half suffocated by the slimy composition. He panted, gasped, and floundered on the surface. I could perceive no more than an indistinct mass thus writhing and groaning in torture. It was a horrible sight, and, though not very nervous, my flesh quivered, and my whole frame shook as in sympathy with his sufferings.

I gazed round in the vain endeavour of seeking something to aid me in rescuing him ; but though the moon shone brightly, it only showed me the hopelessness of the man’s situation. I tried to keep my eyes off, but, as if fascinated, I could not. I had almost determined to give the alarm, by calling for assistance (as

I supposed a sentinel could not be very far), regardless of consequences to myself.

The struggle now became feeble, and the noise indistinct, rattling, and hoarse. I looked, and the dark mass was slowly sinking beneath the slimy surface; and, as he sunk for ever, I thought I saw an arm still holding its serpentine weapon, which seemed (as it might have been from his convulsive death) quivering while it gradually sank—shaking, as it were, still in defiance!

I remembered he had told me it was poisoned, and his last action reminded me of a venomous serpent I had killed the day before, which, whilst expiring with its emerald-green eye sparkling, and inflated hood, yet shot forth its forked tongue, as if in revengeful rage not to be subdued.

My eyes were riveted on the spot where the man had disappeared. The bubbling and disturbed surface was subsiding into smoothness, when I was suddenly so startled as nearly to lose my balance and fall down headlong, at hearing a voice at my ear call out, "All's well!"

It was the voice of a distant sentinel, borne on the wind while my head was on the ground near the fatal spar which crossed the chasm, and which acted as a conductor. This, and the extreme stillness of the night, made the voice seem close to me, and certainly alarmed me more than I had ever been alarmed.

I sprang on my feet, and looked round fearfully; but all was again still. Daylight was approaching, and every moment precious. I cast a last look at the spot where the man had sunk, and a pang of remorse came over me as I recalled the occurrences of the two last days, in which I had been the cause of the destruction of this man's property, perhaps of his brother's

life, and then of himself. What havoc and sorrow had I caused in his family ; what curses must fall on my head !—What demon of mischief urged me on ? His death-cries long haunted me.

It appeared to me, on after-reflection, that the waiter, or some other person in the tavern, had suspected me as concerned in the jeweller's affair—that he had acquainted him with his suspicions—that, during my morning walk, the jeweller had seen and recognised me—that he had afterwards followed and kept sight of me down to the place where my boat lay.

Had he given notice to the authorities, and charged me with being the principal in the attack on his shop, he perhaps was aware of, or had experienced the tardy and corrupt proceedings of courts, and the little justice got by law : besides, there are wrongs which cannot be righted by law, and for which men seek redress in vengeance. Feelings of this sort must have determined him on attempting to kill me. If he had indeed known who I really was, his revenge would have been effectually executed by simply informing against me ; but of this he had no suspicion.

I hastened down to the beach, as if pursued ; and, descrying the proa, I was about to hail her, when I called to mind the vicinity of the sentinel. My left wrist was strained or dislocated, the hot blood was trickling down my face, and I was suffused with a clammy heat. I looked anxiously along the margin of the sea for a boat, but could discover none that would serve my turn. Every instant of delay augmented the hazard of detection : I therefore secured the few things which would be destroyed by water, in my cap, and walked into the sea, which was smooth, with a breeze from the land. I swam as fast as I could, having the

use of but one paddle. There was no difficulty in this to one like me, who could swim nearly as well as walk, and whose daily pastime, when at Madras, had been in buffeting through the tremendous surf in which no European boat can live. But the danger I ran was from sharks and alligators, which were multitudinous about this island, the latter of which I knew used to swarm round the outlet from the slaughter-house, attracted by the smell of offal. Perhaps they were then banqueting on the wretched jeweller.

CHAPTER LXXIII

“As past the pebbly beach the boat did flee,
On sidelong wing, into a silent cove,
Where ebon pines a shade under the starlight wove.”

SHELLEY.

“With shatter’d boat, oar snapt, and canvas rent,
I slowly sail, scarce knowing my intent.”

KEATS.

HAPPILY I got on board the proa ; and, having silently weighed our grapnel, we all lay down, and let the boat drift out in the channel, till the fishing-canoes ran out, when we paddled amongst them, hoisted our mat-sail, and ran over to the Malabar shore ; there being little wind during the day, we paddled along the shore ; and as the clouds towards evening again threatened a squally night, we went into a little open cove, not having any vestige of being inhabited.

There we beached our boat, and prepared to sup and sleep under the shelter of some pine trees growing close to the sea. Meanwhile two Malays speared fish from the rocks, and others lighted a fire against a huge teak tree, which, as I afterwards learnt, had crept

into the forest, and continued burning for seven or eight months. Wearied and worn out, after having placed two men as outposts some distance from us, and appointed a strict watch to be kept, I selected a soft stone as a pillow for my head, and with my feet to the fire, wrapped in the boat's sail, I slept so soundly that neither the wind nor rain, which came on in the night, awakened me.

An hour before daylight I was called. My limbs were cold and stiff. Coffee and smoking, my never-failing remedies in the morning, refreshed me. We launched our boat, and, with a breeze still from the land, made good way through the water, keeping well out to meet the sea breeze. After midday the weather became clear and bright, and about midnight we ran along the north-east side of the island, at which the schooner was moored. We did not see her, so snug was her berth, until we rounded an estuary. A man on the look out on shore, belonging to the schooner, descried us. As we approached, I perceived Zela, with my pocket-telescope, looking through one of the ship's glasses.

Springing over the schooner's low gunwale, I lifted her up by the waist, which had outgrown my span. I pressed her to my bosom in rapture, carried her down the hatchway, and placed her on the cabin table. Then, turning to my mate, I said, "Strong, have you seen any strangers in the offing?"

"Only country craft, Sir."

"No matter. Get under weigh, and let us make a stretch to the eastward."

I should have mentioned that I had previously examined the place which I thought the jeweller's creese had grazed, but could discover no wound. The loose and thick folds of my camel-haired abbah and the

shawls round my waist had saved me. My eyes were both blackened by the blow on my brow, and my left wrist was swollen and painful.

My abbah I had picked up, so there was not the minutest clue by which the jeweller's friends could trace him or me. Whether the sentinel, with whom I had the scuffle, gave an alarm, or made a report, I know not. Probably, as he had committed a fault in permitting me to come near him, without giving an alarm, he was silent.

Zela's paramana (nurse), old Kamalia, doctored my wounds ; and Zela chafed my temples and rubbed my stiffened limbs with cajuput oil and camphor. Whether it was this hot oil, or the hand acting in animal magnetism, or roast fowls and claret, or my callian and coffee, or guava jelly and sweeter lips to kiss, that restored me, is a mystery. But certain it is that these external and internal applications restored my body's health. My arm I was obliged to keep some time in a sling ; and I hardly think it ever regained its former strength.

De Ruyter having told me he should go through the Straits of Sunda and touch at Java, I proceeded to Borneo. I passed the Straits of Drion ; but anxious to get through these, I did not run out of my way to board any of the country vessels, which I occasionally fell in with. The first vessel I boarded was some time after this, at the dawn of day. She was a singularly constructed and rigged vessel, coming right down on us, apparently of less than a hundred tons' burden, with two masts, snow-fashion ; her ropes were principally of a dark grass, her sails of purple and white cotton, though some looked like matting ; her hull was high out of the water, bleached to a whitish brown ; her bottom (for I could almost see the kelson as she rolled heavily, more from want of ballast, and the weight above board,

than from any swell of the sea) was overgrown with barnacles, seaweed, and green slime. She yawed so widely about, owing to bad steering, that I could scarcely keep clear of her. I fired a musket for her to heave to, which she did in so lubberly a manner, by heaving up in the wind, that she was nearly dismasted. A strange antediluvian crew of almost naked savages, the most uncouth and wild I had ever seen, tattooed from head to foot, were groping about her deck and rigging. A ragged piece of painted cloth was hoisted by way of ensign. Who or what she was, whence come or whither going, it was impossible to guess. Her upper works were so broken and gaping, that you could see both into her and through her; this with her rent and ragged train made her look as if she had been floating about ever since the flood, and yet the wonder was how she was kept afloat an hour.

They were attempting to hoist out an old and ornamented canoe; but, to save time, and anxious to examine her, more from curiosity than hope of plunder, I lowered a small dinghy from our stern, and went to board her. On nearing her I was more astonished at her wild appearance; and, having with great exertion climbed up her projecting bamboo outworks, I found the interior far surpassing the exterior. Her upper deck was thatched over with coir, held together with twined grass cordage. The savage crew had palmetta-leaf coverings on their heads, and Adamite inexpressibles. A very tall, thin, and bony man came forward to receive me. He was distinguished from the savage group, that crowded around, by his comparative fairness and fierceness, besides having more covering to his person. His features were prominent, his complexion a reddish brown, his hair somewhat darker; and he would have been strikingly handsome in figure and

bearing were it not for the extraordinary and grotesque manner in which he was tattooed on his face, arms, and breast, which were bare. The figure of a hideous serpent was wreathed around his throat, as if in the act of strangling him, with its head and lancet-like tongue traced on the lower lip, as if, killing twofold, it was darting into his mouth. The bright green eye and red tongue of the serpent were so cunningly tattooed in colours, that, with the movement of the lower jaw, they appeared in motion. Yet there was a placid expression of the eye and brow which did not correspond with his wild attire. I had no time to examine further, for this captain, or chieftain, came forward in a most courteous and affable manner, and with a strange accent, but in tolerable English said, "You are English, Sir?" (I had shown English colours).

"And who are you, Sir?" I asked.

"I, Sir, am from the island of Zao."

"What!—where is that? I never heard of such an island."

He informed me it was in the direction of the Sooloo Archipelago. "But it is strange," I said, for his manner struck me more than his appearance; "are you of those islands?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What! a native?"

"No, Sir."

"Who are you then?"

He paused for a moment, and then answered, "An Englishman, Sir."

"Indeed! How the devil then came you there, or rather here, in this trim?"

"If you'll walk down in the cabin, I'll tell you, Sir; I'm afraid I've little refreshment to offer you."

Just as we were at the hatchway, I heard a woman's

cries below. He stopped, and said, "I had forgot—we cannot go down there."

"Is there any one ill?"

"Yes, Sir; one of my wives is lying in, and, I believe, before her time. Her labour is brought on by sea-sickness. She is suffering dreadfully."

I sent for old Kamalia, telling him I had a wife on board, and that her nurse, as I had understood, was learned in these cases. Zela's paramana soon came on board; when, not to interrupt them, we sat apart on the deck, near the stern, where the stranger thus began: "It is so long since I've spoken my mother tongue, and the circumstances I am going to relate happened so many years ago, that I shall make a bungling story of it, and am afraid you'll not understand me."

"Well," said I, "it is almost calm, and we have time; so don't hurry yourself. And as you seem not very well found in the grubbery line, I'll send for something to freshen your memory, while you recall old times."

We were soon supplied from the schooner with beef, ham, claret, and brandy. Englishmen hate each other till they have eaten together. Eating made us friends, and drinking opened our hearts. The only remnant of civilisation, which still marked him a gentleman, was that he smoked without intermission. When our callians were lighted, he commenced his narrative, but in so strange an idiom, and with so many breaks and stops, that, at first, I had great difficulty in comprehending his meaning. For the benefit of others, I take the liberty of amending his phraseology.

CHAPTER LXXIV

"Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,
And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd;
There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,
'Tis with our hero quietly inurn'd."

BYRON.

"SEVEN or eight years ago," he said, "I left England in an East India Company's ship, with convoy, bound to Canton. The first officer, who had mercantile transactions with my father, and was considerably his debtor for prior investments, induced him to furnish him with a still larger investment than usual, upon condition that I, who was a clerk in my father's house, was to be shipped as a midshipman, and to receive a certain portion of the profits, on my father's account, arising from the investment. Properly instructed in this, I was to make the voyage, and, if I liked it, to continue in the service; if not, to return to the counting-house. At the age of fifteen I need not say how gladly I quitted debiting and crediting, invoice books, journals, and ledgers, to go to a country of which I had heard so much, and to rank among those aspirants, who used to give themselves such airs, and appear so happy when they were on shore—not knowing then that the cause of their joy on shore was the being released from a tyrannical subjection on board those worst of prison-ships, East Indiamen. However, under the patronage of the first officer, my initiation into the service might be supposed favourable.

"But we had not long sailed from the Downs, when I experienced a visible alteration for the worse. For, besides the degrading and abject services in which the class I belonged to was employed, the first mate, my

patron, in whose watch I was, turned suddenly upon me, without any fault on my part, and reviled and abused me. From that time, he treated me, on all occasions, with mockery and contempt. Not satisfied with making me do the most menial offices, he punished me for his sport; for I gave him no cause. He one day told me, in his passion, that my usurious old Jew of a father had hooked me on him as a spy, to defraud him of his freightage; adding, 'He made me give a bond too as security, but I'll be damned if I don't make a bond-slave of you!' It is needless to tell you what a miserable life I led.

"Our captain lived apart, as a sort of deity, and so I believe he thought himself. He associated with none but two or three passengers of the highest rank, and issued all his orders through the first officer. One night, off Madeira, it was blowing hard, when a man called out, 'A strange sail on the weather bow!' I was standing near him, and answered, 'Very well, I'll report it';—though I saw nothing but what seemed a great black cloud, and proceeded aft to acquaint the first officer with it, who had charge of the watch. I beheld him asleep on the carronade slide; a new feeling awoke in my bosom—revenge!"

"What," I asked, "did you stab the fellow, and throw his carcase overboard?"

"Oh no; it was but a boyish spite; if I were to meet him now, perhaps I might do as you say. I left him asleep, and went down to the captain, whom I awoke with—'There is a large ship just under our lee-bow!'"

"He started up, saying, 'Where is the officer of the watch?'"

"'I cannot find him, Sir.'"

"'Not find him!' and up rushed the captain. The officer was sleeping close to the companion ladder; so

that, on the captain's putting his foot on the deck, he stood before him, and called out his name. The affrighted sleeper sprang up at the well-known voice of his stern commander. But there was no time to waste in words ; it was blowing a hard gale, and the sea running high ; the dark and moving mass which, an instant before, I had thought a cloud or land, now in the form of an immense ship dismasted, came driving towards us. Our captain roared out to put the helm down, and turn the hands up ; but it seemed too late. A voice, trying to make itself heard through a trumpet, hailed us as from a tower, for so she loomed, as she drifted before the wind, borne on by a gigantic sea, which lifted her above us. The blue-lights burning on her fore-castle were reflected on our close-reefed topsail. It appeared inevitable that, as she replunged in the deep trough of the sea, in which we lay, becalmed by her monstrous hull, we should be crushed, or cut in two. Our sails struck against the masts with a thundering sound ; and the crew, scrambling up the hatchways in their shirts, but half awake, involuntarily screamed at the sight of the immense ship coming upon us. Panic-struck, we could do nothing ; and she, impelled by the fury of the sea and winds, was borne on, rolling and plunging, without sail or mast, to steer or steady her. It was a scene that appalled the most hardy ; some held out their arms widely and shrieked ; others fell on their knees ; and more threw themselves headlong down the hatchways ; and though it was but a moment, such a moment makes a boy an old man. A loud and more distinctly heard voice, speaking through a trumpet, again hailed us—it seemed our death summons—‘ Starboard your helm, or we shall run you down ! ’

“ As the wave was lifting us up, the stranger struck us. There was a frightful crash. Then I heard the

loud shrieks of our men, and, giving myself up for lost, convulsively gripped hold of the shrouds, and awaited my fate. My eyes were riveted on the stranger ; she passed, as I thought, over us, and then lay, like a gigantic rock, immovable, close on our lee-quarter. The gale, unimpeded, again roared among our shrouds, and the sea broke over us. After a horrible pause, the bustle and the noise of the winds, waves, and voices recalled me to my senses. The stranger had struck us on our quarter, and carried away our quarter-gallery, stern-boat, and main-boom—nothing more—and we were safe. The ship again hailed us, and asked our name. She then ordered us to keep close to her during the night, and added that she was his Britannic Majesty's ship, *Victory*.

“That night nothing was said to the first officer ; but he was put under close arrest. Indeed the panic was so great that, for a long time, every one seemed under a spell, and our captain and officers were only recalled to their duty by the frequent night-signals from the *Victory*, with the roar of her immense guns to enforce attention to them, and to keep us in our station on her lee-quarter ; for they feared we should give them the slip during the night.

“In the morning, when I went on deck, I found we had lost our convoy ; and the *Victory*, still close to us, was making signals for us to take her in tow. For this purpose, as there was more swell than a boat could live in, we veered an empty cask astern, with a rope attached to it, for her to take on board. This done, she fastened hawsers, as big as our cables, to the rope ; and we hauled them on board over the taffrail, secured them to our mainmast, made all the sail we could carry, and bore up for the island of Madeira. Our situation was most perilous ; for, notwithstanding the great length of the

hawsers by which we were towing, the weight and size of the *Victory*, then the largest ship in the world, gave us dreadful shocks as we lifted up trembling on the crest of a wave, and she sank beneath us in its hollow—she seemed dragging us stern foremost downward; then again when we laboured, becalmed in the deep trough, and she was lifted up, she appeared plunging down directly on us. Sometimes the tow-ropes, though nearly the size of my body, snapped like rotten twine; and we had again the difficult and dangerous task of getting her tow-ropes on board. Luckily that night the wind abated, or, I think, we should both have foundered. The strain on our ship was so great, that besides the danger of carrying away our mainmast, the seams of our deck opened, and the sea broke over us, sweeping away all before it, and threatened destruction by filling us with water. Our captain hailed the *Victory*, and represented our danger: the only reply was, ‘If you cast off the tow-rope, we will sink you.’

“On board the *Victory*, they had eased her by throwing overboard the guns on her upper deck, setting storm-sails on the stumps of her lower masts, and by every means in their power. The next day the gale was considerably abated, though the sea was still heavy. We brought to a large West India ship bound to Madeira, and she was compelled to take our place.

“Our captain then went on board the late admiral’s ship, when her commander, after reprimanding him for his bad look out during the night, said he should pass over his conduct in consideration of the service he had done in having been the means of saving to His Majesty and his country the most valuable of their ships that bore the triumphant flag of Nelson, and that was then bearing his body.

“He gave our captain a certificate to this effect.

This somewhat appeased our proud commander ; and, the danger over, his wrath was allayed against the delinquent officer, whom he had threatened, in his passion, to annihilate. Besides, they were relations, or at least of the same name—Patterson ; and you know, Sir, Scotchmen are clansmen, and care not if all the world goes to wreck, so that their own particular clan escapes and profits by the general loss. But I ask your pardon, Sir—there may be some very good men amongst them.”

CHAPTER LXXV

“That boat and ship shall never meet again !”

BYRON.

“Thou must hold water in a witch’s sieve
And be liege lord of all the elves and fays,
To venture so.”

KEATS.

“THE first officer,” he continued, “returned to his duty, and had no difficulty in tracing the origin of his disgrace to me. I need not say my condition was not improved by this event. Oh, how I envied the life of the most ill-used chimney-sweeper or outcast beggar ! Their existence seemed passed in bliss compared to mine ! Besides, they could fly from a heartless beadle or cruel master, while I (for so I then thought) was a hopeless slave. But, Sir, I am detaining you.”

“Oh no,” I replied, “go on ;” for the similarity of this man’s fate with Walter’s doubly interested me, and I already felt a friendship for the narrator. By gazing on his features, as he spoke, I was soon familiarised to the sight of the frightful figures portrayed on his skin, and “saw his visage in his mind.”

“At length,” said he, “by the usual passage, we

entered the China seas. One night, the ship being anchored off an island (for what purpose, I forget), I was ordered in the boat which lay astern, to take care of her. Suddenly the thought crossed my mind that I might take advantage of this and escape. Without for a moment weighing the hazards of such an enterprise, I gave myself up to the impulse. There was a mast, a sail, and a keg of water in the boat, for she had been employed in landing on the island to windward of us to seek for water. This determined me. It did not then occur to me there were so many things necessary, especially bread. I had only brought my supper of biscuit and beef with me: compass and charts I never thought of. The night was dark, a steady breeze blowing out of the gulf, and the sea tolerably smooth. I took a favourable opportunity of all being quiet on board, slipped the painter which held the boat, and, after drifting astern in fearful suspense for a short time, got the mast up, veered round, and soon lost sight of the ship.

“An hour elapsed, when I thought I saw a lantern hoisted by her, and afterwards plainly distinguished a blue-light. I hauled in towards the island, that, by running to leeward of it, I might be screened when daylight should appear. Thanks to my having been born near a dockyard, and to my fondness for boating, I had learnt to manage a boat very well.

“But only, Sir, think an instant on the alteration a few months had made in my fate, and more particularly that of a few hours; yet the last I could not regret. My heart, however, misgave me when at sunset the next evening I pondered on my desolate condition—alone in a little boat, without compass, or means of existence, on the wide ocean, the wild waters all around me, and the cloudy and then starless sky above me. My

folly struck me to the heart. I wished myself on board the ship again. I wept bitter tears, resigned the helm in despair, and left the boat to be drifted at the mercy of the sea and winds. Hunger long kept my eyes open : however, at last, after drinking some water, I slept, overcome by toil and fasting. My sleep was long and troubled : it was near day when I awoke, and the sky was clear. I again loosened the sail to the breeze, and ran before the wind. I endeavoured to think what course I was in. From the direction of the wind and the north star, I concluded I was running towards the islands in the Sooloo Archipelago, and that the high land which I saw in the morning was Borneo. I was steering nearly due south, and the island of Paragua, near which I had left the ship, must have been nearly astern. The breeze continued fresh, and my little bark went fast through the water. There was no vessel of any kind in sight. I detected myself unconsciously nibbling round the rim of my only remaining biscuit. I considered if I should haul in for Borneo ; but the wind veered several points, and, finding I should have to beat up to it, I was forced to proceed.

“ The fear of starvation already made me feel starving : yet the wind freshened, and I knew I could not be long without making one of the countless islands which lay before me. I was determined to run slap ashore on the first I could. This day I passed in torture from hunger : I felt sick and desponding. The day passed, when I saw no land ahead, and lost sight of the land astern. At night I became wild and feverish, and arraigned Providence for having abandoned me. The night was clear, almost as light as day, and as I sat sullenly at the helm, I heard something fall splashingly into the boat, and sprang up for joy, as I eagerly

grasped hold of it—a bright, silvery-scaled fish, nearly a pound in weight. My joy cooled on reflecting that I had no fire to cook it—not even a knife to scale it, so ill was I provided. I threw it down in the boat, and resumed my desponding station at the helm. My eye now caught something dark floating on the surface of the water : I edged the boat that way, and, stretching out my arms, lifted what I thought a small log of wood, but which proved to be a turtle. I threw it in the bottom of the boat. These two godsend, by lengthening the distance between me and starvation, reassured my mind, and, lashing the helm, I again fell asleep.

“ But I was soon awakened by the water rushing over the gunwale of the boat, which heeling over on the side I was lying, it covered me. I believed she was swamping, but had recollection enough to cast off the sheet, when the boat righted, though up to the thwarts in water. Securing the sail, I turned to with my cap, and baled. The wind had freshened, the sea was getting up, and the weather lowered threateningly. Still the night was light. I reefed the sail, again set it, the boat scudded at a great rate, and I felt confident of seeing some land in the morning.

“ I now became so hungry that I sought out the fish, and, biting and sucking at the tail, I proceeded upwards towards the head. It was so deliciously refreshing, so far superior to any I had ever eaten before, that I wondered people spoiled them by cooking. However, I had forbearance to stop when I came to the thick part, to reserve it for a relish on the morrow ; but this served rather to sharpen my appetite than appease my hunger. I began to look longingly and greedily on the turtle, which was flapping about, and, remembering it had nearly escaped when the water came into the boat, I lashed it by the fins. The re-

mainder of the night was passed in thinking how I could open its shell to get at the meat ; and I cursed my improvidence again and again, in not having provided myself with a knife, a compass, a quadrant, and a nory. It seemed I only wanted these four articles to fit me for circumnavigating the globe : for you know, Sir, a man feels full of confidence after a good supper."

CHAPTER LXXVI

"With dizzy swiftness, round, and round, and round,
Ridge after ridge the straining boat arose,
Till on the verge of the extremest curve,
Where through an opening of the rocky bank
The waters overflow, and a smooth spot
Of glassy quiet 'mid those battling tides
Is left, the boat passed shuddering."

SHELLEY.

"THAT night I ran a great distance. As the day broke, I watched with intense anxiety to discover land ahead. There was as much sea running as my small boat could live in, and I was kept almost constantly baling. My life seemed to depend on making land quickly ; and I cannot describe my disappointment and horror, when the day did appear, to see I had run past several small islands in the dark, and the wide sea before me, without a solitary speck on the horizon. The remainder of the fish—I could not help it—I devoured during the night. I made a vain attempt to haul my wind, and fetch one of the islands I had passed ; but the wind and sea were too high, and if I had not instantly again put the boat before the wind, I should have been swamped.

"A few hours after, notwithstanding every effort to

keep my eyes on the horizon ahead, that I might catch the first appearance of land, and shape my course so as not again to get to leeward of it, fierce famine again so gnawed my stomach, that, in spite of every endeavour to the contrary, from occasional wanderings, my eye became fixed and riveted on the turtle. I could attend to nothing else. If I exerted myself to slue my head in another direction, it was only like shaking a compass—the turtle acting on my eyeball as the pole on the magnetic needle, bringing it always round again to the same point. My thoughts, too, were absorbed in imagining the possible means of opening its shell. I unlashed it, brought it aft, and pored over the mazy, coloured lines and divisions marked on its back, as if I had been studying a chart. Never had I seen anything so well secured, except the iron chest in my father's counting-house, to open either of which without iron appeared impossible. Then I studied the structure of the boat, till I could have built one, to discover if a bolt or nail might be safely subtracted; but in vain. The extremities of the turtle, indeed, seemed more in my power; but one end was fast locked by its horny head and bony fins, and the other by its fins and a substance tougher than the sole of my shoe. As to its head, as if aware of my purpose, it never even put it out. I then tried to crack the shell by beating it against the gunwale of the boat; but the boat was stove, without the slightest fracture of the shell. After many fruitless attempts I succeeded in grasping hold of its head, when I secured it with a rope-yarn, and, making use of the last expedient, at length I killed it."

"But how?" I asked.

"By gnawing through the skin of the throat, though my eyes were well-nigh beaten out by the fins. Then I thrust my fingers into the breast, forced off the fins,

and so got into it. But, in my haste, or from ignorance, for I knew nothing about the matter, I suppose I burst the gall; for though I washed the flesh well, it was very bitter. The eggs, of which it was full, though they were very small, were the best part. However, my appetite was appeased; and I now turned my attention to look out for land; when I shouted with rapture as I discerned it on my starboard bow."

While describing his contention with the turtle, his looks and gestures became so fiercely vehement, that I shoved over to him the remains of the meat on the table; and kept my throat at a respectable distance from his vulture-like claws, which the black lines tattooed on them made them resemble.

"At the sight of land," said he, "my expiring energies were awakened. The breeze was still increasing, and, fearful a gale was coming on, I exerted myself to make the island quickly. Although the boat almost flew through the water, so that the spray dashed right over me, I thought, in my impatience, she lay like a log. I saw several other islands to the south of this. The sun was nearly sinking when I had approached the land so as to see the surf breaking on the rocks. In my anxiety to be on shore, I heedlessly let the boat run on, and neglected to run along the shore to seek a beach or landing-place, and avoid the shoals and rocks. Blindly I scudded on even to where the surf was highest, and found myself suddenly embayed amidst rocks, over which the waves were furiously and unceasingly breaking. In my too great eagerness to escape from sea-perils, I was devoting myself to destruction on the far more dangerous rocks. I let go the sheet which held the sail; it fluttered wildly in the wind. The sea-birds flew screaming over me.

My little bark, almost buried in the spray, which beat on me like a hailstorm, was tossed, wheeled, and whirled about, with so much water in her, that I hardly knew if I still floated in her, or in the sea. Just as she was borne by a high wave madly against a rock to be dashed to pieces, the wave, not breaking, bounded back like a ball, and hurried her against the opposite rocks, and then rebounded, as if in play. The noise of the winds and waves, breaking all about, was deafening. The space between me and the shore was white and frothy as milk when overboiling, and seemed close to me, without a chance of my arriving at it. Suddenly the boat disappeared from under me. Though I could swim, my efforts were vain ; for after I had, with all my strength, approached within an arm's length of some of the rocks, the reaction of the swell drove me back again, mocking my exertions. At length worn out, and bleeding all over from wounds inflicted by the lancet-like points of the coral reefs, against which I was driven from time to time, I felt myself going down. I believed it was all over with me, and must say that death by drowning is not so frightful as it is represented. Perhaps my previous exertions, hunger, loss of blood, exhaustion, and the hopeless situation I might be in, if I were landed, made it the less bitter. However that may be, a calm sensation, almost amounting to pleasure, came over me as the water closed over my head. After that I even remember, as I still mechanically or convulsively struggled for a few moments, that I seemed suspended under the water, not sinking. Then came a pang, as if my heart had burst, and life was fled."

CHAPTER LXXVII

“The gentle island, and the genial soil,
The friendly hearts, and feasts without a toil,
The courteous manners, but from nature caught,
The wealth unhoarded, and the love unbought;
Could these have charms for rudest sea-boys, driven
Before the mast by every wind of heaven.”

BYRON.

HE paused to fill his callian, and then proceeded in his story. “How long I remained under the water I know not. A sensation of dreaming and trying to awake, of which I have a faint recollection, was what I next felt, and then of suffocation. I thought people were endeavouring to stifle me, by holding me under the waters of a torrent, and that its noise drowned my cries. At last my senses were partly restored. I distinguished some figures leaning over me. I was giddy, sick, and shivering with cold. The people looked very strange, and talked to me; but I could not understand them. They were very kind, for they were chafing my body with their hands to recall me to life. But I hasten over this, Sir, to tell you of my astonishment when, so far recovered, I could comprehend things about me.

“I lay on the ground with mats under me, and cotton cloths above me. There were three women, nearly naked; but I afterwards found their being so was owing to their having covered me with their garments, not from the custom of the country. Their faces, arms, and necks were covered with black lines. They had gold rings in their nostrils, and on their arms and ankles. They were very young, and were it not, as it then struck me, for the strange marks which disfigured them, handsome, and not very dark. They screamed

when I spoke and moved to sit up. Dreadful hunger had again taken possession of me. I made signs to this effect, when they all ran away, but soon returned with fruits. Greedily were they devoured, one after the other, as they gave them ; while they were frightened at the ferocity with which I ate.

“ My hunger satisfied, I gazed round to see where I was, and found myself on the brink of a little river, smooth and transparent ; yet I was startled at hearing the loud surf breaking near me. It was not in sight, for a high screen of rocks lay between me and the sea. It afterwards appeared that when I had sunk, a strong underground eddying current had carried me, along its windings, into the mouth of this little river, calm as a pond, being completely sheltered from the wind, and not visible from the sea, though running into it from a jungle. Three girls, who had just come down to this river’s mouth in a canoe, to be in readiness to spear fish in the night, always plentiful during boisterous weather at sea, must have arrived at the instant my body came up to the surface. Neither surprise nor fear prevented them from dragging me to the shore. For a long time they considered me dead. To decoy the fish they lighted a fire, near which they had laid me ; a happy chance, as I conjecture, to which I owe my life. My first symptoms of breath and motion, as they occasionally came to look at me, were sufficient to excite them to do all they could to preserve me, which, though little, was enough.

“ I am now, Sir, speaking of the ensuing morning ; for I remained there all the night under their care. Then I was enough recovered to stand on my legs, and they led me down to the canoe, which they launched in the river. I had a strong repugnance, a dread of the water ; but we all embarked. They seated me down

in the bottom, and commenced with their paddles to urge the boat along.

“When we left the little open pool, formed by the river, hedged round with rocks, cocoa-nut trees, and yellow moss, and ascended the stream, the trees and bamboos were so thick on each side, as, in many parts, to meet together overhead, and exclude both sun and light. On these trees were hanging in clusters, like living fruit, little black monkeys not bigger than an apple. The sweet smell of the trees and blossoms, and the kind looks of the girls who conducted me, went far towards restoring me. The river turned about a good deal, and, at times, narrowed. In many places it had burst through its banks, and formed streamlets, of which you could trace the course by the loftier and brighter trees, and by the luxuriant vegetation. In about two hours we came to one of these streamlets; its mouth was larger and deeper than those I had observed before; they turned their canoe into this, and made signs for me to land. I did so: the vegetation was so thick here, that there was scarcely sufficient space for us to stand upon; nor could I see any path, where the canoe was landed, amongst the long wild grass.

“They made signs for me to follow them; and they walked down in the shallow part of the stream for a few minutes; then, after a turn, they came to a path, still by the stream. Here, amidst a grove of tall trees, entirely cleared from underwood, there was a multitude of little huts, built of wood, and covered with leaves. They led me into one of two or three, the largest and nigh together, fenced by a prickly pear-hedge.

“On clapping their hands, a number of old women and young naked children came out of different holes and corners. After staring at me, they asked a thousand

questions of the girls who had conducted me thither ; then they came and scrutinised me, touched my hair and hands, and returned to listen again to my story. Soon after all the old women of the village, in like manner, visited and examined me.

“ Meantime my hostesses supplied me with abundance of provisions, flesh broiled, rice, Indian corn roasted, and fruits. What astonished me most was that I saw no men, except two or three decrepit ones. But,” said my narrator, “ the night is coming on, and therefore I’ll hasten over my tale of years ; for all seem but as yesterday, since few events have marked them.

“ I found a refuge amongst the kindest-hearted and most simple-minded people in the world. When I arrived, the men of the village, as I afterwards learned, were gone to attend the king on a great hunting and fishing tour, through and round the island, which takes place twice every year. The three girls who had gone fishing down the river, and preserved me, were this king’s daughters. At night when I retired to sleep, my surprise was great when the eldest of the girls, after making up for me a comfortable bed of reeds and mats, conferred a few minutes with her sisters, and then came, and lay down by my side.”

On my laughing, the Zao Englishman seemed annoyed, and said, “ Sir, it is the custom of the country for the eldest unmarried female of the family to sleep with the stranger.”

“ Go on ; I approve of the custom very much. It is admirable, especially for us travellers ; and I wish such sort of hospitality were universal.”

“ From that time,” he added, “ this girl became my wife.”

That, thought I, alters the case, and I looked grave.

"The king," continued he, "returned with his people, and expressed his surprise and joy at finding me one of his family. By degrees I became accustomed to their manners, and spoke their language. I had naturally a mechanical turn, improved by my vicinity to a dockyard in England, so that I was useful to the old king, who soon loved me as a son, and gave his two other daughters to me for wives, at their own earnest request. Then I went into a separate house, a gift from the king; but he could not long endure my absence. You may see, Sir, I have lost every vestige of civilisation, and am, as it were, a native of the island."

"But," said I, as he concluded, "you have not told me whither you are bound."

"Oh," he replied, "as you are English, I believe there is no harm in my telling you. Why, Sir, within these few years, several vessels of the Spaniards and Dutch have touched on our island; and, besides plundering our coasts, they have seized some of the unarmed people to make slaves of them. They come from the Philippine Islands. I am going, Sir, to petition the aid of the English government in India, and to purchase arms and ammunition for a battery, or——"

I interrupted him with—"The latter is wise; but as to your petition—don't think of such a thing. What have you to induce the Company to interfere?"

"A valuable pearl fishery," he said, "which neither they nor any European is aware of except myself."

I placed my hand on his mouth, and exclaimed, "Never again mention it to a living being, or your island will be wrested from you! Collect your pearls in secret, and barter them for arms, or let them lie quietly where they are."

This advice I impressed so seriously on him that, I believe, he has followed it, and I have been careful not

to betray him. "But still," he said, "I must go to Calcutta; for there I hope to hear of my family, and I wish to let them know where I am living, and that I am perfectly content. Return to Europe I never will! Besides that I have wives and children here, and am beloved by every one, what could I do in Europe with the marks of my savage life branded on my face and body? Here they exact reverence, as they show I am the son of a king; there they would make me stared at, and hooted wherever I went, like a wild beast."

CHAPTER LXXVIII

"As to the Christian creed, if true
 Or false, I never question'd it:
 I took it as the vulgar do.
 For my vext soul had leisure yet
 To doubt the things men say, or deem
 That they are other than they seem."

SHELLEY.

"BUT where, in the name of old Neptune," I asked, "did you get this antique-looking vessel? Or is this the pearl oyster bank raised up, and set afloat?"

"Seventeen or eighteen months ago," he replied, "when I was out with a number of canoes, pulling round the south-west part of the island, we discovered this vessel, dismasted and drifting towards the land. I approached her, and, seeing no one, went on board. I found her entirely abandoned. On opening her hatches, and going below, dreadful exhalations arose as from putrid bodies; of which, indeed, we found a heap lying huddled up together, in an indistinguishable mass. By a few vestiges we believed them to be lascars or Arabs, or both. There was a large ring-tailed cat,

together with some great water-rats, tearing at and feeding on the corrupted bodies. My people said, and I suppose they were right, that it was a country vessel, which had been attacked by pirates, and the crew massacred. Everything valuable or portable, that could be come at, had been taken from her. We towed her into a little port in the island, cleaned her, and repaired what we could. I have been a year about her, and you see how little I have been able to do, having neither proper tools, iron, cordage, tar, paint, canvas, anchor, nor cable. Such shifts as I have been put to you perceive. Whether I shall proceed, or obey the dictates of common sense, and go back, I cannot tell. Your opinion, Sir, as you seem kindly interested in my behalf, and are my countryman, shall decide on my movements."

I shook hands with him, and professed that, in either event, I would do all in my power for him. But, as it was then late, I returned to the schooner, with a promise to lie by him that night, and to visit him early on the morrow, accompanied by my carpenter and boatswain, that his vessel might be properly surveyed, to see if she was sea-worthy.

Accordingly, the next morning, a careful examination took place, and I received rather a favourable report. After consulting with his highness, the Prince of Zao, and having listened to all his motives for wishing to visit a European port, where he could procure arms and supplies, and a variety of articles he wanted, I recommended him to run along the Malabar coast, with the land and sea breezes, and go to Pulo-Penang, where his vessel would be repaired and put into better sailing trim; and thence to go on to Bengal, as there alone he could procure the supplies he wanted.

In reply to my questions regarding the island and its

inhabitants. he told me the island is small and low, with the exception of one rugged mountain nearly in the centre, which the natives informed him had, according to tradition, been once all on fire. "I therefore conjecture," observed the prince, "it has been a volcano, possibly thrown up from the bottom of the sea, and then enlarged, as it is now increasing, by the living coral. You know how rapid vegetation is in this climate. They add that the village, where the king now resides, was formerly close to the sea; and by the sand and sea-shells, found on digging, it seems it has been so. The whole island is now covered with large timber and impenetrable jungle, except towards the summit of the mountain, and in those places, near the rivers and the streams, which have been cleared by the natives for their dwellings. We have wild and tame hogs, goats, deer, monkeys, and poultry; then there are yams, kladi, and a variety of roots and herbs, mangoes, plantains, cocoa-nuts, and other fruits, while the sea-coast swarms with shell and other fish. Where Providence does so much, we do little but fish and hunt. The inhabitants are wise in contenting themselves with what they have, never toiling and sweating for more. What is forced and wrung from the earth by hard labour is embittered by the pain with which it is purchased. The women are very industrious, attending to household affairs.

"Our people are spread about the island in villages, governed by their own laws, which are simple, equitable, and summary. A great council is held twice a year, at which the king presides, hears complaints, and settles all disputes. Women have their full share of liberty. Every one may marry whom she likes, and return to her family, if ill-used by her husband. Before marriage they may indulge in sexual intercourse with the un-

married and unbetrothed ; but when married, it is considered so infamous, that both parties are branded and turned out of the community. Polygamy is allowed, though none but chiefs are permitted to have more than two wives. As every woman is obliged to do the work of her own house and family she is not only content that her husband should take another wife, but generally provides him with one herself, either a favourite sister or friend, for there are neither slaves nor servants among them.

“ The women are well made, gentle, and remarkably attached to their families. They are clean in their persons, attired in a cloth made of the bark of a tree, which is both soft and durable, and dyed of all colours. Our houses are raised a storey on bamboos, the lower part serving as a magazine for provisions. The tobacco you are now smoking grows on the island ; our people all use it. They manufacture these wooden pipes out of a sort of jasmine creeper, by forcing the pith out when green ; and the bowls are made of a hard wood burnt. They make their own spears and knives, the handles of which are ornamented with carving. There is a remarkable diversity in the features and complexion of the people. Occasionally there has been a little commerce, by way of barter (for money is not known), with small vessels from Borneo ; which brought iron, hatchets, wire, coarse cloths, brass, and old muskets ; and in return received a variety of gums and resins, cocoa-nut oil, sandal and kiabouka wood. But the approach to the island is dangerous, owing to the strong underground currents, and the immense coral reefs, on which the sea is perpetually breaking. Then there is only one port, very small, and not very secure.”

Upon my inquiring if they had any religion, and what it was, he said, “ Yes, we have our superstitions, but no

priests. Our chiefs preside on particular ceremonies, sing prayers, and make offerings to the evil spirits."

"But," I asked, "what is their faith?"

"Oh, it is founded on the same as yours at home—a belief in a good spirit which is above the earth, and in an evil one which is beneath it."

His highness had victualled his ship with paddy, deer and goat's flesh, in slices of about the size of cutlets, dipped in salt water and dried in the sun, and fish cured in the same way. Besides, he had great store of cocoanuts, and a fiery sort of arrack made from the sap of the tree fermented, with melons, pumpkins, onions, and an extraordinary supply of tobacco, which was large and thick-leaved, but of an excellent flavour. He gave me a boatload of it, and one of his pipes; the latter I still preserve in memory of this strange being; grotesque and wild figures of nondescript animals are deeply chased on it.

During the day one of his princesses miscarried of a prince; and to my astonishment, shortly after, made her appearance on deck, with the intention of bathing in the sea.

Having already expended more time than was warranted with him, I gave him a chart and compass, a few bottles of brandy, a bag of biscuits, and what was of more importance, I repaired his rudder, and put his vessel in a better trim. He was profuse in thanks, and pressed a small bag of pearls on me; which, as it was a plentiful product of his island, I accepted. I then promised, if possible, to visit his island, when we cordially embraced, and made sail on our different courses.

CHAPTER LXXIX

“Or could say
The ship would swim an hour, which, by good luck,
Still swam, though not exactly like a duck.”

BYRON.

“It may be easily supposed, while this
Was going on, some people were unquiet ;
That passengers would find it much amiss
To lose their lives, as well as spoil their diet.”

Ibid.

CONTINUALLY in chase of something, I fell in, among other coasting and country craft, with a Chinese junk, drifted out of her course, on her return from Borneo. She looked like a huge tea-chest afloat, and sailed about as well. She was flat-bottomed and flat-sided ; decorations of green and yellow dragons were painted and gilded all over her ; she had four or five masts, bamboo yards, mat-sails and coir rigging, double galleries all round, with ornamented head and stern, high as my main top, and was six hundred tons' burden. Her interior was a complete bazaar ; swarms of people were on board, and every individual, having a portion of tonnage in measured space, had partitioned off his own, and converted it into a shop or warehouse ; they were like the countless cells of a beehive, and must have amounted to some hundreds. All sorts of handicraft trades were going on, as if on shore, from iron-forging to making paper of rice straw, and glass of rice, chasing ivory fans, embroidering gold on muslins, barbecuing fat pigs, and carrying them about on bamboos for sale. In one cabin a voluptuous Tartar and a tun-bellied Chinese had joined their dainties together ; a fat dog, roasted entire, stuffed with turmeric, rice, suet, and garlic, and larded with hog's grease,

the real, delectable, and celebrated sea-slug, or sea-swallow's nest, shark's fins stewed to a jelly, salted eggs, and yellow dyed pilaff formed their repast. A mighty china bowl of hot arrack punch stood in the centre of the table, from which a boy was continually ladling out its contents. Such voracious feeders I never beheld; they wielded their chop-sticks with the rapidity and incessant motion of a juggler with his balls. The little, black, greedy twinkling eye of the Chinese, almost buried in mounds of fat, glistened like a fly flapping in a firkin of butter. The Tartar, with a mouth the size of the ship's hatchway, seemed to have a proportionate hold for stowage. Understanding these were the two principal merchants on board, I had come to speak to them; but like hogs, buried up to the eyes in a savoury wash of garbage, there was no moving them from the dainties they gloated on. A sailor, who had conducted me, whispered his Tartar owner who I was; he grunted out some reply, and with a greasy paw placed several handfuls of boiled rice on a corner of the table, indented it with his fist, poured into the hollow some of the hog's lardings out of the platter containing the roast dog, and then, adding five or six hard-boiled salt eggs, motioned me to sit down and eat.

Driven away by these unclean brutes, I went into the Tartar captain's cabin, built over the rudder. He was stretched on a mat, smoking opium through a small reed, watching the card of the compass, and chanting out, "Kie! Hooé!—Kie! Chee!" Finding I might as well ask questions of the rudder as of him, I hailed the schooner to send a strong party of men.

We then commenced a general search, forcing our way into every cabin, when such a scene of confusion, chattering, and noise followed, as I never had heard before. Added to this there were the mowing and

gibbering of monkeys, apes, parrots, parroquets, loories, mackaws, hundreds of ducks, fish-divers, pigs, and divers other beasts and birds, hundreds of which were in this Mackow ark. The consternation and panic among the motley ship's crew, and merchant-passengers, are neither to be imagined nor described. They never had dreamed that a ship, under the sacred flag of the emperor of the universe, the king of kings, the sun of God which enlightens the world, the father and mother of all mankind, could, and in his seas, be thus assailed and overhauled. They exclaimed, "Who are you?—Whence did you come?—What do you here?" Scarcely deigning to look at the little schooner, whose low, black hull, as she lay athwart the junk's stern, looked like a boat or a water-snake, they wondered at so many armed and ferocious fellows, not believing they could be stowed in so insignificant a vessel, whose hull scarcely emerged from the water. A Hong silk merchant, while his bales were handed into one of our boats, offered us a handkerchief apiece, but protested against our taking his great bales, when we could not possibly have room for them.

A few grew refractory, and called out for aid to defend their property. Some Tartar soldiers got together with their arms; and the big-mouthed Tartar and his comrade, swollen out with their feed of roast dog and sea-slug, armed themselves, and came blowing and sputtering towards me. I caught the Tartar by his moustache, which hung down to his knees; in return he snapped a musket in my face; it missed fire; his jaw was expanded, and I stopped it for ever with my pistol. The ball entered his mouth (how could it miss it?), and he fell, not so gracefully as Cæsar, but like a fat ox knocked on the head by a sledge-hammer. The Chinese have as much antipathy to villainous saltpetre,

except in fireworks, as Hotspur's neat and trimly dressed lord; and their emperor, the light of the universe, is as unforgiving and revengeful towards those who kill his subjects, as our landed proprietors are towards those who slaughter their birds. An English earl told me the other day he could see no difference between the crime of killing a hare on his property and a man on his property, arguing that the punishment should be the same for both. However, I have killed many of the earl's hares, and a leash or two of Chinese in my time, instigated to commit these heinous crimes by the same excitement—that of their being forbidden and guarded against by vindictive threats of pains and penalties.

But to return to the junk. We had a skirmish on the deck for a minute or two, a few shots were fired, and a life or two more lost in the fray. The schooner sent us more men, and no further opposition was made. Then, instead of gleaning a few of the most valuable articles, and permitting them to redeem the remainder of the cargo, by paying a sum of money, as the rogues had resisted, I condemned her as lawful prize. We therefore began a regular pillage, and almost turned her inside out. Every nook, hole, and corner were searched; every bale cut, and every chest broken open. The bulky part of her cargo, which consisted of camphor, woods for dyeing, drugs, spices, and pigs of iron and tin, we left; but silks, copper, selected drugs, a considerable quantity of gold dust, a few diamonds and tiger-skins were ours; and, not forgetting Louis, who had entreated me to look out for sea-slug, I found some bags of it in the cabin of my late friend, the defunct merchant. Neither did I neglect the salted eggs, which, with rice and jars of melted fat, victualled the ship. I took some thousands of these eggs, a new and excellent

sort of provision for my ship's company. The Chinese preserve them by merely boiling them in salt and water till they are hard; the salt penetrates the shell, and thus they will keep for years.

The philosophic captain, whose business it was to attend to the navigation and pilotage of the junk, having nothing to do with the men or cargo, continued to inhale the narcotic drug. His heavy eye was still fixed on the compass, and his drowsy voice called out, "Kie! Hooé!—Kie! Chee!" Though I repeatedly asked him whither he was bound, his invariable answer was, "Kie! Hooé!--Kie! Chee!" I pointed my cutlass to his breast, but his eyes remained fixed on the compass. I cut the bowl from the stem of his pipe, but he continued drawing at the reed, and repeating, "Kie! Hooé!—Kie! Chee!" On shoving off, as I passed under the stern, I cut the tiller ropes, and the junk broached up in the wind, but I still heard the fellow singing out, from time to time, "Kie! Hooé!—Kie! Chee!"

We had altogether a glorious haul out of the Chinaman. Every part of our little vessel was crammed with merchandise. Our men exchanged their tarred rags for shirts and trousers of various coloured silks, and looked more like horse-jockeys than sailors. Nay, a few days after I roused a lazy and luxurious old Chinese sow from the midst of a bale of purple silk, where she was reclining; perhaps she thought she had the best right to it, as it might have belonged to her master, or because she was one of the junk's crew, or probably she was the owner himself transmigrated into this shape—there needed little alteration. I also got some curious arms, particularly the musket, or fowling-piece, which, had it obeyed its master's intention, would have finished my career. The barrel, lock, and stock are deeply

chased all over with roses and figures of solid gold worked in. I preserve it now, and it has recalled the circumstance by which it came into my possession ; otherwise, it might have been driven, like any others of greater moment, from my memory, by the lapse of time, and by more recent events.

CHAPTER LXXX

“ Not a star
Shone, not a sound was heard ; the very winds,
Danger’s grim playmates, on that precipice
Slept clasp’d in his embrace.”

SHELLEY.

BEING now on the south-east side of the island of Borneo, and the time for meeting De Ruyter drawing nigh, I made the best of my way to our rendezvous, a little group of islands close to Borneo ; but just as I got sight of land, it fell a dead calm, which lasted three or four days, during which I lost one of my best men. Slung in the bight of a rope, and lowered over the bow, he was nailing on a sheet of copper that had become loose from the heads of the nails being worn off. I was on deck, and, hearing a dreadful noise and scream, I ran to the bow from which it proceeded. A monstrous ground-shark had got hold of the man’s leg, and, while his fins and tail lashed the water into a white foam, was tugging to draw the man under water. Secured under the armpits with a strong rope, and holding on the chain-plates, the man struggled violently to save himself. When he saw me, he cried out, “ Oh, Captain, save me ! ” I halloed to the men who were gathering round to bring the harpoons and boarding pikes, and to lower the stern-boat ; and with the promptness of

sailors, fearless when a comrade is in danger, they attacked the monster. A brother of the man even jumped overboard, armed with a knife. The foam on the water was dyed with blood, and the greedy and ferocious sea-devil received many wounds, and was harpooned ere he relinquished his grip ; but the line, from want of giving him scope enough, was broken, and he escaped. Meantime, the man, now insensible, was hauled on deck ; his leg was frightfully mangled, the flesh from above the calf being drawn down like a stocking, and the bone left bare. We had a sort of surgeon, whom Van Scolpvelt had picked up at the Isle of France, but he turned out to be an idle and drunken fellow, though not ignorant. The man died a few days after : I suppose his wound was past the art of surgery.

An unlooked-for death on board a ship makes a great and awful sensation. Sailors are as untaught, and have as little communication with the enlightened world, as the Arabs imprisoned in their deserts. The one studies the sea of waters, and the other his sandy wastes, the winds and their stars, like magic-books, not to be deciphered ; and who, ignorant of their causes, can contemplate these mysterious powers, daily witnessing their wonderful changes and effects, without becoming superstitious ? Certainly not Arabs and sailors, whose firm faith in signs and omens is as old and boundless as the sands and sea. It is curious that so many superstitions belonging to the sea should be general throughout the world ; for instance, seamen of all countries and religions, from Lord Nelson and the Captain Pacha commanding the Ottoman navy to the Mainotte corsair and the Arab rais—all think it a dread omen of evil to begin a voyage on a Friday, the Moslem's Sabbath and the Christian's day of the Crucifixion. I had begun my last voyage from the island near Pulo-Penang on that fatal

day; and it is remarkable that the second mate, my countryman, and two men, brothers, all admirable sailors and very good men, when they heard me give the order to weigh the anchor, were dissatisfied, and murmured. I frequently laughed at them about it: they always answered, "You will see, Sir—we are not returned to port yet." It was one of these brothers who lost his life by the shark, and the other, shortly afterwards, lost his life in as strange a manner.

Becalmed off Borneo, I one day pulled inshore to look at a small bay at the mouth of a river, and then pulled some way up the river. We let go the grapnel to dine; and in the cool of the evening the men bathed. The brother of the man who lost his life by the shark, an excellent swimmer, challenged a Malay (whom I had brought as interpreter, in case I met with any of that nation) to try which could dive the deeper, and remain the longer under water. I was just out of the water and dressing. They plunged in together, and were so long under water as to alarm me. At last, up came the dark head of the Indian: he was astonished at being beaten, and said the white man must be the devil, for no one else could beat him. Our anxiety became intense: every eye was strained as if its glance could penetrate the deep and turbid stream. The unfortunate diver never again appeared. We dragged and searched in every possible manner, but in vain. The night came on, and compelled us to return to the ship.

The strange deaths of these brothers, within a month of each other, made a strong impression. Matted vegetation, or a sunken tree, might have entangled him, or the cramp might have paralysed his efforts to rise—or, more probably, the jaws of an alligator. Some, indeed, thought that grief at his brother's death, which certainly had deeply affected him, made his own death voluntary.

Their fate threw a melancholy and gloom over the ship's crew, beyond what the loss of the greater part in broil or battle would have done.

As we slowly crept along the south-east coast, towards the appointed port, the weather was, and had been for a length of time, unusually clear and bright, with calm and gentle airs. One evening, just before sunset, I observed the first appearance of a cloud for many days. Thin misty vapours, of a gauze-like transparency, began to envelope the mountains to the westward; and suddenly, as the sun disappeared behind them, a bar of bright flame shot along their summits, then wreathed itself around the dreary dome of the highest peak, and remained there for some moments, glittering like a crown of rubies. The moon was of a dusky red, the sea changed its colour, and was unusually clear and transparent. I started at seeing the rocks, the fish, and the shells at its bottom; we sounded, and there were twelve fathoms of water. The atmosphere was hot and heavy; the flame of a candle, burning on deck, arose as clear as in a vault. I ordered the sails to be furled, and the anchor to be let go, as we were evidently drifting inshore, determined to get under weigh with the first appearance of wind. I remarked to the second mate, who had the watch, "Well, now we are anchored, the charm is broken; is it not?"

The man replied sulkily, "We are not in port yet, Sir."

CHAPTER LXXXI

“Hark! ’tis the rushing of a wind that sweeps
Earth and the ocean. See! the lightnings yawn
Deluging heaven with fire, and the lashed deeps
Glitter and boil beneath.”

SHELLEY.

THE shore nearest to us was low, and appeared like a huge swamp, overgrown with monstrous reeds, which waved about, though we had not a breath of air. There was the abode of wild elephants, tigers, serpents, and fevers. We thought we heard the roar of the tigers in the stillness of the night. I watched eagerly for the lightest air, to enable us to remove from this dreary spot. The country evidently was not habitable for man; yet, as the night advanced, we saw lights flickering about on the surface of the morass, like the lights used by fishermen; others were stationary, as from a village.

There were no clouds visible to leeward, yet not a single star shone. At length the lightning began to play about the mountains inland. I was sitting with Zela on deck, watching these unusual signs, which filled us both with melancholy bodings; and she was telling me what strange fires, simooms, and whirlwinds she had witnessed on her own wild sands, when, at that instant, I heard a strange noise, such as comes before the thunder breaks. “Hush!” I said, “what is that?” and sprung on my feet. The blow was struck before I had time to turn the hands up, for the men were sleeping on deck. We were dismayed. I looked aloft, and by the light of the sheet-lightning, saw nothing standing but two bare poles. All our loftier spars, yards, and rigging were flying away, borne up by the wind, as if they had been thistle-down. The sea was all white with foam,

and flew about, covered us as if under a cataract. Our ports and a great part of the gangways were blown clear away ; the gun-bolts were drawn, and the guns broke loose. Our little vessel plunged madly into the sea, and for a time we were actually under its surface. I grasped hold of Zela and the shrouds, and with difficulty retained my grasp against the weight of the waters. The cable parted, or we should inevitably have foundered.

I first drew my breath on seeing the bow of the vessel reappear above the water. I called to the men, but none answered, and I thought they were all swept into the sea. At length, speechless, panting, and panic-struck, some straggling individuals came crawling aft. "Are there any men overboard?" I inquired, and looking anxiously over the stern, a voice called to me from the sea, "Oh, Captain!" It was clearer far than midday; the flashes of bright sheet-lightning were without interval, almost blinding me. The sea, too, was white as snow, and I thought I could distinguish many dark heads feebly and vainly struggling in it. The voice that called on me I recognised as my favourite Swedish boy's, and fancied I saw his despairing and piteous look.

The fatal blast of the simoom was over. I loosened Zela, who had clung to me in agony, and placed her in safety, accompanied by the American mate, who had seized the helm. Rushing to a light whale-boat, lying on the gangway—for the one astern was washed away—and seeing it had escaped the wreck, I called on the men to save their comrades. For a moment they hesitated, scarcely knowing if they themselves were saved. I then called, by name, some of my own countrymen, and said, "What! shall our shipmates' perish for want of a boat, or a rope? Not a hand to

throw them even a rope ! Get out the boat, and where is Strong ? By Heaven, he is overboard, or he would not have needed to be called ! Heave together, my lads ;—she is afloat ;—now take care she don't get adrift or swamp ;—that's well ;—now the four best men on board get into her ;—I'll go with you ;—I know where they are ;—come, no more hands " (for now all seemed eager) ; " and you, Sir, keep her in the wind ;—hoist lights ;—have ropes ready ! "

We shoved off ; the wind had as suddenly lulled as it had burst, but the sea was dashing, jostling, and tumbling about, like a river where it empties itself into the sea. The lightning, too, died away into faint and indistinct flashes, and it was dark and awfully gloomy. As soon as we had drifted astern, we picked up two men, who had saved themselves by holding on the drifting spars, which were towing astern. We saved two others, floating near them. Then, after hallooing and pulling about in the direction where the squall had struck us, in search of the man-of-war's-man, my second mate, and the Swedish boy, both of whom were certainly missing, and how many more we knew not, till we ourselves were in danger of losing our vessel, we were compelled to return.

Wind and rain succeeded, and the night looked horrible. It was with infinite toil we neared, and at last got under the lee of the vessel, drifting rapidly out to sea. As the boat shot up under her quarter, not being fended off, while the men were scrambling to get on board the schooner, she gave a heavy lurch, swamped the boat, and left me, with six others, floating on the sea. I struck out to keep clear of any one's catching hold of me. Curses and screams were mingled. As we fell into the wake of the schooner, shooting from us, I heard the men in her crowding aft and throwing

ropes, none of which reached us, and calling to us to lay hold of the wrecked spars, but they were lying out of our grasp, foul of the bottom of the schooner, and to windward, the ship then drifting bodily to leeward. I called out distinctly, "A rope, or we are lost!" for I knew that our only remaining boat could not be got out. I thought my hour was come, when I perceived something white on board the schooner, and heard a voice, which thrilled through my frame, and arose above the wind, the sea, and the cries of the drowning. It exclaimed, "There is a rope! O God! give it him, or take me!" The extreme bight of a small white rope fell almost in my hand, it was clutched; so unerring was the eye that directed, and the hand, heart-impelled, that cast it. Zela, that hand was thine! Thy little arm and tiny hand, at that moment, possessed more strength than the sturdiest seaman's, and saved five lives, which could not have been preserved five minutes later.

I can hardly see the paper I write on! The long lapse of years which have passed since that time, appear but as minutes, so vividly is that overwhelming instant graven on my heart. And oh, blessed angel! have you not since, hovering over me in battle, preserved me when I have wildly rushed on death (for why should I fear or shun what is?), to reunite myself to you? And have you not, protecting spirit! turned aside the cowardly assassin's balls directed at the heart consecrated to you, and guided them through my body, balméd the wounds, mortal to human remedies, unclenched the grip of death, when I have felt his icy fingers in my breast, and restored me to health by most miraculous means?

CHAPTER LXXXII

“Angela the old
Died palsy twitch’d, with meagre face deform.”

KEATS.

BUT, slave of my feelings, I must go back to my narrative. Zela, who had not left the deck (indeed, she never did, but on compulsion, when I was in danger), witnessed the whole calamity. She was, as I have said, of a fearless race, and her fragile form contained a spirit almost unearthly. She had pointed to the sailors on board—for the eye of love pierces through the darkest night—where to throw the ropes; but, not relying on them, she seized on the deep-sea lead-line, which luckily had no lead bent to it, and, unreeling a long coil, she ran out on the foot-ropes of the main-boom. The man swore she ran on it like a spirit. When at the extreme end, she was directed by my voice, and threw the coil of line in her hand, with all her strength. Fearing it might not reach me, she had fastened the other end, purposing, in that event, to jump into the sea to bring it me; but, finding that I had it, she threw the end on board. Four out of the six men with me grappled and got hold of it. Being not much thicker than whip-cord, it was miraculous that it held us; but the schooner was now getting stern-way on her, so that, other ropes being thrown, our safety was ensured. Two men, either entangled in the ropes of the boat, or not being able to swim (and it is a fact that very few sailors can swim), never rose after the boat was stove.

Zela rushed into my arms, but spoke not a word. Her lips were cold as ice. I seated her down by the Malay girl, on the hatchway. “O God!” I cried, as her inanimate form was upheld by the girl, “she is dead!”

Then the old paramana, Kamalia, who was bedridden in the cabin, called out—

“No !—Death is indeed come ; but not yet for her. When next he comes, the noble tribe of Beni-Bedar-K’urcish, which is coeval with the sands, is extinct for ever ! When the destroying salt wave reaches the root of the date tree of the desert, it dies, and its fruits and leaves die too. It is written so by the prophet. I ransom her life with mine. I swore, when he took her mother, that when he next called on the spirits of our house, he should take old Kamalia. Blue fiend ! the prophet heard me, and thou must obey him ! ”

These words were followed by a stifling noise, as if the poor nurse was drowning. As I knew the cabin had been full of water, though I had forgotten her, I called for a lantern, and ordered the Malay girl and two of the men to go down and bring the old woman, who had been rapidly declining in strength, on deck. There was not a dry rag on board ; I could only press Zela to my bosom, which was but an icy pillow, and breathe on her eyes ; yet I thought I felt symptoms of returning life. The men called out from below, that the old nurse was dead, stiff, and cold as a stone !

The water being cleared out of the cabin, I carried Zela down, and, when I saw she lived, left her in the Malay girl’s lap and hastened on deck. We had enough, in clearing the wreck, to occupy our hands and minds till daylight, without inquiries into the number of men we had lost. The Malay girl’s screams recalled me into the cabin. I found Zela in what I then believed the convulsions of death. She writhed for a long time in extreme agony, and pain seemed to have restored her senses. Before the morning her struggles ceased. She had been seized with premature labour, and brought a dead child into the world. But I was happy, for

she lived. I forced her to drink some strong hot brandy and water, and she fell into a deep and tranquil sleep. Her before cold and pallid brow became warm and moist, and at that moment she looked so exquisitely beautiful, that I gazed on her, spellbound, still throbbing with agitation on reflecting how nearly I had lost her, and determining in my own mind that henceforth I would cherish her with tenfold care.

Fearful, when she awoke, that she might hear of Kamalia's death, and perhaps see her body, I went to the place where the faithful and good old creature lay. I held the lantern to her face : it had undergone no change ; a mummy that I had seen at the Isle of France, of Cleopatra's era, nearly two thousand years entombed, looked not more antique than old Kamalia, and it bore as much appearance of animal moisture and flesh and blood as did her shrivelled, withered, and dried-up remains. The worms were defrauded of their prey. Her livid-blue skin covered nothing but dry and sapless bones : a pale crimson streak, the last small drop of blood, stained a vein on her temple ; a little tuft of grey hair, like hoary moss on a withered tree, or as if a spider had spun his web on her skull, alone sheltered the bare bone ; her arms and body were rigid to brittleness. Wrapping her remains in her own barakan, I lifted the body and conveyed it to a separate cabin. She weighed no more than a bundle of rushes. I closed her stony eye and skinny mouth.

Daylight was approaching : a man called out, " Breakers ahead ! "—yet we had no soundings. Spite of her crippled state, the schooner, on which we had now some canvas, went round them, when we saw the surf breaking on the sunken rocks. As the day dawned, the weather resumed its previous tranquillity : the sun arose in all its brightness ; a vapoury veil of mist hung

over the now distant low line of shore, from which we had been driven as if by a hurricane, like an eagle descending to its nest, was sinking to repose in its own desolate region, the abode of everlasting rain and tempests. This vast and dreary swamp, extending deep into the island, occupies more than a hundred miles along the shore, and is exactly under the Equator. We had cause to be thankful we were driven, though a wreck, from it, instead of being wrecked on it. The builder would not have recognised the schooner. The Zao Prince would not have exchanged his rotten and worthless bark for our now less safe-looking vessel. Battered, dismasted, and broken, we lay a complete wreck on the waters, at the mercy of waves and winds which we should have laughed at the day before. Our plunder and great part of our provisions were damaged.

Giving the necessary directions, and leaving the deck in charge of the mate, I went to my cabin, after having mustered the crew. We had lost the second mate, the steward, the Swedish boy, and seven men.

I found Zela still asleep, and, putting chairs by the side of her couch, I placed my arms around her waist, pressed her gently to my breast, and fell into a deep sleep. I dreamed of undergoing every kind of horrible death; of being torn to pieces by sharks, by tigers—of suffocation by drowning, and of my skull being cracked and crushed like a nut between the huge jaws of a crocodile. In my struggles to escape I capsized the chairs, and fell heavily on the deck of the cabin, dragging Zela with me. In terror she asked what was the matter! The perspiration was pouring down my brow: she wiped my face, and, kissing my lips, said, “You were dreaming, dearest! and I was trying to waken you, for your sleep seemed dreadful.”

It was some time ere I recollected where I was, and

could recall the events of the night. Then, overjoyed to find Zela recovered, I kissed her a thousand times, and shook off my heavy drowsiness and sickness with cold water and coffee.

Retarded by light winds and want of canvas, we were four or five days reaching our destined port. Finding De Ruyter there with two prizes, our sufferings were instantly forgotten, and we brought to, under the grab's stern, singing and cheering as if we had returned from a most prosperous voyage ; so completely can a ray of joy dispel the remembrance of the longest and dreariest sufferings.

De Ruyter hastened on board, not knowing what to think, beholding our crippled and weather-beaten appearance. "Halloo, my lads!" he said, as he came alongside, "have you cruised to the north pole and been locked up in an iceberg for a hundred years?"

"No," I answered, "we have merely turned the schooner into a diving-bell, or torpedo, to cruise under water."

"What has happened?" he said, as, standing on deck, his keen eye glanced over the tempest-stricken wreck; "you have been battling with the simoom! No human engines could have done this. Ha! and I miss some familiar faces!" For De Ruyter had the gift, which kings are said to have, of never forgetting faces.

He came wondering down in our cabin, and I told him our disastrous history. "Well!" he added, "you have had a miraculous escape. It cannot be helped. We must do the best we can to set you to rights again. I hope you are all right under water. We have spars enough here, and I can make a shift to supply you with rope and canvas. I have been more successful among a convoy of coasting craft in the Straits of Sunda. We

dismasted a lubberly Company's cruiser, and took two of her convoy, charged with naval and military stores and provisions, ran them into Java, where we sold them and their cargoes to advantage. Since which we have picked up two private traders on our way hither, one loaded for Macoa with cases of opium, better than dollars, for the markets are high ; and the other with oil, coffee, sugar-candy, and sundries. You see them both in the port. Besides which, I have done some service to the people here, Beajus, or wild men, as they are called by the Moors, for which they have made me king of the island. Here am I, King Prospero, with a thousand Calibans for my subjects ! See, now they are bringing wood and water ; and they have shown me—

“ ‘ All the qualities o' the isle
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile.’ ”

“ What can you mean ? ” I inquired.

“ Near the uninhabited Tamboe Islands I was surprised at discovering a fleet of proas. Taking them to be pirates, I ran in amongst them. They were lying close to the shore, and most of their crews escaped. Some got under weigh, and attempted to get out ; but, with the exception of two or three, I compelled them to return, when their crews also jumped overboard and swam on shore. I boarded their boats, and found, as I had predicted, they were Malayan and Moorish pirates. They had been to the south-east side of Borneo, where they surprised the natives, who, as their country is swamped during the rainy season, and for some time after, live in floating houses, which are moored to trees. They could not escape, for these fellows went alongside of them in their shallops, and made prisoners of them, their wives, and children, who could neither fight nor fly. Then, with their living cargo, they put to sea, and

had run into the Tamboe Islands for water and provisions, when I happily, in turn, and as unexpectedly, surprised them, and released the captives, of whom I found nearly two hundred in the different proas. These proas I placed in their possession, brought them here, and landed my Beajus near their own country."

I must observe that we were now anchored in a port on the south of the island of Borneo, in a bay formed by three very small islands, which were not inhabited, nor indeed habitable, the largest being less than a mile in circumference, and having a scanty supply of water. The channel between us and the main was scarcely a mile broad, and the passage blocked by an extensive shoal, on which the sea was always in an agitated state, and generally breaking. The grab lay completely landlocked; I had been beating about some days ere I could discover the place, although De Ruyter had been most particular in laying it down, with written and minute directions.

To add to the calamities of the schooner, many of our men had been suddenly seized with putrid fever and dysentery, attributed to the pestilential atmosphere on the night when we were anchored off the fatal shore of the morass. Some died within four-and-twenty hours after they were attacked; and the instant their last struggles were over, we were compelled to throw their bodies in the sea, to be rid of the stench exhaling from them, which was insufferable before they died. And all these misfortunes were imputed to having begun our voyage on a Friday! Every individual in the schooner firmly believed in this, except myself. But superstitions believed in are, in their effects, truths; therefore, I never went to sea again on a Friday.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

“A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above ;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
When heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake ;—for a kiss's strength,
I think it must be reckon'd by its length.”

BYRON.

THE Beajus are supposed to be part of the aborigines of the immense island of Borneo. They have been driven to the interior, which is composed of hills and huge mountains, dark, rugged, and precipitous. A chain of these mountains approached that part of the island off which we lay ; and stretching their roots, as it were, far out into the sea, rendered the approach dangerous. Had it not been for the little islands, like excrescences or suckers from the roots, which sheltered us, we could have found no anchorage there, nor within many leagues. The sea lies on both sides without port or pasturage, while the immense morass and high mountains form a barrier inland, so that, with the exception of occasional marauders pillaging in proas a few scattered villages on a plain bordering on the morass, the Beajus here live undisturbed, in consideration of a tribute paid to a Malay settlement on the western coast. Left to be governed by their own chiefs, they live in patriarchal simplicity. Hunting and fishing are their principal occupations ; nevertheless they have a sufficient quantity of rice, Indian corn, and some other grain, with abundance of fruits, roots, and herbs. The rainy season begins in April, and continues for more than half the year ; and on

the great morass, the boundary of their territory, it rains for ever, with frightful storms, thunder and lightning. Nothing living dares to enter, except wild beasts, which sometimes prowl thither. It was called the land of the destroying power, and believed to be peopled by demons, who there prepared all the evils in the world, and then directed their flight with them, whither they listed. To assuage the wrath of these destroyers, the Beajus made sacrifices and offerings. They believed in a good and greater power, but as he never did harm, they did not attempt to bribe him with offerings, or invoke his clemency. Their chiefs were elected by the old people. Every head of a family was despotic, and answerable for those belonging to him. Only for great crimes they were cited before a general assembly; and adultery, in either party, was considered the most heinous, and punished with death.

The good office De Ruyter had done these people was not forgotten. Their gratitude knew no limit. The two hundred, whom he had liberated, considered themselves his bond-slaves, doing him every service in their power, and rejecting payment. Some of them were continually alongside, and on board us, supplying fruits, fish, goats, poultry, and what else their country produced. They erected convenient huts, on the largest of the islands, for our sick and maimed, which were numerous in both vessels, under the superintendence of Scolpvelt, who always took care to be well supplied with medicines. Besides, he was a herbalist himself, and devoted his leisure hours to prowling about in search of herbs and plants, to distilling, making decoctions, and gathering balsams and gums, for which Borneo is famous. One of the Beajus' canoes was at his command, with which he made daily excursions on the coast.

For some time I was exclusively occupied in refitting the schooner ; for which purpose I searched the woods, in the country of the Malays, for spars. The difficulty was in procuring those which possessed the requisite qualities of lightness, strength, and elasticity ; for, as to timber, there was enough to build fleets. One day, having pulled far along the coast, I landed in a small creek, within a little valley, inaccessible on the land side, owing to an abrupt mountain, and the number of very high trees, undergrown with jungle ; while the bushes and canes were so woven together by enormous creepers, that it seemed as if nothing larger than a rat could pass. But seeing some pines, or a species of fir, which struck me would answer my purpose, provided I could arrive at them, I landed with Zela, and sent the boat on board to bring the carpenters with their tools. Although the schooner lay at some distance, the boat had a leading wind both ways, and, as she sailed remarkably well, I calculated she would return in three hours.

In the meantime we first examined the spot, to find an outlet, but in vain. We then strolled on the margin of the sea, in the small space which was open, gathering oysters and mussels ; for abutments of overhanging rocks, impossible to climb, shut us in on both sides. While Zela was preparing coffee, I lay on the rocks, lulled by the monotonous waves, the crowing of the jungle cock, and the distant voice of the faoo, screaming shrilly in complaining notes. All who have mingled in the busy turmoil of life have felt the exquisite luxury, for there is none like it in the world's enjoyments, the balmy sensation while reposing alone, or, doubly sweet, with one loved companion, in a sheltered and secluded nook. There we can unpack the burden with which our hearts are loaded, by thinking alone,

secure from observing eyes, unmocked by triumphant pity, or sneering self-conceited friends—those officious prophets who foresee our misfortunes, warn us to avoid what is inevitable, and abandon us on finding them irremediable, salving their conscience with, “Well! he rejected our counsel, and must take the consequences of his headstrong proceedings!”

Having finished our coffee, Zela laid her head on my arm, and pointed out a white speck on the waters, which she said was a canoe, and I contended it was our boat. We were betting which it would turn out to be. But, that I may not be accused thus early of a propensity for gambling, I must record that our stakes were only kisses; so that, whichever it was, boat or canoe, it only made the difference between giving and receiving—yet a very great and important distinction there is between giving and receiving. Having been accounted learned and proficient in this abstruse branch of study, my opinion on this controverted question may be pronounced decisive. Certainly I was indefatigable in my application to the mystery; and had I followed mathematics or astronomy instead of kissing (not that their utility to mankind admits a comparison), Sir Isaac Newton and Napier would have been considered but as pioneers in science, clearing the path for my superior genius. Some curious arithmetician has demonstrated that a man, taking snuff once in ten minutes during the day, for the space of thirty years, will have been four years perpetually snuffing. Not only did I kiss every ten minutes during the day, but all night long, sleeping not to be subtracted; so that more than half of my early life was dedicated to, what I then thought, the only thing very well worth doing, without grudging or grumbling, purely from instinct. I therefore, declaring it was

our boat, insisted on Zela's kissing me ; but, on nearing us, we perceived it was Van's canoe ; upon which I was about to pay her kisses back again when I heard a rustling among the jungle, and prepared my carbine, being concealed by a projection of rock. The faoo came nigher to us, and Zela whispered, " Be cautious—it is a tiger ! for that bird always gives notice of his approach."

CHAPTER LXXXIV

" Upon a weeded rock this old man sat,
And his white hair was awful, and a mat
Of weeds were cold beneath his cold thin feet.

Then up he rose, like one whose tedious toil
Had watched for years in forlorn hermitage."

KEATS.

I PUT a ball, over the large shot, in my carbine, and making a rest on the rocks for my gun, I determined not to fire till he attacked us ; then, if I missed killing him, we were to swim out to the boat, which was rapidly approaching. Still, as we were hidden, I hoped we should escape undiscovered. Taking my cap off, I peeped over the rock ; the rustling noise in the bushes continued ; when, to my astonishment, I saw, not a tiger, but a grey, hairy old man. He removed the bushes, and, after cautiously surveying the place, stooped down and came out at the opening of the little creek. I was about to rise, but Zela held me down, and signed to me not to move or speak. When he stood up, he was the strangest-looking figure I had ever seen, tall, lean, and emaciated, not at all resembling any people within my knowledge. He was remarkably long limbed, and had no other weapon than a large

club, such as is used by the South Sea Islanders. His face was black, with grizzly hair, and deeply furrowed with wrinkles. His figure seemed bent with age and infirmities, yet he walked with long strides over the rough ground. There was a wild and sullen malignity of expression in his eyes, more like those of a demon than of a man. When he came to the margin of the sea, in an opposite direction to us, he seated himself on a rock, took up a sharp stone, knocked off the limpets and mussels, and swallowed them fast and voraciously. After this, he gathered a large leaf, put a heap of oysters and mussels on it, and folded it up. Then, looking towards the sea, with his eyes fixed for some time on the boat, he washed his hands, and returned, somewhat more nimbly, to the place whence he had issued, and disappeared.

“ I’ll follow him ! ” I cried, and jumped up.

Zela urged me to forbear. “ For,” said she, “ he is a *jungle admee*, more dangerous, cunning, and cruel than any wild beast.”

“ He is alone,” I replied, “ and surely I am a match for him. Besides, I shall find a path which will be useful.”

Saying this, I went after him, and discovered, upon crawling under the thick kantak bush, a narrow winding path, a good deal footworn. I heard the grizzled old savage before me ; and, unseen myself, from time to time, caught glimpses of him. Several branches of trees, under which he could not pass without stooping, he beat down, or broke off with a blow of his club. Zela, who could not be induced to stay, followed close at my heels. We tracked him for a short distance through the wood in silence. He then branched off to the right, in the direction of the great morass, passed the channel of a mountain-stream, ascended a bank,

and then, coming to a rock fifteen or sixteen feet in perpendicular height, he climbed up an old moss-grown pine tree. When he had mounted the stem of the tree, somewhat higher than the rock, he clung with his arms and legs to a horizontal branch ; and, as a sailor works himself along the stays of a mast, by alternately shifting his limbs, he arrived above the summit of the rock, when, suspending his body by his hands, he let himself gently down, and walked on.

We followed in the same manner, cautiously avoiding his seeing or hearing us. He crossed a ridge of rocks, comparatively open. It was here grew the pine trees that I wanted. There was little or no underwood. The old man stopped, and looking attentively at a huge pine which had fallen from age, out of which, in its half-decomposed prostrate trunk, grew a line of young pines, thus perpetuating its species, he appeared to be measuring their length with a stick. He pulled up four of them by the roots, stripped them of their branches, secured them together with a fillet of wire-grass, put them on his left shoulder, and proceeded onwards to a small space, in which were the wild mango and banana. He examined the fruit of them, and smelt them to find if they were ripe ; and gathering a plantain, which did not readily peel, he threw it away. He now made many turns, we following him as close as we could, without risking discovery, till he came to an open piece of ground, which had been neatly levelled, the grass, weeds, and bushes cleared away, and in one corner, under the shelter of a remarkably thick and beautiful tree covered with white blossoms, I observed a neat hut, built of canes wattled together.

I looked round with admiration, marvelling at the good taste with which the recluse had selected a place for his hermitage. On one side was a rocky bank,

covered with tamarind and wild-nutmeg, perfuming the air. There was an excavation in the lower part of the bank, partially screened by three tall, straight-stemmed betel trees, with their shining, silvery-white bark ; they shone resplendently beautiful, and looked like the Graces of the forest. At the back of the hermitage was a wild waste of jungle, in which I distinguished tamarind, nutmeg, cactus, acacia, banyans, toon, and the dark foliage of the bamboo.

The old savage, having laid the bundle of young fir trees against his dwelling, stooped down and entered the low door on his hands and knees ; for the palmetto-leaved roof came down to within two feet of the ground. While I was attentively surveying and marking the spot, determined on visiting it again, and endeavouring to look into the hut, under cover of a thick bush on the margin of the cleared space, a rustle among the bushes made me turn my eyes to the ground, when I saw the diamond-like eye, sparkling from the black, square head, of a cobra de capello. It was crossing the path immediately where Zela stood, and seemed to have stopped to gaze at her. Forgetting everything but her danger, I shouted out, and caught her up in my arms. The snake, without appearing alarmed, slowly retreated into the opposite bushes. Zela exclaimed, “ Oh, *jungle admee !* ”

Placing her down, I turned round, and was startled at seeing him advance with his club firmly clenched in both hands, and swinging over his head like a quarter-staff. The gaunt old wretch, by the increased malignancy of his eye, the grinding of his teeth, and the wrinkles on his narrow brow, was evidently proceeding to attack me. My carbine, cocked, was in my left hand, but ere I could get it to my shoulder, he made one huge stride, and his club was descending on my head, when,

stepping a pace back, I discharged my piece under his left armpit, lodging the whole contents in his body. He sprang up into the air, and, before I could retire, fell slap upon me. I thought, as I fell prostrate, that the brute would certainly finish me, and called out to Zela to run to the boat and save herself ; but she was forcing a boar-spear into his side, and answered, "He is quite dead ; he don't move ; get up !"

With some difficulty I extricated myself, and saw that my ball had passed right through him, entering his heart, as I suppose, which had caused that convulsive spring. He bled profusely.

We then went into his house. It differed little in the interior from those of the other natives of the island, only it had a greater degree of neatness and appearance of comfort. At one end of it was a partition, very ingeniously fastened, as a security, I conjectured, against thieves when he was absent. There was good store of roots and fruits, carefully spread out to prevent their rotting. It might have been mistaken for the abode of a mongrel Scotch philosopher.

Hearing muskets discharged, and voices hallooing, I was surprised at finding we were much nearer the sea than I had anticipated ; but on retracing our steps, I accounted for it by the circuitous path the *jungle admeé* had taken us to his abode. We hastened back to the beach, and found Van and his canoe. He had been directed to the spot by the men of our boat, which was now drawing nigh, induced to come from what they said of it ; then, alarmed at not seeing us, together with the report of my carbine, he ordered muskets to be fired.

"Well met, Van," said I, "here I have procured you a magnificent subject to work upon." I then told him of my encounter with the wild man.

“Where is he ?” exclaimed Van.

As I led him to the spot, he eagerly followed close at my heels, and, when he approached the body, cried out, “What! that? Why, that is not one of the order Bimana,—of the genus *Homo*, or man; but of the second order, *Quadrumana*—one of the tribe of *Simeæ*—apes, monkeys, baboons;—narrow pelvis, lengthened falx, long arms, short thumbs, flat buttocks. This,” continued Van, as he turned him over, “is an orang-outang; the first full-grown one I ever saw, and really very like the genus *Homo*. But feel—he has thirteen ribs. There is little other distinction between him and you: Buffon says they have no sentiment of religion, and what have you? They are as brave and fierce as you are; and are very ingenious, which you are not. Besides, they are a reflective and considerate set of beings; and have the best government in the world: they divide a country into districts; are never guilty of invasion; and never infringe on the rights of others. All this is because they have no priests, kings, or aristocrats. They are ruled by democratic chiefs, go about in bodies, build houses, and live well. This one has been refractory—a heavy sinner; and see, he is diseased, has ulcers and a goitre on his throat. There are also many wounds on his body;—yes, he has been refractory, and doubtless banished from the community of his fellow-creatures. I’ll preserve his skeleton, and present it to the chemical college at Amsterdam. It is a rare species.”

Leaving Van to work on the orang-outang we went to examine the timber, and cleared a path to the beach. At sunset we returned to our boats, as the place was declared by the natives to be infested by tigers and serpents.

CHAPTER LXXXV

"Millions there lift, at Freedom's thrilling call,
 Ten thousand standards wide; they load the blast,
 Which bears one sound of many voices past,
 And startles on his throne their sceptered foe."

SHELLEY.

BOTH natives and individuals, possessing qualities most particularly to be admired, I have remarked are most generally hated and abused. The mass are exclusively occupied in loving and benefiting themselves, in slandering the characters of others, and extracting something from their wealth. All who are ambitious of their good word must lie to them, fool with them, and do them homage—

"Desert does nothing; valiant, wise, and virtuous,
 Are things that walk by without bread or breeches."

The Malays, scattered about on the seacoast of India and its finest islands, are, by the general voice, pronounced to be the most fierce, treacherous, ignorant, and inflexible of barbarians;

"Which any print of goodness will not take,
 Being capable of all ill."

De Ruyter, who had no faith in public clamour, and was never biassed by the opinions of others, when it was possible to judge for himself, soon set me right in regard to the character of this much-abused people. I found he did them but justice in saying they were true to their words, generous to prodigality, and of invincible courage. All the attempts of European and Indian kings to subdue this people have failed. If any portion of their country is wrung from them by superior force, with spirits unsubdued they abandon it, maintaining their unconquerable love of personal freedom, and gain a

footing by conquest in neighbouring states or islands. On the coast of Malabar, and the three great Sunda Islands, they are the most numerous. They are the only people in India who have preserved their national character and liberty amidst contending powers ; and it arises from their love of liberty being greater than their love of any particular spot of earth which has chanced to be their birthplace. There, where they can be free, be it rock or sandy waste, is their country. They are simple in their wants, hardy, brave, and adventurous ; such a race can find few parts of the world where they will not contrive to exist. Like the cocoa-nut, they are never far from the sea ; and, like the Arabs, they are not over-scrupulous in appropriating the superfluities of wealthy strangers to their own uses. Who that lives in want does not desire to supply himself from the rich ?—cowards beg, the cunning pilfer, a brave man takes by force. The wealth of India and Asia, obtained by force and stratagem, is conveyed along the shores of the Malays towards Europe ; and they would be the most besotted of barbarians, if they did not help themselves to a portion of it. They do so ; and though they have been pursued, massacred by thousands, their country ravaged, their vessels destroyed, yet their numbers augment, and their piracies, as they are called, increase instead of being diminished, for their war-canoes are widely spread over the Indian Ocean. They have several settlements on the western shore of Borneo, which lies very conveniently for marauding on the Chinese trade. Portuguese, Dutch, English, and others have, from time to time, formed settlements on various parts of the island, the King of Borneo protecting them the while, as the industrious bee is protected ; but when they had established a factory, and filled it with treasures, they were smoked out, and plundered. They

are now abandoned to their fate by church missionary and merchant militant, the island having no roads, few ports, and plenty of swamps, jungle, rivers, and mountains.

The Moorish king, who resides at the capital of the island, Borneo Proper, has neither command nor influence beyond his own province. Chinese, Macassars, Javanese, and adventurers from many other lands, have also established themselves there, and live independently; while the Chinese have monopolised most of the trade of the island. To return to my friends, the Malays; a settlement of these neighboured the part of the coast where we were lying, and as De Ruyter was partial to them, having many of that nation in his vessel, we were soon on the best terms; for we were weary of the Beajus, a far inferior race.

A Malay chieftain was frequently with us, and, on our expressing a wish for a tiger hunt, he willingly assented, though it is not common with them to seek tigers for sport, as they merely attack them in their own defence, or to preserve their property. For this sport I had long been eager; and, being now in a country in which they most abounded, I could hardly restrain my impatience.

I must observe that, while we were lying here, De Ruyter occasionally got the grab under weigh, and went out to see if he could pick up anything, or gain intelligence of anything at sea. Meantime our repairs on board the schooner (thanks to my friend, the orang) proceeded rapidly, as I had found spars. We sometimes made hunting parties on shore, to kill deer, wild hogs, goats, and, at times, buffaloes, in order to supply our vessels with fresh meat, and not to infringe on our sea-stock. Besides which, there was an abundance of fine fish on the coast; a party of men was every day sent to haul the seine—so that we lived well and free of

expense. Rice, coffee, tobacco, Indian corn, and other grains, we procured, by barter, from the natives. De Ruyter's intention was to await the sailing of the China fleet homeward bound, and, if possible, to attack them.

Having time on our hands, we were anxious to see the interior of the island. We had heard the natives frequently talk of the ruins of an ancient city, skirting the great morass, and that it was the abode of tigers and other wild beasts. An excursion to that place was quickly planned. We always kept our vessels in the best order, and omitted no precaution against surprise, by sea or land. In general, either he or I remained in charge of the vessels. On the island, where we had landed our sick, we had mounted two guns and built a battery, which commanded the schooner. All our men were kept constantly employed. Discontent, drunken brawls, and, sometimes, quarrels with the natives, gave us considerable vexation. But De Ruyter was better qualified than any man in the world for the service in which he was engaged; for, either by lenity, or by severe and summary punishment, he overawed the refractory, and tranquillised the discontented. He had a quick eye to see into the characters of men, and he employed great art in controlling them; a portion of which I acquired.

We now made preparations for our tiger hunt. The Malay chieftain was to accompany us with a party of his followers; and he engaged to supply us with elephants. De Ruyter took twenty of the most untractable of his crew, well armed, and a few picked men out of the schooner.

CHAPTER LXXXVI

"I saw a fury whetting a death-dart."

KEATS.

"Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling,
With clang of wings and scream, the eagle sailed
Incessantly, sometimes on high concealing
Its lessening orbs, sometimes as if it failed
Drooped through the air; and still it shrieked and wailed,
And, casting back its eager head, with beak
And talon unremittingly assailed
The wreathed serpent, who did ever seek
Upon his enemy's heart a mortal wound to wreak."

SHELLEY.

THERE is more of the spirit of chivalry among the Malays than among any other people. They are devoted to war, and to its inseparable accompaniment, women; these, with hawking and cock-fighting, formed the principal recreations of our Malay chieftain. One of the peculiarities of his character was a punctilious observance of the Malayan code of retaliation, surpassing the Jewish law of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Indeed I doubt whether anything in the records of the most heroic periods of chivalry, when crazy Red Cross Knights ran tilting among the Saracens, dyeing their yellow sands red, can compete with our Hotspur of the East. In one of his voyages he touched at Batavia, to dispose of a cargo, when under the government of the Dutch, who are particular about the cleanliness of their houses, but as careless as the Scotch in their persons and habits. A Hollander, in his arm-chair, with a yard of baked clay, well saturated with the essential oil of tobacco, and filled with No. 11 canestre, with a pottle of smoky schiedam, experiences all he can imagine of paradise; and, ever careful to avoid polluting his dwelling, spits into the street. An unlucky

delivery of this sort, out of the window of a Dutch house, fell, not refreshing as the dew of heaven, on the face of our chieftain, as he passed under the dwelling. He sought in vain the source whence his defilement sprung, "and passion having his best judgment collied," he drew his creese, and ran amuck through the streets, attacking all he met. Many a bayonet of a Dutch sepoy let him blood; the garrison was in arms; when, after stabbing fifteen or sixteen persons, he threw himself into the sea, regained his proa, and escaped.

Another time a vessel from Bombay had anchored off the coast where his father was chieftain, who bartered with its owner the produce of the country for Birmingham muskets, warranted to endure for ever, hatchets, adzes, and other tools. Ere the vessel sailed, one of the muskets, on the first discharge, burst in his father's hands, and a piece of the barrel, entering his brain, killed him. His dutiful son called together the immediate followers of his father's house, boarded the vessel in the night, and succeeded in taking possession of her; when, with his own hand, and with his father's knife, he severed the heads from every individual of the crew, made a funeral pile, placed his father's body on it, bedecked with a triple crown of thirty heads, and fired it.

To one of his feats I was witness, on the first day of our march. A brutal follower, a Tiroon, acting as mahout (conductor) to the little elephant on which Zela was seated, while in the rear of the party, made a sign to the sagacious beast, as he was passing a wretched man, who came out of the ruins of a tank to beg, to kill him. The elephant did so. I was talking to the chieftain, when Zela's voice made me turn round. She pointed to the object, which I had not before observed;

it was a foul and hideous leper, the body perforated thick as a honeycomb with ulcers, so bloated, swollen, and plastered with leaves and filthy rags, that it bore no resemblance to a human being, with the exception of the face, the lineaments of which were spread by the fell disease, and showed that he was thus struck and blasted in the dawn of manhood.

The Tiroon mahout was of a race who delighted in shedding blood. They make sacrifices to their gods, and to the ladies of their love. No Tiroon can marry until he has presented his bride with a gory head, no matter whose, friend's or foe's, taken in battle, or pilfered from a sleeping guest; a head must be the first gift. A fiery lover who presents a bouquet of heads to a blushing fair one is not to be resisted. I suppose this to be a natural feeling among gentle women, as it is a general one, from the Roman ladies who viewed in ecstasy the wounds and agonies of expiring gladiators, to our modern fair ones, who are always to be won by fighting.

But to return to my friend the chieftain. As soon as he was made acquainted with the wanton murder committed by the Tiroon on the outcast and despised leper, he seized on a mahout's stick, and began beating him with it. The wild Tiroon drew a poisoned arrow from his belt, and attempted to stab his chastiser, who, on seeing it, became infuriated. He struck the arrow from his hand, drew his own creese, forced the fellow back against a tree, held him there in an erect posture with his left hand, and continually stabbed him with the weapon in his right, even long after life was extinct. His fury was indescribable; and himself, covered with the Tiroon's blood, glistening on his raven hair and fiery face, looked like an avenging demon.

I said to De Ruyter, who had drawn near me, " My

carbine must be in readiness ;—the fellow is mad with rage, and will be running amuck here.”

The chieftain, wearied with stabbing, cast the mangled body of the Tiroon beside the leper ; then looking up to the air, he gave a yell of delight, pointed his crimsoned creese upwards, and exclaimed, “ There they are !—Did I not say so ? ”

Looking up, I saw a long-winged haggard hawk, of the largest species, battling with a raven, which had been attracted by the scent of blood to the spot where we were. His watchful foe had espied him, and taken the field against him. The chieftain averred the hawk was the leper’s spirit, the raven the Tiroon’s, and watched the conflict with intense interest. Both, wheeling upwards, ascended till they were scarcely distinguishable. They looked no bigger than the motes in a sunbeam ; but the eagle-eyed chieftain vociferated, “ Now the leper is uppermost, and is descending on the spirit of his black assassin ! ”

The hawk, having in spiral motion achieved the upper flight, fell like a thunder-bolt on the raven, stunned him with the blow, clutched him in his talons, folded him in his wings, and, the hawk undermost, they tumbled down like a black ball, till within a short distance from the earth. The hawk then unfolded his wings, but loosened not his talons till close to the ground, when the force of the air, acting on the wings, brought the hawk uppermost, and the raven fell on the earth motionless, but, as it seemed by his low harsh croaking, not quite dead. The chieftain clapped his hands, went to the spot close by the dead bodies, took up a stone, and smashed the raven’s skull. The hawk took flight, and perched triumphantly on the top branch of a very high tree, and appeared as if awaiting our departure to begin his feast.

Under the conduct of this fiery chieftain we had placed ourselves. I must remark that the issue of the battle perfectly tranquillised him; and we resumed our march in harmony. With the exception of these gusts of passion, he was kind-hearted, courteous, affable, and exceedingly attentive to us, his guests. He had great natural sagacity in overcoming every difficulty which impeded us, held his followers in complete subjection, and took every precaution not to be surprised by the people through whose districts we were passing. His instincts were exquisitely acute from constant exercise, as the civilised are dull from want of use. He could distinguish objects correctly, ere our eyes could reach them; and his hearing was quicker than a dog's. Our progress, however, was slow; the elephants were often compelled to clear us a path through the jungle, and we lost entire days in searching for passes round or through the swamps and pathless forests. There were few signs of the abodes of man, and there was neither corn nor culture; but we had an ever-varying succession of beasts and birds.

CHAPTER LXXXVII

“There the large olive rains its amber store
 In marble fountains; there grain, and flower, and fruit,
 Gush from the earth until the land runs o’er;
 But there too many a poison-tree has root,
 And midnight listens to the lion’s roar,
 And long, long deserts scorch the camel’s foot,
 Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan,
 And as the soil is, so the heart of man.”

BYRON.

DURING the heat of the day, and in the evening, while lying by, we practised with single ball on deer, wild

hogs, and wild peacocks, which last flew over our heads in thousands, to seek their roosting-places in the woods. On the fifth day we drew near our sporting-ground, on the south-east side of the island. While in this neighbourhood, De Ruyter cautioned us to smoke incessantly ; and, knowing its efficacy, I made Zela smoke a small hookah. My argola was never allowed to go out ; I was mounted on a huge dromedary, and the mahout, on the animal's neck, carried a pot of live charcoal and an ample sack of tombackie. During this excursion I witnessed the admirable effects of tobacco as a preventive against fever. All those who did not use it suffered from fever, giddiness, vomiting, spitting of blood, and dysentery. Even those who were not accustomed to it, and could only be induced to occasionally smoke a cigar, had slight attacks of fever. Chewing the weed appeared of little service. The hookah and callian, by continually exciting the action of the lungs, as the smoke must be drawn down to the chest, were effectual preservatives. Then, if possible, we avoided sleeping under trees, or near jungle. The Malays always cut down the jungle and set it on fire, which both cleared the ground and purified the atmosphere.

We left the woods, and came to a large extent of plain, with nothing on it but enormous reeds, grass, and nauseously smelling weeds, that grew as high as young fir trees, mingled thickly with rattans. Paths had been cleared by wild elephants, which enabled us to pass this otherwise impenetrable wilderness. It was bound by mountains, forests of the most stupendous trees I had ever beheld, and on our right, by a low ridge of rocks, in which direction we bent our course. From the centre of this ridge there arose a mound of earth, like a green island ; and the ridge

of rocks branching out on each side looked like piers built to connect it with the mountains. On this spacious mound were said to be the ruins of an immense Moorish city, once called the city of kings—but now the city of the tigers. The plain was called the plain of the elephants.

We followed the elephants' tracks for many a weary mile, and saw elk-deer and other animals, but no elephants. At last we came to the ridge of rocks, and, having ascended them, we looked down on a black and fetid morass which extended farther than the eye could reach, and lay considerably lower than the plain which we had crossed. The green and wooded hill, to which we were bound, was still a day's march from us. There was a terrible gloom hanging over the black swamp: nothing grew there but dark marsh-reeds, with high and silky tufts of sooty black, which waved to and fro like the nodding plumes upon a hearse, though there was not a breath of air where we stood. It indeed looked like the murky abode of all evil; and when the night came, and the land-wind arose and swept over it, illumined by faint, pale-blue lightning, it seemed like a black and agitated sea beneath us. I thought how nearly I had been cast on it, and doomed to inevitable destruction.

After having been threatened with a locked jaw from tearing and tugging at a half-roasted wild peacock, I lay down in my tent on a tiger-skin, and put my carbine under my head, while Zela nestled by my side, and drew a tanned elk-skin over us. I slept better than those lodged more luxuriously, till towards morning, when I was with difficulty awakened by Zela. Owing to the wild and perilous life she had led from her infancy, she could awake at the smallest noise from the deepest sleep. I have seen her open her eyes at the mosquito which I had prevented from alighting on her

brow, as it flew, humming in anger, round her head. This night she was awakened by a rustling sound, and, seeing my legs were bare, was about to cover them, when she perceived a large venomous serpent move from under the skin, and leisurely crawl over my stretched-out legs. Fortunately, I slept like death, and felt it not. She had presence of mind, lay leaning on her arm, held her breath, and watched its motions by the light of the lamp, and the glowing embers of a fire, at a little distance from the tent door, as a preventive against the foul vapours of the morass. The serpent, attracted by the heat, had left its cold bed among the rocks, and passed directly towards it. Had I made the slightest motion, or had she then given the alarm, he would have wounded me, and mortally. When it was a few yards from the tent, she aroused me, and the instant I was made sensible of the danger, I jumped up, fearful that some of the people sleeping without might be attacked. I bade Zela awaken those on the side of the tent, and followed the serpent, which was gliding onwards. It heard my approach, erected its crest, and looked back at me. My carbine was loaded with large shot, and, being close to it, I lodged the contents under its head. A man sleeping close to the spot sprang up, and then fell prostrate : I thought I had killed him.

The chieftain gave the alarm, and rushed towards me with his followers. I pointed to the writhing monster struggling amidst the embers. At the report of the gun, he had anticipated a battle of some sort ; but when he saw what it was, he appeared disappointed, and said, " Pshaw ! it is only a chickta ! It is wrong to waste powder, and awaken people, to kill troublesome worms ! Why, there are thousands of them here. This is the way to kill them ! " At which he struck his spear through its head, and held it in the embers. The

snake wound its body round and round the shaft till its tail came near his hand. The chieftain then unfolded it, and said, "If you like to hold it here for ten minutes, till well roasted, you'll find it excellent eating!"

When dead, he dropped it into the fire—covered it with the ashes, and, saying, "We'll breakfast on it," returned with the others to their sleep.

De Ruyter, Zela, and myself, not desirous of being again disturbed by such troublesome interlopers, sat by the fire and talked the night away. Our conversation, after awhile, veered round from the frightful and supernatural aspect of the scene of our encampment to tiger-hunting. De Ruyter, who had a strong passion for the sport, and had been celebrated for his exploits in the upper provinces of India, said—

"Tiger-hunting, as practised in India, is little better than killing cats; nor are there so many risks attending it as in fox-hunting. The sportsmen, and there are generally twenty of them, with twice that number of elephants, encaged in the howdahs, each of them having half a dozen loaded double-barrelled guns, charged as fast by servants as they can be fired, are perched in the same security as if on a tree, deer-shooting. A mahout sometimes gets a scratch, but it is the noble elephant that bears the brunt of the battle, and everything depends on his sagacity, courage, and steadiness. If he won't stand, becomes frightened, and goes off, then indeed the sportsman's life is in some jeopardy; for a mad bull, or our Malay running amuck, is nothing to a helpless elephant."

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

"Cedars, and yews, and pines, whose tangled hair,
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine. A noonday here
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night."

SHELLEY.

"The brindled lioness led forth her young,
That she might teach them how they should assuage
Their inborn thirst of blood."

Ibid.

"BUT hunting lions on foot," continued De Ruyter, "or lions hunting by themselves, is a noble sight, as I once witnessed. Unlike the crouching and dastardly tiger, they do not lie in ambush to surprise their prey at night, but take the field with the dawn—drag cover, and give chase to the first animal that breaks it, be it what it may, while the forest trembles with their thundering voices. I had been to meet a prince of the family of Bulmar Singh, near Rhotuk, in the neighbourhood of which I was detained some days, attended by a small body of followers, with half a dozen of the little mountain-elephants, on a march towards Kamoan, the country of the Himalaya Mountains, inhabited by a wild race called Sikhs. We went by secret and circuitous paths through an immense tract of country, covered with forest-trees and jungle. I never lived so long without seeing the sun as when toiling through that dreary world of shade. Not a ray could have penetrated it since the creation. Even the winds, wandering vagrants as they are, could find no entrance there. In that everlasting twilight, great owls and vampire-bats gambolled about all day long, like swallows in spring. The birds and beasts, which were very few, lacked their natural dyes to distinguish them, all partaking of the monotonous

hue of the yellow, mossy, and mouldy trees and plants. Fauns, hares, foxes, and jackals were of a brindled grey. There were toad-stools and fungi grouped in knots, which in colour and size so closely resembled lions crouching with their cubs, that we, knowing they abounded there, prepared to defend ourselves. Parasitical creepers, gasping, like myself, for air, had plunged their wiry roots in the deep, dingy, vegetable soil, till their trunks swelled to the bulk of the teak-tree, up which they had climbed to redden their heads and spread their scarlet flowers in the sun ; then, as if to monopolise all, they extended themselves on the tops of the highest trees, fanned by the air, and basking in sunshine. Oh, how I envied them !

“ You have seen this on a smaller scale : imagine, then, my delight when I, accustomed from my youth to a boundless expanse of sea and sky, left this gloomy twilight, and burst from the belt of death—for so it is properly named—into broad, open, unobscured light. I blinked like the owl in the sun, shouted in ecstasy, and respired the free air as you did when you emerged from your plunge off the frigate’s yardarm. The scene looked like a lake fenced by a forest. To the east, the mountains arose to a stupendous height ; they bordered the Chinese Empire. There was a clear stream winding through this narrow and beautiful valley. After crossing it, we came to the bed of a mountain-torrent, deep, and of great breadth, but at that time dry, with the exception of a few pools of water. In the middle of this bed of gravel, interspersed with pieces of rock, was a small island formed by a rock, and enlarged by fragments which had been brought down by the torrent, and which adhered to it in natural arches, overgrown with moss, flowers, and shrubs. The security of the position, added to its beauty, tempted us to make

it our place of halt and repose. I was then young and romantic as you are, and, after passing through the dreary gloom of that forest, thought I could have dwelt there all my life. The night was clear and bright, and long before it was day, I was up smoking my callian, and planning a shooting bungalow.

“The transition from night to day came on so gently that I did not notice it ; yet, in the forest, I could see it was midnight. A herd of wild buffaloes, the largest I had ever seen, came out to graze within a little more than musket-shot of us. Suddenly I sprung on my feet at hearing a confused noise, like the rumbling of a thunder-storm, or distant guns at sea. The woods seemed in motion : jackals, foxes, and dappled deer came bounding out of the forest ; the herd of black buffaloes ceased to graze, and turned towards the place whence the noise proceeded. A large flock of glittering peacocks, and other birds, flew screaming over our heads. A pelican that I had watched making prize of a snake, dropped it within a yard of my feet, and flew away. Our little wire-haired elephants, feeding on the shrubs beneath us, looked terrified, and their keepers left them and crawled up the rocks. I watched the opening in the dark forest, which was half screened by thick and thorny bushes, when presently a mohr of the elk-kind burst cover, and, with one long, magnificent bound, appeared in the plain. In his stature he was far beyond those which are known in Europe, and his twisted horns were long as that Malay’s spear. At the same instant, a single, clear, deep, terrific roar, like a burst of thunder, announced the hunting lion. He forced his way through bush and brier, with his nose to the ground, followed by four others. On entering the plain, he seemed for some moments endeavouring to catch the scent in silence, his nose always to the

ground. Having, as it appeared, hit it, he again gave a roar, which was now echoed by all the others ; and, pursuing the track of the stag, he started off at a long gallop—the rest following close in a line at his heels. I remarked, if any of them attempted to break the line, or pass him, he checked them with his voice, which became deeper and more growling.

“ The elk, taking the upper ground, went at an eagle’s speed along the margin of the river, leaving the lions far behind. In attempting to leap the river from a ledge of rock, the opposite bank gave way, and he rolled in ; then, wading down, he stopped an instant, as if to bathe and brace his limbs, the voices of the lions now in full chorus nearing him. He ascended a slope, and, crossing, came towards us in the deep, dry channel of the torrent.

“ I should have observed that the leading lion, when he passed through the herd of buffaloes, took no other notice of them than as they appeared to have puzzled him in regaining the scent of the stag. The buffaloes stood their ground, without budging to make way for the lions, as if fearless of attack ; and my guides assured me these animals are more than a match for the fiercest lion, and that any one of them could kill two or three tigers. However that may be, as the lion passed through the line of these huge oxen, his grizzly and erect mane, and shaggy tail, waved above them. It was clear he hunted by scent, and not by sight ; instead of crossing the river in the nearest direction to where the stag now was, he nosed him to the spot where he had leaped, then wading to the opposite bank where the stag had fallen, he also followed the course of the stream, ascended the slope, and, ever in the track of his prey, crossed into the torrent’s bed.

“ In all probability the poor stag had received some

injury from his fall. His speed decreased, whilst that of the lions was augmented, and their voices grew louder as they neared the chase. The stag had passed the rocky ledge on which I stood, soon followed by the full pack. I had a good view of them: the first was an old, gaunt brute, his black skin shining through his thin, starred, reddish hair; his tail was bare and dragged, and the hair on his mane was clotted together; his eyes looked dim and bloodshot; his huge lower jaw was down, and his tongue hung out like a wearied dog's. He, however, kept the lead, followed by a lioness and three male cubs, almost fully grown. The stag now made attempts to ascend the bank, as if to regain the jungle, but the loose shingle gave way, and he lost much ground. He seemed also, as the chase gained on him, to be panic-struck by their roars; and, again falling when he had ascended three parts of the steep acclivity, he was unable to rise. The roaring of the lions was magnificent, as the head one, erecting his mane and lashing his sides with his tail, bounded in on him with a mighty spring. Then with one paw on his body, he growled the others off, and leisurely began his breakfast, his family stealing aside with limbs and fragments which he tore away and scattered about.

“ But here comes our wild Malay chieftain; so finish your coffee, and let us be moving to the city of kings—or of wild beasts—for they are too often the same. What glorious sport it would be, to hunt tigers with the souls of tyrants within them ! ”

CHAPTER LXXXIX

“Amid the desolation of a city
 Which was the cradle, and is now the grave
 Of an extinguished people, so that pity
 Weeps o’er the shipwrecks of oblivion’s wave.”
 SHELLEY’S MS.

“The tigers leap up ;
 A loud, long, hoarse cry
 Bursts at once from their vitals tremendously.”
Ibid.

As we approached the hill, there was an undulating ground, the soil red, with low jungle, bearing red and yellow berries in profusion. Bustards, large flocks of cranes, herons, and sea-birds were in the air. Jackals, foxes, and several animals I had not seen before, crossed our path. We had glimpses of herds of wild elephants and buffaloes, grazing on the plain we had passed. At noon we were stopped by a river, broad, muddy, and shallow, which doubtless floods the upper plain during the rainy season ; that is, for seven or eight months during the year ; it then must force a passage into the morass below. After being a long time detained, the elephants forded it, when we rested for the night ; or rather we did not rest, for we were so tormented with stinging vermin that none of us could sleep. The next day we ascended (as it is called) the haunted hill ; which the natives hold in such superstitious awe, that, in all probability, we were, for centuries, the first who had disturbed the hallowed precincts of ogres and spirits, confidently reported to reside there. Remnants indeed there were of a city of some sort. De Ruyter said they were Moorish. There were large masses of stone, choked-up tanks, and indications of where wells had once been, but almost entirely concealed by thick

bushes, dank weeds, creepers, and other vegetation, flourishing in profusion. Wherever it was penetrable, it bore the footprints of so many wild animals, that there was enough to check the hitherto insatiable thirst of dry and musty antiquaries.

We pitched our tents on a rocky part of the hill free from jungle, lighted fires, roasted a young stag, commenced arrangements for the morrow's sport, and slept. Before the dawn, the restless Malay chieftain was calling up his followers, and preparing the elephants, of which we had six. Soon after it was light, everything was in readiness, and we set forward. Zela, who insisted on accompanying us, was mounted on her small elephant, and encaged in the only covered howdah, ours being all open. We beat about in vain ; for though we met with tigers' footmarks in many of the open places, near pools of standing water, the high grass and thick bushes prevented our tracing them to cover. We found, however, abundance of smaller game ; deer, wild hogs, and a variety of birds. De Ruyter, having carefully surveyed the neighbourhood, came in at night, and told us he had tracked three tigers to a thick jungle, near which he had found the bones of an elk-deer, recently killed by them.

With this promise of sport, we started in the morning in great glee ; and, as we thought, well prepared for the attack. After riding about two miles, we descended to the plain, and came to an exceedingly thick jungle, with thorny bushes and canes. Around us was the plain covered with very high jungle-grass, and dank weeds, with bushes scattered here and there, but few timber trees. De Ruyter conducted us to the spot where he had discovered the stag's bones, surrounded by moist and torn-up earth and trampled grass ; thence we had no difficulty in tracing the tiger's huge paws

into the patch of jungle. Here De Ruyter divided our party, so as to block up the only apparently accessible outlets made by wild beasts ; and by these openings we were to enter. The greater proportion of our party was on foot, and seemingly as unconcerned as if going in to hunt weasels. I left Zela, seated in her howdah, at the opening of the wood, guarded by four of her own Arabs.

De Ruyter and myself dismounted to clear a passage ; the Malays were divided into two parties ; and we were backed by our sailors, whom we cautioned to be careful in the use of their firearms, as more was to be feared from accidents with them than from the tigers. De Ruyter expressed great doubts of our elephants' facing the tiger, but it was necessary to try them. In our progress towards the bushes we turned out many deer, hares, and wild cats. We saw also ruins, said to be those of a Moorish palace. Nothing but the sagacity of the elephants could have steered us clear of broken masses of buildings, chasms, and wells overgrown with dank verdure. It was a wild and haunted-looking place, which awed even the sailors in their boisterous mirth, and silenced the ribaldry and obscene threatening of the Malays. The low, trumpeting sound and foot-stamping of our elephants gave notice that the tiger's den was near. A vaulted ruin was before us ; there was a rustling amongst the bushes ; De Ruyter said, " Be steady, my lads ! " and a tiger, the first I had ever faced, finding his passage blocked up, charged us. We fired together, I know not with what effect ; for both our elephants slued round, and ran away wild with fear. My mahout threw himself off, and a branch of a tree struck me off. I heard a tremendous war-whoop, and fire kept up on all sides. De Ruyter's elephant fell into a half-choked well ; but, with his wonted self-possession, he extricated himself.

Leaving the elephants to their fate, we determined not to lose the sport. De Ruyter thought there were more tigers in the den, and he went on foot to drive them out. We got some of the men together, and proceeded to the spot, to which we were directed by the abominable stench and the dried bones scattered about. The bushes were cleared away, and we heard, as we drew near, back to back, forcing our way onwards, low, muttering growls and sharp snarls. "Stand close!" exclaimed De Ruyter; "there is a tigress with her whelps;—have a care;—don't fire, my lads, till she breaks cover, and fire low."

A whelp, three parts grown, first came forth to charge us. De Ruyter, expecting the old one would follow, reserved his fire, and cautioned me to do the same. The whelp looked frightened, and slunk away, crouching under a thick bush, where it remained snarling, and thither the other whelps followed. The mother's growl became terrific; a shot at one of the whelps brought her out, lashing her sides and foaming with rage. She rushed right on us; I fired both barrels; we then retreated a few paces. The wounded brute staggered after us, and when rising to spring, De Ruyter, who had still reserved his fire, shot her right through the heart. While I was charging my gun, one of the whelps, already wounded, drove against me, and knocked me down; when De Ruyter, with as much coolness as if he had been pigeon-shooting, put his rifle to its ear, and almost blew its head off. Meantime the sailors kept up a fire, till the balls were flying about our heads, on the remaining whelps, which were stealing away wounded. "Let us stand behind this rock," said De Ruyter; "a sailor uses a musket as he does a horse—he bears down all before him."

A Malay came from the chieftain to tell us the other

part of the jungle was alive with tigers—that they had already killed two, and that one of their men was dead. There was now as much noise and confusion as in a naval battle, or at the sacking of a city. I observed, however, that tigers were not such formidable opponents as I had imagined. They lay close and crouching in the long grass, or under the bushes, and were as difficult to get up as cats or quail. It generally required a shot to move them; then they always essayed every means of escape through the thickest cover, and it was only when finding every passage blocked up, and smarting from wounds, that they rushed blindly and madly on their pursuers, forced by despair, like a cat or a rat. With nerve and self-possession, two men with double-barrelled guns would have little to fear, and might boldly go up to the mouth of the den of a tiger. This piece of thick jungle, interspersed with caverns, rocks, and ruins, plenty of water near, a great plain covered with high jungle-grass, and well supplied with a diversity of smaller animals to prey upon, was a favoured abode for tigers; and had they been endowed with reason, they could not have selected a spot on the island so admirably adapted for their residence; while their number and size indicated how well they thrived there. A great many escaped on the plain, where it was impossible to follow them. Several of our men were badly mauled by them, and more by falls: one of the Malays had his spine so injured, that he died in great agony.

CHAPTER XC

“ And each hunter, panic-stricken,
Felt his heart with terror sicken,
Hearing the tremendous cry.—

—————Former years
Arise, and bring forbidden tears.”

SHELLEY.

UNEASY at my long absence from Zela, I went alone (for all our people were scattered) to the entrance of the wood, where I had left her guarded. As I approached the place, I was alarmed at a mingled noise of tigers, elephants, and screaming voices. I hastened on as fast as the thick cover and broken ground would permit. The fierce snarlings of tigers became louder. I passed the spot where I had left Zela, burst through the cover wildly with terror, and, on getting to the open space, beheld a monstrous tiger on the back of her elephant, clinging with his huge claws on the howdah, gnashing his teeth, roaring, and foaming with rage. Zela not visible, methought he had devoured her ! I struck my head with my clenched hand, exclaiming, “ Fool ! fool ! ” and for a moment staggered unnerved, while a deathlike sickness came over me ! It was but a moment : my blood renewed its course through my veins like flame ! My carbine not being charged, I cast it from me, and, armed with nothing but a long Malayan creese, fierce and fearless, I rushed by a half-grown limping tiger-whelp, whining and gnawing at something, which I passed unheedingly. The elephant was stamping, squealing, and struggling desperately to shake off his enemy. The grizzly tiger fell ; but within his grip he held a human victim, bent up, and enveloped in a white cotton garment, such as Zela wore.

As I came within a few paces of the tiger, holding his victim down with a paw upon his breast, he glared ferociously on me. While I was rushing in on him, a voice above me, faint and tremulous, said, "Oh, Prophet, guard him!" I heard no more—I was madly striking out my arm, to plunge the weapon in the tiger's throat, while he was in the act of springing on me. The elephant, as if Zela's prayer had been heard, struck the tiger, while his eye was fixed on me, with his hind foot, sent him reeling many paces, and, ere he could recover, I had plunged my creese up to the hilt in his body. A loud shout, drowning the cries of tiger, elephant, and all others, now burst on my ear, and the Malay chieftain came up, in good time, for so tenacious of life is the tiger, that he was still enabled to strike me down with his paw, and as the whelp had come on me, I should have been torn to pieces but for the chieftain's timely aid. He thrust his spear through the whelp, and buried his dagger twenty times in the body of the tiger; then, dragging the lifeless brute from above me, he helped me up, and said, "Yes, this is very good amusement—I like it! Let's go into the jungle again—there are plenty more of them, and we'll kill them all!" upon which, roaring like a lion, and reeking with sweat and blood, he shook his spear and darted into the wood again.

My wild and vacant eye fortunately fell on the form of Zela, who was clinging speechless at my feet, or I should have died or gone mad. I endeavoured to raise her, but my strength had left me. I staggered and fell, clasping her, when for a time I was almost insensible. Recovering, I beheld her safe, saw the dead bodies of the tigers, and found all was quiet near us.

"What is that?" I asked, pointing to the bundle of white rags which lay close at my feet.

"That, dearest, is the poor mahout—I fear he is dead!"

"Oh, is it only he! I thought it had been you, and that you were now but a spirit, my elected good one; for you know, by my new Arab creed, I am allowed two, a good one and a bad one."

My rage was presently directed against Zela's Arabs, who made their appearance from the bushes, whither they had been lured by the cubs of a leopard, one of which they had secured, De Ruyter having shot the dam. I was infuriated at these fellows for having put Zela's life in jeopardy, and gave chase to one, with the determination of shooting him. My pistol was pointed at his breast, and I was in the act of pulling the trigger, when a hand struck up my arm, and the pistol was discharged in the air. I turned round, prepared to fell the intruder with the heavy-capped butt-end of the weapon, when the eye of Zela met mine with a glance that penetrated my breast and would have restored my reason had I been mad. In her low, piercing accents, she said—

"He is our foster-brother; our milk was the same, so must be our blood. Let us not destroy each other. Has not the Prophet, this day, saved the remnant of our father's house? It is the evil spirit, which pursued my father to his death, that hath now descended on you! His hand is on your heart: beware lest it shall be turned to stone. His shadow is hanging over you, like a cloud over the sun, and makes you appear as black, and fierce, and unforgiving as himself!"

"You are our Malay's hawk, I suppose; but the black shadow of the raven's wing is vanished—the sun is unobscured—the ill-omened bird has left me! I must to the jungle again. What can have become of De Ruyter? Come, mount your elephant: I would

rather entrust you to him than leave you girt round by a thousand Arabs. He is a noble beast."

Going up to him, I gave Zela some bread and fruit that she might feed him. He seemed abstracted in gloomy contemplation, and gazed with more than human sympathy on the prostrate body of the dying mahout. He noticed us not ; and as his eye fell on the dead tiger, he stamped, looked fierce, and made a trumpeting noise, as if in triumph at having avenged his friend's death ! Then, as if remembering he had avenged, but not saved, his ears and trunk drooped ; and though he himself was torn and bleeding, his moist and thoughtful eye gave token that all his feelings were absorbed in grief for him he had lost. He stood over and watched the Arabs, who were making a sort of hurdle for the purpose of carrying away the dying man ; for his breast was torn open, and one of his groins dreadfully mangled. The affectionate beast refused to eat, even after the man was conveyed out of sight. I placed the bamboo ladder against him, and Zela mounted to the howdah : he curled his trunk round, and on recognising who it was, resumed his former position, and continued to make low moans, as of anguish.

I must remark that the man for whom the elephant was mourning had long been his provider ; and, since the death of the mahout who was killed by the chieftain, had himself become mahout. The elephant did not seem at all concerned at the death of the Tiroon, doubtless owing to his having been a bad and cruel master ; for certainly these animals not only have reason, but are more rational than those they serve. In gratitude to his having saved Zela's and my life, I would, had it been possible, have kept, loved, and cherished him. When we parted from him, Zela kissed him, wept, and cut off some of the strong bristly hair near his ears, which

I have ever worn, hooped round a ring, engraven with his name.

But again I am wandering from my subject ; nor can I restrain myself. I must dwell on those occurrences, however trifling to others, which were written on my memory thus early. Now my brain is like a confused scrawl, crossed and recrossed, blotted, soiled, and torn : it can contain no more, and that which was written in after years is illegible ; so that when I come to narrate the latter events of my life, it will be as difficult, and require as much time, toil, and patience, as the unrolling of the antique parchments of Herculaneum, or the Egyptian papyri, and, like them, when deciphered, not worth the trouble.

CHAPTER XCI

“ Most wretched men
And cradled into poetry by wrong ;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.”

SHELLEY.

“ And now his limbs were lean, his scattered hair,
Sered by the autumn of strange suffering,
Sung dirges in the wind ; his listless hand
Hung like dead bone within its withered skin ;
Life, and the lustre that consumed it, shone
As in a furnace burning secretly
From his dark eyes alone.”

Ibid.

COLLECTING a party of men, I returned to the jungle in search of De Ruyter, whose long absence alarmed me. At last I heard his well-known voice, hallooing and calling by name one of his followers. On coming up to him, he inquired anxiously after a Frenchman, his secretary, who had accompanied him to the jungle, and was missing. The wild animals being now driven

to the plain, we separated into parties of twos and threes, and explored, in different directions, a wide extent of the thicket, calling out his name, and firing muskets to let him know where we were. But in vain; and the rapid approach of night warning us to leave the gloomy abode of tigers, reptiles, and fever, we walked towards our tents, marvelling what could have become of the Frenchman.

He was a young man whom De Ruyter, in compassion for some misfortunes, which had happened to him at the Isle of France, had befriended; and, to dissipate his melancholy, had taken him from the counting-house of De Ruyter's agents, where he was employed, to make this voyage, during which he was to act as supercargo. At the first he fulfilled his duty with exactness; but was hardly ever out of his own cabin in the daytime, and never mingled, nor communicated with those on board, De Ruyter excepted. He ate little. Books and writing, which had been, as a poet, his only solace, lost their power to move him. He continued, for days, gloomily entranced in abstracted reveries, only broken by talking, at times, to himself, and monotonously sounding a broken guitar. In my visits to the grab I rarely saw him; and, being piqued at his distant manner, I was fool enough to resent it, not discriminating that he was tongue-tied from sorrow, not from haughtiness. One day he was seated on the taffrail, his favourite seat, and, on my asking him a question, his mind was so abstracted that he did not hear me. Nettled at this, I made some sarcastic comparison—I forget what. He appeared stung by it, but remained silent, and walked down to his cabin. Van Scolpvelt, who heard this, told me I was very much in the wrong. "For," said he, "he is a hypochondriac, and if he follow not my advice, will assuredly go mad. As he consumes

more opium than a Chinese, he may be considered a dreaming philosopher. In the hallucinations, produced by that drug, his faculties are entranced. He is smitten on the brain—he reads and writes verses! I caught him in the act! Fools might say he was inspired; but I know it is the first and worst symptom of lunacy. All other maniacs have lucid intervals; some are curable; but the madness of poets, dogs, and musicians is past hope. Earth possesses no remedy, science no cure.”

That night I lay on deck waiting De Ruyter, who was on shore. Every one, I believed, was asleep but myself. I saw the young Frenchman come up the hatchway; the bright light of the moon fell on his face and made him look more pallid than that luminary. He walked steadily two or three times around the deck, as if seeking some person. I thought on Torra; and that, as I had insulted him, he might meditate revenge. Nevertheless I lay still, with just enough of my eyes shut, as he passed, to make him believe I slept. He regarded me, for a moment, steadfastly. If he had held any weapon, I should have sprung up; but his eye looked dull and heavy, and his hands hung listlessly down. He went aft, moved one of the shot-cases, as if going to sit down, and mounted to his usual place, the taffrail. I still kept my eyes fixed on him, and saw his fixed on the moon. He turned to gaze on the water, muttering something which I could not distinguish, when, as if he had lost his balance, he fell into the sea. I sprung up, awakened the sleepers nearest to me, hastened to the spot whence he had fallen, and called out, “A man overboard!—Drop the boat astern!”

The schooner lay in the grab's wake, and the night was so still that they heard my orders, and I heard them getting into their boat, as I shoved off in ours.

I kept steadfastly looking at the spot where the man had sunk, around which the water rippled and sparkled ; and after a painful suspense I observed the body (for the sea was transparent as glass for many fathoms) as if suspended midway. It was bent double, with the face downward ; the bright globular buttons on the back of the jacket, such as are worn by dragoons, shone clearly. Forgetting everything but the man's danger, and knowing this was a critical moment, I plunged in head-foremost, so as to bring myself close to him under water. I caught hold of his arm ; and the impetus, with which a good swimmer brings himself up, brought us both to the surface. I then endeavoured by shifting my grip, to lift his head from the water ; but his body was rigidly bent, and so extraordinarily heavy, that, notwithstanding the violent exertions I made to keep myself afloat, and the unruffled surface of the sea in my favour, I swallowed so much water that I was half water-logged myself. About to let him go, in order to preserve myself, the schooner's boat reached me an oar ; missing that, she passed over us, and forced me under water. However, in imminent peril of drowning, I retained hold of the body. Two men from the boat plunged in, when the young Frenchman, to our surprise, became almost buoyant. We were then all hauled into the boat, and returned to the grab with our rescued man, who showed no signs of life.

Sick, cramped, with a head as if bursting, I was accosted by Van, who felt my pulse, and said, " You are in need of medicine ; and sea-water is very good for a strong stomach. But you were injudicious in exhibiting so large a dose. I never prescribe more than a tumblerful, to be taken fasting every day, a.m."

" Go, doctor, and look at your patient below. If

I have gulped a barrel, you'll find he has swallowed a butt, and must bulge, if you don't bear a hand and bail him out."

"How long was he in the water?"

"I can't say;—it seemed to me an hour."

"No," said the Rais; "I turned the minute-glass six times."

"Oh!" replied Van, "you need not then have been so impatient. You may safely remain under water for twenty minutes, provided I am at hand to restore you. Come—you shall see."

Down he stalked into the cabin, where he caused the body to be stripped and laid on a table. Then by means of external warmth, friction, and an artificial inflation of the lungs, faint symptoms of returning life appeared. Louis, who stood by with his stone bottle, now placed it to the man's mouth, and was about to drench him, but Van indignantly pushed it away. Nevertheless Louis pertinaciously insisted on it ever after that he, not the doctor, had saved the man's life, by allowing him to inhale the aroma of the schiedam. A small bottle of ether was placed to the man's nose, and afterwards a few drops, diluted, were poured down his throat; but it was some hours before he opened his eyes, or moved his limbs.

But to shorten my story, he recovered; and we ascertained that his design had been to drown himself; that he had taken two double-headed cannon-shot from the case which lay aft, ready for service, and, with one in each hand, by way of ballast, had dropped himself overboard, having previously assured himself that we were all asleep. From this time forth he sunk into the gloomiest despair, totally indifferent to everything. He neither spoke, nor ate, unless at De Ruyter's entreaty, and then merely to be rid of his

importunity. His aversion to me (since I had saved his life) appeared to be the only feeling left him. He scowled at me, as in abhorrence, when accident, which seldom occurred, brought us near each other.

It was about a month after this event that we set out for the tiger hunt, when he applied for permission to accompany us, which De Ruyter gladly gave him. He had followed in the rear of our party, and seemed to dread being noticed. It was strictly enjoined by De Ruyter, who himself never lost sight of him, that he should in no way be molested, or intruded on. When we arrived at the hunting-ground, he was more observant and wakeful; I thought he even looked cheerful. On entering the jungle, there was a strange brightness in his eyes, a quickness in his movements. Instead of his wonted scowl, or shudder, and averted look, as I passed him, he appeared as if going to address me, and smiled, with kindness beaming in his aspect. He stood by De Ruyter, when he and I backed into the first tiger's lair; and, though armed with a carbine, he did not attempt to use it. This carbine was afterwards found near the place. During the confusion which ensued he must have withdrawn himself, as from that moment he could not be traced, nor was he ever after heard of.

"I have reason to believe," said De Ruyter to me, "from some expressions that dropped from him, that, having pledged his word not to offer violence to himself again, while we were seeking tigers to destroy, he sought them to be destroyed. When urging him against self-destruction, after you had rescued him, he answered me querulously, and half abstractedly, 'Am I a doomed slave, that I cannot dispose of my own body, now that it is a burden? Why should that fierce Englishman, who destroys everything

opposing him, and delights in cutting off those who cling to life, drag me from my quiet rest under the sea? The coral rocks seemed soft as her bosom! I thought I was sleeping on her lap in heaven! Then that devil brought me back to this hell here—to me a tenfold one! There is no quiet but in death; and they have all conspired to keep me, that loathe life, living. But I will defeat their malice—yet keep my promise!”

For three days we continued our hunting in the jungle, and amidst the ruins, more excited by the hope of ascertaining the fate of the young Frenchman than by the sport. Indeed the greater portion of the tigers had abandoned this part of the wood; and the accidents, which had occurred, had sobered our enthusiasm. The mysterious disappearance of a person we are interested in impels us strangely on to undergo any toil, or sacrifice, which we fancy may clear it up; but our search was fruitless. Except the carbine, we could neither discover the youth, nor any rag nor thing that had been his.

There was, indeed, afterwards, the strongest positive evidence, if men's oaths are to be believed (which I, for one, discredit), that the suicide-spirit haunted the grab. His complaints were heard muttering in the wind; his shadowy form rested on the taffrail; and, if any one was hardy enough to approach, it plunged into the sea, and followed in the ship's wake, struggling in vain to sink under the surface. The sailors moreover asserted, on their oaths, that he was no living man, when he was first entered on board, that the captain should never have placed him on the ship's books, and that he would pursue them till his body was buried. De Ruyter told me he could not yet get the fellows aft to the main boom at night, and had several times

nearly lost it, and had his vessel endangered by their superstition.

CHAPTER XCII

"Alas! what drove him mad?"

... I cannot say.

A lady came with him from France, and when
She left him, ... he wandered then
About yon lonely isles of desert sand,
Till he grew wild."

SHELLEY.

"Love, jealous grown of so complete a pair,
Hover'd and buzz'd his wings, with fearful roar,
Above the lintel of their chamber door,
And down the passage cast a glow upon the floor."

KEATS.

THE history of this youth I learnt from De Ruyter. His agent in the Isle of France had written to Europe for French clerks; and some time after, two young persons landed with a recommendation to him. They called themselves brothers, which was warranted by a strong family resemblance. The elder was seemingly under twenty, and the other much younger; both handsome, gentle, and strikingly elegant, but the younger more particularly so, being likewise delicate and effeminate in appearance and manner. An apartment was assigned to them in the merchant's house. The elder knew very little of business when he came out, the younger less; their employer was vexed at this, but their unremitting attention and fidelity soon reconciled him to them, till, by application, they became admirable accountants. They were inseparable, shunning all intercourse with others, and were utterly different from the young men he had ever seen. For this conduct they gave plausible reasons;

the delicate health of the younger, their being orphans, and the injunction of their dying parents.

A malignant fever, then ripe in the country, seized on the younger, and the other never quitted him. For change of air they were removed out of the merchant's house, in Port St. Louis, to a villa. Not having seen or heard of them for some days, the merchant walked out one evening to visit them. On approaching the villa, he was alarmed at observing, though it was then the hottest time of the year, and the coolest of the day, the place shut up, silent, and apparently abandoned. After calling and knocking many times, he forced open a back window and entered the house. Hearing a low, moaning noise in a room over his head, he went upstairs, listened at the door, called the brothers by name, received no answer, tried the door, and found it was secured. He procured instruments, and broke it open. The brothers lay on a mattress on the floor, locked fast in each other's embraces. He thought them both dead; yet having so recently heard the voice of one, he examined them more closely; and, uncovering the bodies for that purpose, he was amazed at discovering the younger to be a woman. She had been dead some time. The lover, who was a strong, athletic youth, just on the verge of complete manhood, exhibited faint signs of life.

Examining the room, the merchant found a sealed paper addressed to him, the contents of which deeply affected him, and solved the mystery. It there appeared that the youth, unable to endure the loss of his beloved, and his disease not destroying him as speedily as he desired (for he too had caught the fever), had swallowed poison—opium, that, as in life, so in death their spirits might be inseparable. The merchant, gifted with presence of mind and knowledge, eventually restored

the youth to life ; the violence of passion neutralising, or, at least, diminishing the effect of the opium. Still, the poison, or grief, the most subtle of destroyers, had penetrated the brain, and he was, for some months, in a state of mental oblivion. Time and care restored his faculties ; but the body and mind refused their mental succour, and warred against each other. While the mind lay torpid, the body gained strength ; but, on resuming its faculties, it preyed on the body. Sunk into misery and despondency, he was a mere shadow, and wandered, during the darkness, like a phantom. The man of bales and ships' bottoms fortunately retained touches of humanity, and did all he could to obliterate or mitigate such sorrow. But it lay too deep for the surgeon's probe, the leech's drug, or a friend's sympathy. As a last hope, De Ruyter embarked him on board the grab, thinking, if anything could stir him, it would be our bustling and ever-varying life.

The letter left by the youth, previously to his taking the opium, explained everything. They were of a noble family. The young lady had been educated in a convent in Paris, founded for the incarceration of the younger daughters of those proud, unnatural, aristocratic parents, who, to defeat the wise and just ordination of the law of France, by which property is equally apportioned, consign their last offspring to living graves, that they may be robbed of their birthright. The youth gained admittance there, privileged by ties of consanguinity. Their love was known, for it had grown from youth, though circumstances had separated them. They saw each other, after the lapse of years, when the innocent love of childhood burst into a fierce and uncontrollable passion. Possibly the vestal sisters dreamed not of love's finding an entrance into their

holy asylum, much less of what that love might lead to. Besides, love was forbidden there.

“The walls are high ; the gates are strong ; thick set
The sentinels ; but true love never yet
Was thus constrained.”

Escape was contrived in disguise, and executed. They reached Havre de Grace. A Dutch skipper, bribed with all their wealth, concealed them in his ship. The Argus-eyed police of France was in motion. They were traced, an embargo was laid on the port, and every vessel searched, from her truck to her keelson. The skipper knew the consequences of detection, the least of which was restitution of the gold and jewels he had received ; while the dread of fine and imprisonment sharpened his wit, and inspired him with cunning, surpassing that of the police. Whilst the embargo continued, and during the heat of the scrutiny on board the ships in the port, he concealed the lovers, whom he believed to be the sons of a conscript of rank, in the vaults of his own smuggling agent. On the vessel's being allowed to leave the port, he reshipped them, and most providentially, headed them for security in two casks, stowed on deck ; for (whether from any suspicion of this particular vessel, or that it was a general practice, is not mentioned), when the Dutchman had got his vessel under weigh, he was boarded by the police agents, and the search renewed with augmented rigour. It was then that a police officer took the bung out of the cask, in which the girl was concealed, and passed his sword in it, grazing her bosom ; while the skipper carelessly observed, “ It's only an empty water cask ! ” Love, which gives to the gentlest heart the courage of a hero, enabled her to endure this desperate ordeal in silence.

Thus they eluded the searchers, and escaped to

Holland, friendless and destitute. The skipper, fearing discovery, and judging from circumstances which had transpired, during the search of the police, that this was not a common case, and that he had risked more than he had bargained for, became extremely uneasy on the subject, anxiously seeking to remove every trace that could implicate him. He knew he had been deceived, but could by no threats or wiles draw from them who or what they really were. At that time the Dutch were employing every means to induce adventurers to go out to their Indian settlements ; and our smuggling skipper was one of their agents. The youth proposed that he should procure them situations in one of those settlements, to which he instantly listened, and wondered he had never thought of proposing it himself. To his great joy they were shipped for the Isle of France, recommended to the merchant's house already mentioned ; and the skipper, in addition to what he had previously pocketed, realised a handsome premium for procuring two promising and well-educated volunteers. He knew he had little to fear from their being heard of again.

I have been thus minute in setting down this Frenchman's history, as it was the first instance, which I had met with, or which had been related to me in an authenticated shape, of one of that nation loving anything in the world so dearly as himself.

CHAPTER XCIII

“Who would suppose, from Adam’s simple ration,
That cookery could have called forth such resources,
As form a science and a nomenclature
From out the commonest demands of nature?
There was a goodly soup.”

BYRON.

THIS excursion having detained us much longer than we had intended, we returned with all possible haste to the place whence we had started, and embarked, having the satisfaction to find all right on board our vessels, and the schooner nearly ready for sea.

I had brought De Ruyter intelligence, among other news from his agents at Pulo-Penang, of an expedition fitting out by the English, destined to attack the pirates at Sambos on this island. The marauders were very numerous there, and had committed great havoc on the Company’s private trade, both by sea and land; for, like the Court of Chancery, they endeavoured to get all property into their keeping. It was determined to attempt the annihilation of—not the Court of Chancery, but—the comparatively harmless pirates, during the season they were congregated together, weather-bound in their port of Sambos. De Ruyter resolved to defeat the expedition, and, but for the crippled state of the schooner, I was to be immediately dispatched in search of French cruisers, to give them intelligence, and combine measures for an attack on the Company’s force by sea. That not having been possible, De Ruyter laid his plans, to aid the natives on shore, to whom he pledged his assistance.

At length I took in my wood and water on board the schooner, and sailed for Java, with letters and instructions from De Ruyter. On the same day he took

his departure for Sambos. I lent him a party of my men, and two brass guns. Thus we again separated. My commission was to deliver dispatches to the governor of Batavia, to purchase stores and provisions, and to meet the grab again, without loss of time, at our appointed rendezvous. Louis went with me as negotiator for the victualling department.

Nothing particular occurred during my run to Java except the capture, or rather recapture (for she had been previously taken by an English man-of-war), of a small Spanish vessel, belonging to merchants at the Philippine Islands, loaded with camphor, and the celebrated edible birds' nests. There were only six English sailors and a midshipman in charge of her, although so valuable a prize; consequently she could attempt no resistance.

A short time before this, an English man-of-war brig had captured, off the Philippine Islands, a Spanish vessel, containing a cargo of this sea-slug. On the English officer's boarding her, and asking what she was loaded with, the Spaniards truly answered, "Birds' nests." John Bull, whose ship had recently entered the Chinese seas, with gaping wonder exclaimed, "Birds' nests! What, you rascals, do you take me for a spoony greenhorn? Birds' nests! I'll birds' nest you, you lubberly liars! Off with the hatchways!"

Accordingly the hold of the vessel was searched, and the English sailors were dumbfounded at discovering nothing but sacks of stinking, dirty, muddy-looking swallows' nests, such as they had seen sticking under the eaves of houses. They still thought this slimy compost was merely placed as a screen or cover, to shelter something more valuable, and threw a great portion of it overboard, in order to arrive at the treasure below—chuckling, and treating the Spaniards with derision,

the Jack-tars cutting many witticisms on Spanish sailors going a-birds'-nesting. They cleared down to her keelson, and searched into every nook in vain. Their officer, on his return to the brig, gave the commander an account of what the Spaniards had told him, and that he had verified it with his own eyes ; upon which there was a general laugh throughout the ship. " However," quoth the greenhorn commander, " the vessel is Spanish, and we must keep her. Though she is but in ballast, her hull is worth something. They must have been hard up for shingle, where they come from, to put sludge in her—and in bags ! "

He then gave orders that a midshipman, and three or four of his worst men, should take charge of her, and run her into the nearest port. One rational thing he did was to remove the Spanish prisoners to his own brig, or they would have soon retaken her. Thus he left her, and it was not till he himself put into a Chinese port, and accidentally mentioned this occurrence, as a joke against the Spaniards, that he learnt the value of the prize. The edible birds' nests were at that time selling in the Chinese market at thirty-two Spanish dollars a kattie ; so that, on a computation of the quantity in the vessel, she was worth from eighty to ninety thousand pounds ; and he, poor devil, that had served twenty years without clearing twenty pounds prize-money, would have made a fortune. He raged, and stormed, and went to sea again to look after her. He offered up prayers, for the first time in his life, for her safe arrival in port. But it was otherwise decreed ; the few lubberly fellows he had put on board of her were not sufficient to work her, and she was wrecked on the coast of China. A galleon of gold-dust would not have been such a windfall to the Chinese as was this cargo of sea-slug. The news spread like wildfire

through the country that a vessel had stranded on their coast, containing incalculable wealth. The timid Chinese forgot their fears, and, regardless of winds and seas, rushed through the foaming surf, trampled the strong over the weak, brother over brother, all hurrying on board the wreck ; which was so effectually pillaged, that she was left floating like an empty tea-chest, not a grain of her cargo being left sticking to her ribs. During the scramble in the water, and on the wreck—for every handful was fought for—many lives were lost ; and the coast for several miles round was in anarchy and confusion for a long time after.

The capturer of the prize I retook was of the same class of well-informed officers. I had more care of her ; and, for security, took my prize in tow. Louis entreated that he might go on board of her as prize-agent ; declaring that the only thing he wished was to perfect himself in the mystery of concocting that savoury and glutinous soup, *secundum artem*, so famous in China, that they have a proverb there, which says that if the spirit of life were departing from the nostrils, and the odour of this soup were to salute them, the spirit would reanimate the clay, knowing there is no luxury in paradise to compare with it. “ Besides,” added Louis, “ should I introduce this delicious restorative into Europe, and the no-less-renowned Chinese arrack-punch, I shall be more deservedly famous than Van Tromp or the Prince of Orange—and I will be ! ”

With these ambitious and glorious aspirations, Louis le Grand, in conjunction with a Chinese cook, went to work, heart and hand ; and in the middle of a dark night, off a lee-shore, he hailed me to heave-to, and send a boat, that he might bring me a sample of his triumphant success. He came with it ; and, though not at that time, I have tasted this dish. It is certainly a voluptuous

relish, but too glutinously rich for any stomach like mine, accustomed to simple fare. In addition to the slimy composition of the nest, which, when dissolved, is like brown jelly, or melted glue, there were the sinews of deer, the feet of pigs, the fins of young sharks, the brawny part of a pig's head, with plovers' eggs, mace, cinnamon, and red peppers. Turtle soup is tasteless after it; and it is a marvel that the numerous gastronomic votaries of Europe have not made this superlative offering to their palates. They are to blame.

CHAPTER XCIV

"But I am Pestilence; hither and thither
I flit about that I may slay and smother:
All lips that I have kiss'd must surely wither,
But Death's,—if thou art he, we'll go to work together."

SHELLEY.

"Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies,
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despair,
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow."

KEATS.

I TOUCHED at one of the Barlie Islands, which lay in my course, but could get little else there but a couple of sacks of Chinese tobacco, which is excellent. While haggling about the price, I was playing with a pretty, slim, Malay child. "Come," said the mother, "give me the gold more, and you shall have the tobacco, the four fowls, the basket of eggs, the fruit, and my eldest-born child into the bargain—as you seem to like her."

I threw down the gold coin, told the men to take the things into the boat, and led away the girl, about eight years old, giving her some fruit to eat, and pice to play with, while neither she nor the affectionate

parent exchanged a look of sorrow at parting. The little thing accompanied me on board, perfectly enchanted with her new abode. I gave her to Zela ; and in my own mind, lauded the mother, who exhibited so strong a proof of not being influenced by those narrow and illiberal prejudices, which prevail in Europe. All nature teaches us that when the offspring are weaned, and can walk, they ought no longer to be an encumbrance ; dogs abandon their puppies, the cow her calf, the ewe her lamb, and Christian mothers who are enlightened, abandon their cubs, doubtless prompted by their superior natural instinct. Truly the Malay mother went a step beyond them in making a profit of her produce. In justice to European parents, I must say, at least I believe, they have good sense enough, and certainly know the value of gold well enough, not to throw away that which, had they known of an Eastern market, could have been turned to profit. But in this, like the English commander with the birds' nests, they are greenhorns.

France and Holland were then united under the same dictatorship. Arrived at Batavia, the capital of Java, I was well received by the governor, a Dutch officer. Having delivered my dispatches, he ordered the authorities under him to afford me every facility in refitting and provisioning my vessel ; and advised me to lose no time in the port, and to communicate as little as possible with the shore, on account of the cholera-morbus, which was then prevailing. The merchants of the Dutch factory were so officiously hospitable and kind, that they bored me to death with offers of houses and invitations to feasting and gormandizing. De Ruyter was their hero ; and the evident unlimited confidence he reposed in me, the large sums I was commissioned to negotiate, and the power I possessed

of expending what sum or sums I pleased, had a magical effect. Besides, I had established a private stock of fame, and a name, which served my purpose very well, and passed current for what I then wanted; though deduction has since analysed—not it, but what malignity asserts it was—and declared the coin was base, and that the stamper of the die deserved a halter—assertions proceeding from sheer envy and malice. As for gold, I had not then acquired those artificial wants which it can supply.

“ Our simple life wants little, and true taste
Hires not the pale drudge, luxury, to waste
The scene it would adorn.”

Neither was I born with gentlemanly appetites, but, as Louis said, lived more like a “ nigur ” than a Christian. Like Michael Cassio I had unhappy brains for drinking; my nature was too inflammable, tamely to bear the spur of wine in excess. Feasting and swilling, amidst the sweltering and unclean slaves of the mouth, I ever held in Brahminical abhorrence. I therefore shunned the hospitable board of the merchants, expediting my business with them, impatient to regain my own little cabin, which, containing Zela, was spacious enough for all the treasure I possessed or coveted. We were greedy and insatiable in our love, and required little else. We feasted on the same bunch of grapes, a shaddock, or a sun-cleft pomegranate. We drank from the same cup, and sat on the same mat. Excess of love was my only excess; and, either from love or temperance in diet, I acquired strength and hardiness, proof against sickness, resisting all contagion. Whilst others writhed and suffered from scratches, the deepest wounds healed with me, unaided by the surgeon; and the cholera-morbus, now raging and destroying with a virulence only to be equalled by the plague, could not penetrate my strong and healthful frame.

The Europeans, both on board and on shore, declared

that the sole effectual preservative was, what they called, living well and drinking freely ; that the fever was like a blustering bully—

“ He was a coward to the strong,
He was a tyrant to the weak.”

I acquiesced in this doctrine, but differed in the premises. They averred that the stimulant of fiery drink was the method of keeping up the languid circulation, the quantity not specified. Water, fruit, rice, vegetables, and all crude substances were interdicted as the worst of poisons. Yet I pursued this diet, and so did my native crew, and we lived ; while the Europeans followed their system, and died like murrained sheep. Vessels in the harbour were driven on shore, for want of hands to secure them ; others, freighted, could not muster strength to weigh their anchors. A French and a Dutch ship of war, under sailing orders, were in such a state, that they could not leave the port, much less work their ships at sea. If the disease could have been fended off by free living, the European portion of my crew would have been fever-proof. Yet it not only boarded us, but had the audacity to fall foul, exclusively, of the hardy sons of the north, while it respected its own progeny, the children of the sun.

CHAPTER XCV

“ A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh :
At this, through all his bulk, an agony
Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown,
Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
Making slow way, with head and neck convuls'd
From over-strained might.”

KEATS.

As if to decide the question of diet, the contagion by one fell blow, by one signal example, aimed his shaft at the

head and prime organ of his vaunting defiers, and struck Louis. If eating and drinking could have warded off disease, he might have been immortal. He gormandized like a vulture, and on such dainty and nutritive bits, that a whale's liver would not have produced more oil, or an ox's ribs more tallow than Louis le Grand. As to drink, his throat and stomach must have been lined with something as fireproof as asbestos, or they could not have resisted the burning liquid which he had for so many years insatiably poured down, enough to wear out a dozen copper funnels. From the time the fatal malady commenced its havoc on board the schooner, every hour the ship's glass was turned and the bell was struck; Louis marked the time by calling out, "Boy! don't you know the glass is turned, and the fever come on board? Bring the stone bottle to keep him out!" upon which he turned a glass down his coppers. Arnold's chronometer in the cabin kept not better time than Louis with his bottle. So unerring was his palate, that if, by error or neglect, the bell was not struck punctually, he never failed to call out, "Boy, the bottle!" when, if the urchin pleaded that the bell had not struck, Louis vociferated, "Then it should have done so—'tis more than a minute past the hour; tumble up, you idle sea-calf—give me the bottle!" At last he exclaimed, "Ha! you young scorpion, what have you been at?—sucking the bottle, and then bulling it with bilge-water? Why, this is not out of my locker; this is beastly stuff—would make a sea-horse sick."

The boy asserted it was the same he had always drunk, when Louis waxed wroth, dashed the liquor in his face, and was about to rope's-end him. "Hold!" said I, "let me smell it, Louis. Come, I'll swear it's all right."

"What!" he replied, "don't I know my own schiedam?—the devil himself could never deceive me in that,

since I was five years old ! Van Sulpke, the great spirit-merchant of Amsterdam, declared I could ascertain, better than his spirit-proof, the strength and quality of his liquors ; and, besides, I've swallowed as much as would float the schooner—haven't I ? ” Here Louis paused and showed evident signs of sickness.

“ Damned devil-boy ! ” he went on ; “ he has been sucking the bottle, and filled it up with physic—and I can't abide doctor's stuff ! Bring another bottle, devil, thief, liar ! ”

Another bottle was brought, and he tasted it ; but the hitherto genial fluid had lost its flavour on his palate. He spat, and sputtered, and pushed the bottle from him. I observed also that he removed a fresh-lighted pipe from his mouth ; and, thinking there must be really something the matter with him, I got up and went over to him. The glow-worm sparkle of his small, eager eye was dimmed, his lips were white and frothy, the lower jaw hung down, his head was drooping, and his hands were clenched. “ Halloa, old Louis, what's the matter ? Are you ill ? ”

“ Ill !—no, I'm never ill—I'm only sickish. That damned stuff is like poison in me ! ” As he said this he made a strong effort to rouse himself.

“ Come,” I replied, “ you are ill. Go out of the sun, and lie down aft.”

“ No, Captain, I'm not such a fool as to be ill. I was never sick like this except once, in the South Seas, at the island of Otaheite, when those—what do you call them ?—missionaries came aboard to preachify with the crew and cheat them of their dollars. Like a great fool, I went ashore with them, and they gave me some cursed stuff they called gin—such blasphemy I never heard ! At first when they told me they had set up a great distillery of gin, I thought them very useful

clever, good men ; for you know, Captain, any nation might be converted by hollands ;—but this was the unchristianest, beastliest liquor I ever tasted, and it made me—as I feel now. Yet the foolish idiot-people of the island think it very good, because it makes them mad-drunk, and they believe Heaven sent it ; but it made me believe the devil had got amongst them.”

Louis broke off his story by complaining of pains all over his body, his head, and stomach. I loved Louis, and saw with grief the ravage which the envenomed and ghastly destroyer was tracing on his broad and honest face. I led him down to my own cabin, placed him on my couch, and charged the gentle Zela (who Louis declared was too kind and good to be a woman) to nurse him, and, if aught human could, to avert the evil power, whose armed hand I beheld striking at his life. But it was written ; and the stern decrees of fate, who can turn aside ? He struggled convulsively, and foamed, and raved, and then sank into idiotic insensibility, moaning and muttering incoherent words. As the day dawned (from long habit, outliving both strength of body and mind) he said, in faint but clear accents, the first intelligible sentence he had spoken for many hours, “ Boy ! bring the bottle ! ” The wearied and dozing boy raised himself from the cabin deck, on which he had sunk, overworn with watching, staggered across the cabin to perform his first diurnal duty for years, and groped at the accustomed locker for the stone bottle. I asked Louis how he was. “ Hot ! very hot, and thirsty !—my body is burning hot, parched up, dry as ashes, not a drop of moisture. Why, I am in an oven !—Boy ! the bottle ! ”

I could not resist the supplicating look of his eye and the trembling eagerness of his hand as he grasped at the glass, which the boy, now thoroughly awakened, held

out ; but the instant the spirit, which he used to declare was the spirit of life, had touched his white and clammy lips, he shrunk from it, and dashed it from him as if it had been a scorpion. Then, looking wild with horror around, he cried out, " O God ! God ! I pray for a sea of water, and a thousand devils all bring me fire ! Oh ! I am in fire and flame."

He continued alternately raving and silently insensible till about noon, when the boy came to tell me he was asleep. So rapid and fierce had been the fever, giving no respite, that my mind misgave me, and I went down into the cabin. I shuddered as I beheld him : the distorted features, pinched and puckered up, expanded nostrils, glassy and half-closed eye, the pallid hue of his skin touched and streaked with blue, the ghastly and collapsed hand and nerveless arm hanging down—all indicated that he had struck his flag to the grizzly pirate-king. Death's grey banner hung drooping over him. I held a mirror to his livid lips—there was not a breath to stain it. Decay, too, as if not brooking an instant's reprieve, had begun its work, ere the spark of fire, which animated his clay, was extinguished. Scarcely had I time, while standing over him, to brush away the moisture gathering on my eyelids with the back of my hand, when the doctor of the frigate, who stood by me, putting his hand on my arm, said, " Are you deaf, Captain ? Don't you hear me ? I tell you, if you won't cast the body overboard immediately, yours will be prey for the dog-fish to-morrow."

" What ! " I exclaimed, " the warm-hearted, honest, kind, and jovial Louis, the life of the ship's company, the best servant man ever had, food for dog-fish and sharks—thrown overboard like a rotten sheep, ere we are certain that life has totally abandoned him ! Feel—he is yet warm ! it shall not be done ! "

CHAPTER XCVI

“ And even and morn,
 With their hammocks for coffins, the seamen aghast,
 Like dead men, the dead limbs of their comrades cast
 Down the deep.”

SHELLEY.

THE doctor returned to his ship. At the expiration of a few hours I was convinced the advice he gave, though it sounded harshly at the time, was nevertheless true and good ; for the decomposition was miraculously rapid, and the atmosphere of the vessel, previously insufferably close, became tainted. It would have been unsafe, a few hours later, to approach the body ; so I gave orders to have it sewed up in a hammock, the sailor's coffin, with a couple of heavy shot secured at the lower extremities. Then, having lowered it in a boat, and covered it with a flag of his country for a pall, I pulled far outside of the harbour to sink it, in compliance with an order that no corpse was to be buried in or near the port. I would have read the burial-service over him, if such a thing as a book of prayer could have been procured ; but priests and Prayer Books were scarce articles—indeed, not to be come at on board the schooner ; and if wandering souls are bored in the other world for passports, as they are in a great part of this, I pity them. We fired three volleys over the remains of Louis, and committed the body to the deep. Watching it, as it sunk, with a heavy heart, I gave the order to pull the boat's bow round, and give way on board ; when, with my eyes fixed on the rippling, which broke the glassy surface of the sea, I muttered, “ Poor Louis ! poor Louis ! I would give the world to have thee here ag—ha ! what's that ? Lie on your oars ! ” The

men turned round, and altogether exclaimed, "By God! he is up again!"

And so it was. My musing had been interrupted by beholding the body rise on the surface, like a spar, which had been hurled in the sea end-foremost from a height, when the reaction sends it back again, almost into the air, and then it lies floating on the waters. The boat was crowded with men, anxious to see the last of him by attending his funeral, for he was a general favourite. We were all so astonished, that the cause of this reappearance, to wit—the shot not being properly secured from falling out—never once occurred to any of us. We pulled round and hurried back to the spot, as eagerly as if it were to rescue a drowning comrade. Indeed, some of the crew were for hauling the body into the boat, to examine if it was not reanimated. On discovering that the ballast had escaped from the lashings, we were at a standstill what to do. To leave the body afloat is sacrilege among sailors, as depriving it of Christian burial. We had nothing but the boat's iron grapnel, heavy enough for the purpose; so we were obliged to expend it. This was securely lashed, and the body again sank, every one, I believe, anticipating its reappearance; for, as one of the old man-of-war's men sagely and oraculously observed, "I'll be damned if all the anchors in the dockyard of Portsmouth would moor that Dutch dogger under water; because as how he never let that stuff enter his scuppers in his life, and it arn't natural to him, howsomever, though he be dead."

I had laid the schooner as far on the outside of the port as our convenience and security would permit, to be away from the noxious vapours of the land, and to have as much benefit from the sea breeze as possible. Yet the malady was spreading on board; the symptoms

of illness, and, as it turned out, the rapidity of dissolution, being nearly similar to poor Louis's. During a great part of the night I was attending to the sick ; and afterwards I was kept awake revolving in my mind what was best to be done in order to avert the pestilence from spreading—whether it was not advisable, leaving my business unfinished, instantly to proceed to some other port for provisions, fearful, if I delayed it, that the alternative of moving or staying would not be left to my decision. My drunken doctor had deserted me ; at any other period I should have been glad of it, but I had not yet succeeded in finding another. I had few medicines, and was unlearned in their use ; though De Ruyter had taken pains to instruct me in so important a part of my duty. Eight of the crew were very ill. After consulting with the two mates, we came to this conclusion—to cut and run as soon as daylight appeared. I then retired, harassed and exhausted, to recruit my strength by sleep.

At daybreak the man-of-war's man, to whom I alluded on the previous evening, came down in the cabin, and, disturbing me from a heavy sleep, said, " Captain, he's afloat again, and alongside. Is he to come aboard, Sir ? "

Rubbing my glued eyelids, I answered, " Yes—let him come aboard. Who is it ? "

" Why, it be he, Sir."

" He ! Who ? "

" The steward, Sir ! "

" Steward ! What steward ? "

" Old Louis, Sir."

I shook myself, and jumped up, to be certain I was awake ; and the mate continued with, " Didn't I say as how, Sir, he won't *lay* moored under water ? "

Accompanying him on deck, he pointed out the

canvas-shrouded body of Louis lying across the schooner's bow, seemingly supported by the cable. The men all pressed forward to gaze in wonder and awe. At this apparently miraculous second reappearance, I was really as much astounded as the crew. The grapnel had been securely lashed, and had often held the boat in a swell, while there had been neither sea nor wind during the night. On examination the mystery was explained: the ground-sharks had been at work, and, by dragging and tearing, had torn the hammock apart to get at the body, which was horribly mauled, and from which a leg had been separated, the canvas having protected the upper part. I now resolved to inter the remains on shore; but they were offensive to handle, and I had no planks for a coffin. After some hesitation, I could contrive nothing better than to tow the body ashore, and inter it in a deep hole, prepared by the second mate, in the sand, above high-water mark. "For," said he, "if he feels the water touch him, call me a land-lubber if he don't slip his cable, get under weigh again, make sail, and get alongside of us, where-soever we may be; so I'll give him a dry, snug berth. As this was undeniable, we parbuckled Louis into his shore-grave; and, to make assurance doubly sure, we hauled the broken bottom of a wrecked boat, which lay near the spot, to cover the grave with it, so that either from above or below, he was secured against water.

CHAPTER XC VII

“ ’Tis true they are a lawless brood,
 But rough in form, nor mild in mood ;
 And every creed, and every race,
 With them hath found—may find a place.”

BYRON.

PREPARATORY to going to sea, I called on the governor and merchants with whom I had business, obtained my clearances, paid my bills and port-charges, had my papers signed, etc. etc. ; then loading a couple of shore-boats with all the fresh provisions I could lay my hands on, I returned on board, fired a gun, and hoisted the signal for sailing.

We had been in port only four days, during which there had been a dead calm. The town, like Venice, is intersected by canals, which, being receptacles for all the filth of the crowded population of the place, mud and dead dogs were dammed up at the outlets, and this was the principal cause of the sickness. The interior of the island, and the mountains close to the town, were and are very healthy ; but the town itself is almost annually ravaged by what is, *par excellence*, called the Java fever. The young, strong, and florid-complexioned were generally the first attacked and the soonest dispatched. The great feeders and fat-buttocked never escaped. I loathe greasy and haunchy brutes as Moses and Mohammed loathed swine, and rejoice in their extermination—all except honest, honest Louis, whose warm heart no mounds of suet could impede in its free beating, or choke its generous impulses. Gout, apoplexy, dropsy, and the stone, I laud, respect, and salute with my hat off ; for they are, in their nature, radicals, the fierce slayers of kings and priests, the grasping wealthy, and the greedy glutton. When the

parson robs the poor cottager of his corn and tithe-pigs, though his conscience may never prick him, his great toe often does ; and the porkling never ceases to grunt within him, till, incorporated on his ribs, or laying fast hold on his throat, he exhibits apodictical indications of apoplexy. Among us, those of the greyhound race, the broad-chested, long-limbed, bright-eyed, gaunt, and spare-bodied, were rarely pursued or seized on by those bloodhounds, fever and dysentery, no matter what their habits of living were. Our carpenter, a staunch sea-dog, drank, with measured accuracy, half a gallon of arrack a day, and worked like a steam-engine. You might track him along the deck by the moisture exuding from him ; and though he had been thus drinking and toiling for years, the first to begin labour, and the last to desist from it, the oldest man on board, and the longest in India, his health and strength were unimpaired—as little affected as a machine by heat and change. Day or night he toiled on, and wondered when others grew sick, died, and abandoned their post. He instanced me as a chip of the same block, and fit to command, for I was always to be found at my duty.

With my mingled, wild, and savage crew, the outcasts of the West, and those who had lost caste in the East—men whom the iron hand of the law could neither hold in subjection nor tame, whose tiger-hearts knew no ties of kindred, home, and country, or, if known, they were rudely rent asunder—my duty was no sinecure. More than once my power was in imminent jeopardy, notwithstanding De Ruyter's precautions in having backed me with a force of old and tried men of his own, the several Europeans I had added to my crew, who were attached to me, and Zela's faithful and devoted Arabs ; I say, with all this, such was the unmitigable ferocity of some of my men, that I was frequently in

great personal peril, and my destruction was plotted. Zela, by means of the Malay girl I had bought from her affectionate mother, and her Arabs, were my salvation, by putting me on my guard in giving me timely notice of everything going on. Besides, the first mate, the American, was my firm friend, being bound to De Ruyter by the strict ties of mutual interest—the only hold that man has on man's fidelity. But we had a ruffianly set of lawless Frenchmen, brindled-bearded privateers' men and smugglers, fellows with long knives in their girdles, and of such fiery and irascible tempers, that their hands, as by instinct, were generally on the hafts, while their grey and assassin-like eyes glared ferociously at the slightest provocation. Their jealous and malignant natures ill-brooked the partiality they fancied I showed towards my countrymen and the natives, and there were continual broils and civil contentions on board. A leader of this gang had one day an altercation with the American mate, who was a quiet and somewhat timid man, and threateningly drew his knife on him. I was in the cabin, and overheard the contention. Having long been irritated at this man's conduct (for he was the organ of all the refractory Frenchmen), I started from Zela's lap, on which my head was lying, rushed on deck, and confronted the fellow. He stood his ground without flinching, his knife still held out. Our eyes met, gladiator-like, in defiance, as I put my hand to draw the small creese from my waist, exclaiming, "A mutiny!—seize the villain!" We rushed on each other: he called out to his countrymen, and there was a wild commotion. I felt his knife on my left arm and ribs, before I could unsheath my weapon. I made no effort to ward off the blow, but grasped his brawny throat with one hand, and putting the creese behind his left shoulder, in the

Malay fashion, drove it right down through his heart, and we fell together on a gun-carriage on the deck.

As I rose, every muscle in my body writhed, like a wounded serpent, with rage. I killed this man, not from the instigation of sudden passion, though in passion; for, young and fiery as I was, I could control myself; but I had premeditated the ruffian's death, after using every means to conciliate him. He was the boatswain, the hardest sailor on board, and as insensible to fear as a buffalo. He hated the English, and I hated him on account of a story he was in the habit of narrating with savage glee. Once he had been mate in a small craft running between the Isle of France and Madagascar, trading for cattle. The vessel was captured by an English sloop of war, when a midshipman with five or six men were put in charge of her. This fellow and two of his crew were left on board, and were imprudently permitted by the midshipman to assist in working the vessel, instead of being confined as prisoners. One calm midnight, the officer and most of his men being asleep, he crept into the cabin and cut the midshipman's throat; then, assisted by the other two (one an African), they massacred all the others, threw their bodies into the sea, and returned to the Isle of France, glorying in their bloody and successful atrocity. This story I had heard him repeat on the previous night, and could scarcely then restrain my indignation.

Stretching forth my red hand, with the dripping weapon, I roared out to the gathering Frenchmen, who stood nearest to me and together, "Go to your duty! There is your mutinous leader;—and thus will I serve all those that dare disobey me!"

Zela stood by my side, holding my sword for me. Her soft eye had changed its hue, and the fire of her race shone in her bright glances. The disorderly Frenchmen

sullenly went forward ; and the rest of the crew silently leant about in groups. From this time my influence with the men was considerably augmented, the growing insubordination received a check, and my youth, the principal plea urged against me by the refractory, was forgotten.

CHAPTER XCVIII

“ It was so calm, that scarce the feathery weed,
Sown by some eagle on the topmost stone,
Swayed in the air.”

SHELLEY.

WE ran along the eastern coast for a bay, in which, according to my chart, there was anchorage, with the intention of procuring a supply of wood and water. We kept as close inshore as possible, to be within reach of the land-winds ; but, for many days, we lay stationary under the high land, within whose dark shadows I thought we were enchanted ; for not a breath of air reached us, either from the land at night, or from the sea in the day. The buoyant rubbish of chips, feathers, and rope-yarn, thrown overboard, remained as stationary as the rubbish cast out of a cottage door. The waters seemed petrified into polished blue marble, tempting one to walk on their treacherous surface. Among the few moving things around were those little azure-tinctured children of the sea, called Portuguese men-of-war, with sails like a gossamer, and tiny paddles ; they manœuvred about us, like a fairy fleet, the largest as big as a crystal stopper of a decanter, which, except in colour, they resembled. Here and there were scattered the jellied-looking sea-stars ; and a singular phenomenon, called the puree,

which comes from the bottom to the surface by inflating itself with air, till, from a shrunken, withered, empty thing, it becomes round and plumped out like a blown bladder ; after this, it cannot sink for a length of time. We amused ourselves by practising with our carbines at them ; and also by lowering the square sail overboard to bathe in, using that method to avoid the ground-sharks, which, in those seas, near the shore, lie like silent watch-dogs in their submerged kennels. The heat was so piercing, that the Rajputs, who worship the sun, fought on the deck for a square foot of the awning's shade. I experienced the greatest relief from anointing my body with oil, and continually, like a duck, plunging my head in water ; yet my lips and skin were cracked like a plum tree. No vessel is so ill-adapted for a hot climate as a schooner ; she requires a great many men to work her, and has less space than any other vessel wherein to stow them. On coming on deck from below, the men appeared as if they had emerged from a steam-bath.

However, calms at sea, like the calms of life, are transitory and far between ; a breeze, a squall, a gale, or a tempest must follow, as certain as the night the day. With us the winds came gentle as a lover's voice to woo the sleeping canvas, not like the simoom of wedlock, and we glided peacefully along the rich and varied scenery of the shore to our anchorage near Balamhua, withinside the island of Abaran. Here we found an extensive range of sandy beach, a small river, and the wood so abundant, that the trees seemed enamoured of salt water and sea breezes, drooping their heads over its surface, as if they courted the spray, and were nurtured by the briny waves laying their roots. There was a small village of Javanese at the mouth of the river, the chief of which, in con-

sideration of a small supply of powder and brandy, readily gave us permission to procure what we wanted on shore. We landed our empty water-casks, and began to cut wood.

The calms, the excessive heat, the closeness of the atmosphere, all combined to spread the fever and dysentery among the crew; and few days passed without our losing a man. Ether, opium, and calomel were the medicines, by my instructions, to be applied to those attacked; and bark and wine to the convalescent. Something I had learnt of the diseases of the country, yet I regretted I had not been more attentive to Van's medical lectures. Now, without a surgeon, I pored over one of Van's medical books, and lamented that my old schoolmaster had not succeeded in whipping Latin into me. Horses and dogs, thought I, are educated by beating; and why not man, the more obdurate and vicious animal? Latin phrases were hieroglyphics to me. Yet I proceeded to practise, though without wig, amber-headed cane, or stop-watch, as a mask for gross ignorance, and turned to drugging and drenching with as little compunction as the members of the Royal College of Physicians, who write M.D. to their names, which, I shall ever presume, means "Man Destroyers."

Preparing for sea, I was amazed to hear that a fray had happened between some of our men and the villagers. Two of the natives had been wounded by our men firing at them. These disputes were ever recurring in our dealings; nor could our tars comprehend that they were amenable to any law while on shore. They acknowledged themselves when shipped, bound to the articles of their duty, and answerable for any neglect or breach of contract, while on board. They belonged to the sea; but "it is damned hard

if we can't take our full swing on shore. We are ready to pay for what we want—when we have money; or we are ready to fight for it. For when we haven't money, it ain't natural that savages should keep all the shore to themselves; when it is quite sartain the land was made for the Christians as well as the sea." This, or some such reasoning, was all the reply I could get, from my most orthodox Christian crew, to my frequent remonstrances on the brutality with which they assailed, robbed, and slaughtered the natives. Nor could I find a remedy for this evil; I restrained them as much as possible, and did what justice was in my power, in the way of recompense, to the wronged. In this instance the Javanese were accused of being the aggressors; yet, though I could not arrive at the facts, I knew some indignity must have been offered to them; and they are neither patient nor forgiving. Dreading therefore some bloody retaliation, and observing they no longer came alongside of us, while a suspension of barter and communication was highly detrimental, I took a few presents for the chief, and went on shore in two armed boats. This method did not succeed; but, by going accompanied by none but my interpreter, after much difficulty and explanation, I succeeded, at least in appearance, in having accommodated the affair, when a renewal of our friendly intercourse took place.

When ready for sea, the chief came on board, and pressed me to accompany him to a hunting station, abounding with deer and wild hogs. He had often heard me express a wish to go thither, but had put it off from time to time, saying it was better to wait till the rains fell, when the animals would be driven down from the mountains. As there had been a violent storm on the previous night, followed by floods

of rain, his invitation seemed to be the consequence of his former promise. I readily gave my assent. He cautioned me, with great apparent sincerity, against creating any jealous fears among his people by a train of many armed followers. Then, with other friendly advice on his part, we parted, it being settled that I was to meet him on the ensuing morning before daylight.

CHAPTER XCIX

"There sat the gentle savage of the wild,
In growth a woman, though in years a child,
As childhood dates within our colder clime,
Where nought is ripen'd rapidly save crime."

BYRON.

ALTHOUGH without fear, I did not neglect to use all proper precautions. I went on shore the next morning with fourteen of my trustiest men, well armed. After landing, I ordered the boat, with a smaller one which accompanied us, having a part of their crews, to push off from the shore, lie at their grapnels, and, on no account, to land, or parley with the natives.

The chief was waiting for me, attended by only four or five men, armed with merely their creeses and boarspears. We penetrated into the interior by following the windings of the little river, now swollen, muddy, and rapid from the late heavy rain. We crossed the stream several times by fords, not without some difficulty, and I failed not to caution our party to preserve their ammunition and arms from getting wet. I had learnt to be watchful and suspicious, and took note of several apparently trivial circumstances, which might have escaped a less wary person. The Javanese chief frequently held conferences with his men; he

sometimes wished us to cross parts of the river which were not fordable, the bottom being muddy, interspersed with deep holes; and, changing the order of our progress, he kept in the rear of the party. Upon this I also fell back, and watched him narrowly. There was awakened a cunning and treacherous expression in the glistening of his small deep-set eye, which startled me. Not to let him imagine he was mistrusted, I determined, as we had already advanced two or three miles, to proceed without pause, keeping near him, and carefully watching his motions. At the same time I accurately noted our road, the localities which marked our progress, and the fords of the river.

I cannot remember to have ever benefited by the advice or example of others. Nothing but a blow from the cyclopean hammer of experience on my head could teach or convince me; and nothing less than the imminent jeopardy in which I had placed Zela, by taking her to the tiger-hunt, contrary to every one's advice and all prudent consideration, could have induced me to leave her on board the schooner, against her own urgent entreaty to accompany me. That I now knew her to be in that safe asylum, by removing every care and fear from my mind, seemed to leave my own body invulnerable. I had yielded, however, to Zela's importunities to take her little, intelligent Malayan girl, Adoo, in whom her mistress placed implicit confidence. Adoo neither cared nor thought about anything in the world but Zela. Her attachment to me was grounded on being beloved by Zela. Adoo was nearly of the same age as her mistress, but no two creatures could be more dissimilar. The Malayan girl was stunted in growth, broad and bony, low-browed, with hair coarse, straight, and black, hanging over her flat tawny face, like a wild horse's foretop. Her small and deep-set

eyes, by their unusual distance, seemed totally independent of each other, and to have power to keep a look-out to the starboard and larboard, the north and the south, at the same instant. They were bright, watchful, and eager as a serpent's—but there ended the resemblance; for poor little Adoo, far from wile and guile, was the truest and most faithful handmaiden that ever dedicated herself to a mistress, hand and heart. I was so partial to this little savage, that to keep her about my person, I installed her in the high and important office of Tchibookdgee; and she was matchless in compounding a chilán for a hookah, preparing a callian, or filling a Turkish pipe—accomplishments not to be despised.

To return to my story. We continued our route by the side of the river for about four miles, when, after ascending an abrupt and rocky eminence, our Javanese leader proposed to stop at two or three small cane huts and refresh ourselves with coffee and mangosteens, till some of the people he had sent forward should return to inform us where the game lay. To this I gladly acceded. My suspicions were in a great measure dissipated, seeing no further symptoms to corroborate those which had been lurking in my mind. Milk, fruit, and coffee, which last is of excellent quality in this island, were brought. Adoo, for I was a great epicure in coffee, superintended the making of mine. We were seated in one of the empty huts, to screen us from the sun; and whilst I was smoking my callian, the men were eating and drinking. The chief was sitting on a mat close by me, between me and the door, which was blocked up by Javanese. I was on the point of putting the coffee-cup to my lips with my left hand, as I leaned on my right, and lolled at the full stretch of my limbs, with my head resting against one of the bamboo-sup-

porters of the hut, when my attention was directed to something touching my hand. Turning to see what it was, a low voice on the outside, but close to my ear, said, "Hush! hush! do not move!" in such accents as evidently indicated terror. Without moving, I glanced my eye in the direction of the voice, and it fell on the keen glance of Adoo, through the matting. I leaned my head close to the spot, when she whispered in my ear, "Do not drink the coffee;—come out; bad people!"

Some of our men had complained of sickness immediately after they had drunk the coffee; and I recollected the officiousness of the chief in serving me with it. Instantly it struck me it was poisoned. Happily I had been detained from drinking it, awaiting the somewhat tedious process of preparing, filling, and lighting my Persian water-pipe. The chief, now at the door, was significantly exchanging glances with his men, for every eye was fixed on me; their savage and malign aspects plainly intimated their intentions. There was neither time nor opportunity to form plans or communicate with my men. Suspecting, which was the case, that the chief was waiting for a reinforcement to attack us, and fearing, from the rising commotion without, they had already arrived, and would, whilst my men were under the paralysing effect of the poison, rush in and butcher us, or fire the huts, and slaughter us as we attempted to escape, I drew a pistol, sprang up, and attempted to gain the entrance. The chief drew his creese, and essayed to detain me. I shot him through the body and yelled the Arab warcry, calling out to the men, "We are betrayed!—follow me!"

So sudden had been my movement that the panic-struck natives rushed down the bank into the jungle. Restraining my men from pursuing them, my orders

were to examine if their arms were ready for service, and to fix their bayonets. Adoo told me, from what she had overheard, some fatal or stupefying drug had been administered to the men in their coffee ; and that the chief was waiting for a reinforcement. Many of the men were affected, complaining of sickness.

CHAPTER C

“Not the eagle more
Loves to beat up against a tyrannous blast
Than I to meet the torrent of my foes.
This is a brag !—be it so ; but, if I fall,
Carve it upon my 'scutcheon'd sepulchre.”

KEATS' MS.

THE first danger was over, yet was our situation most perilous. We set off, in double-quick time, to regain the boats, or to get in sight of the schooner and give signals of our distress. We regained the river and crossed it. Naturally concluding the natives would lurk in ambush to cut us off, I carefully avoided the route by which we had advanced in the morning, and kept on the highest and the clearest ground. By these precautions we succeeded in retreating three parts of the distance unimpeded, but not unobserved ; as, from time to time, we heard the wild war-whoops of the enemy, hanging on our rear. As long as they remained there we had little to fear. Adoo, who ran close at my heels, kept a look-out on both sides, continually pointing at the direction the natives were taking, with extraordinary precision. As we proceeded, in addition to the danger of becoming embogged, was the probability of being attacked at such a disadvantage. At length arriving at an angle of the river, with a swampy morass

before us, we were compelled to cross. Whether the strong stimulant of fear or uncommon physical exertion had neutralised or retarded the effect of the poison, or the inefficacy of the drug itself, was the cause of its effects having disappeared, I know not; but, after the first half-hour, I heard no more about it.

Bent on the one momentous object of regaining our vessel, I led the party across the river, feeling my way and supporting myself with a boar-spear. We secured our cartridges in our caps. The water was shallow, but varying in depth, and the passage difficult from its treacherous coatings of soft, black, and slippery mud. Happily myself and five others achieved a firmer footing and shallower water, after having with difficulty toiled along up to the hips, when Adoo said, "Malik, they are coming!" I lowered my carbine to my shoulder, and called to the remainder of the men to hasten on. The natives, emerging from their ambush, gave a loud yell, fired their matchlocks, and ran tumultuously down to the river's brink. In all savage warfare, the first shout and the first volley are to give themselves courage to advance, and to intimidate and panic-strike their opponents; like yelping dogs, which pursue what flies, but sneak from the sturdy; therefore if the first aimless discharge and warcry are unshrinkingly replied to and defied, the attack is rendered weak and wavering. The Javanese, seeing we stood firm, and prepared to fire on them, paused on the river's brink. Observing their hesitation we, that were in front, gave them a volley; and, the other men coming up, we shouted, and advanced rapidly to the shore to charge them. They retreated into the jungle, and we succeeded in crossing the ford without the loss of a man.

We hurried down the margin of the stream, the natives following close in our rear, or flanking us, occa-

sionally throwing spears, firing their matchlocks, and yelling obscure curses and threats ; to which we replied by a prompt shot the instant any of them became visible. The number of our pursuers was increasing, and, as we approached the sea, the jungle became thinner, when Adoo told me she saw horsemen advancing in our front. At that moment the odour of the sea-beach, impregnated as it was with dead weeds, rotten fish, and briny air, was inhaled by me with far greater rapture than ever fell to the lot of tobacco, or my favourite wines, hock, Bordeaux, and Tokay. I called out to my men, " Freshen your way, my boys—the sea ahead ! " and they sped along to the bank on which I stood, with more alacrity than I ever saw them fly up the rigging to catch a view of land after a tedious voyage. When we espied the silken, swallow-tailed vanes, glittering on the trucks of our dark-hulled schooner, although the hull was not visible, we gave a loud hurrah, with a volley of musketry to our pursuers, and considered, somewhat prematurely, our difficulties over.

On the long line of sandy plain, bordering the sea, a dingy and confused mass stained its surface. A loud shout from the natives, dogging our heels, confirmed what Adoo's hawk's eyes had first descried, and which soon became distinct to us all. A body of native, and nearly naked, horsemen approached us at speed, armed with spears, and mounted on small, but swift and active horses. Their number was not great, but, backed by those who were already nearly surrounding us, they were enough to annihilate the hopes of the wisest, and to turn the thoughts of the best towards Heaven. But I was neither of the wise nor good ; all my thoughts were occupied in how best to meet the coming danger.

A bank or bar was formed across the river, of mud and

sand; where the salt and fresh water met, and where, in storms, torrents from the mountains and the wild waves joined in conflict, depositing their spoils. Old trunks of trees, and pieces of wrecked canoes were firmly embedded in this bank, through which the current ebbed and flowed in narrow channels, the bottoms of which were deep on both sides of the river. There was a sandy level, a desert waste on our left; close to the sea was the village, interspersed with clumps of the sea-loving cocoa-nut tree; and two or three clumps of these were dotted on our right, intercepting our view of the schooner. We had not time to occupy one of these groves, as the horsemen were rapidly approaching; I therefore promptly took possession of the before-mentioned bar in the river. We accordingly retreated into the water, and, with some difficulty, succeeded in establishing ourselves on the sandy ridges, having a good footing, and the water not deeper than the knees. The bank itself, with the rubbish on it, made a breast-work. I would have also occupied the opposite side, but our party was too small to be divided. I had still my fourteen men, two or three indeed slightly wounded, but not incapacitated from using their firearms. Besides other arms, each man had a musket and bayonet, and our cartouch-boxes were nearly full; for I had economised our ammunition, on which, I knew, everything depended.

CHAPTER C I

“That Saracenic meteor of the fight.”

KEATS' MS.

“'Tis a gallant enemy,
How like a comet he goes streaming on.”

Ibid.

SHRIEKING and yelling, our foes advanced. We crouched down in silence. These wild and savage-looking horsemen were led on by their prince ; mounted on a little fiery courser of a bright red colour, with a mane and tail flying in the air like streamers in a gale. The rider was the only one of the band turbaned, clothed, and armed from head to heel. His tattooed and stained features seemed on fire with impatience to begin the slaughter. The energetic ferocity with which he glanced at our small numbers reminded me of our Borneo friend running amuck. The horse, inspired by the fiend on his back, kept in perpetual and rapid motion. The prince dashed in the water, fired a pistol at one, threw a lance at another, sprang to the shore, led on the horsemen, wheeled round, yelled at those skulking on shore, drove those on foot with his sword into the river, crossed it himself, recrossed, headed the natives on foot, and then resumed his place, leading, urging, and forcing the horsemen on us, while his horse, foaming and panting, did not for an instant slacken his rapid, springy, and mazy motions. Following him with my eye, and with my carbine resting on the bulk of a tree, behind which I was screened, I fired several shots at him ; but in vain—a swallow in the air, or a seagull riding on a wave, tempest-rocked, would have been as difficult a mark. Yet so favourable was the position we held for defence, and so cool and well directed the fire we kept

up, that all the efforts of the natives, impelled on by their meteor-like prince, were unable to dislodge us. But our ammunition was nearly expended, two men were killed, and others of our little band incapacitated by wounds. On the other hand, we had made great havoc amongst the natives, whose exposed situation gave us great advantage. The cavalry, who acted with the highest intrepidity, dashing into the river both above and below us, suffered severely from our fire, but more from the heavy mud on one side, and the deep holes, sunken trees, and spars on the other. Besides, except their prince, they had no firearms; but his devil's spirit seemed to be infused in them, and their screams were terrific. However, they could not reach us with their spears, and we slaughtered them in security. It was only by destroying them, or thinning their number, that we could hope to escape.

The time at which it was indispensable to make a desperate effort to land, and endeavour to regain the beach, was at hand. Luckily for us, the only passable ford at this point was where the horsemen could not, from the nature of the ground, oppose us, though a host of villagers withstood our passage. In this predicament, worn with toil, and almost exhausted, I cautiously, one by one, drew my men to the opposite bank, which, when perceived by the natives, they gathered down, and closed on us. The horsemen, whose number was greatly diminished, galloped off towards the sea, as I concluded, to cross and cut off our retreat. We were under the painful necessity of leaving two of the wounded. The first man who landed was killed by a stone from a sling, which was driven into the skull; so that our party was now reduced to nine, including myself. To quench their burning thirst, the men had drank freely of the brackish water of the stream, which

had made them sick ; and their standing in the water, under the piercing rays of the sun, had so affected them, that, on their landing, they staggered about as if they were drunk.

It was still about a mile to the sea. Keeping close together, we left the ford, and, skirting the river's bank, proceeded onwards. The natives crossed and dogged our heels in multitudes, which obliged us occasionally to halt, and check their advance by a volley. At last we opened a view of the schooner's hull, and the drooping and staggering men breathed a new life. Our hopes were now sanguine, when a cloud of sand uprose before us, which, partially withdrawn by the wind, exhibited to our view the vampire-prince and his bright red, fiery, and foaming horse, looming through the vapoury mirage of the dazzling white sand, like a centaur.

A small cluster of palms, shadowing the roofless ruins of a mud hut, stood to our left : all around was a sandy waste. To reach this spot was our only hope : thither we ran for our lives, panting as if our hearts would burst, and threw ourselves over the walls of the hut. One of our wounded fell from exhaustion on the road. Hearing a yell, I looked behind, and saw the malignant prince riding over his body, and endeavouring to trample him to death. He then jumped from his horse, and, as if disdaining to use his sword, smashed the man's skull with the butt of his matchlock or musket, sprang on his horse, yelled to his men, and rode to within a hundred yards of us. The horsemen then separated, and galloped round and round the hut, till, nearing us, they hurled their lances, which we returned with a volley. Two or three of the best shots, with myself, singled out the prince, when I observed his horse swerve round, and go off with a staggering gait, while a plume of the bird of paradise in his turban was scattered in the air. I

thought our comrade's death avenged ; but no such thing : the prince pulled up, dismounted, shook himself, and after surveying his steed, remounted, and was again in motion ; but his ardour appeared to be somewhat cooled.

We now had but a cartridge or two apiece, and were completely surrounded. Desponding and well-nigh exhausted, we prepared to sell our lives dearly, by desperately sallying out. I thought of death—it seemed inevitable. De Ruyter crossed my mind ; but Zela's image drove him away and totally engrossed all my thoughts, which were sad, for I believed they were my last.

The back of the hut was high, and, under its shelter, the natives had approached close to us. We smelt fire, and drove a hole in the wall with our bayonets, when we beheld they had gathered dry reeds and bushes, and had fired it. We drove them off ; but to extinguish the flames was out of our power. In the front of the hut there were palm trees, surrounded by a hedge of vacoua, a strong, prickly, impervious fence. I had several times reproached myself for not having occupied this spot in preference to the hut, being equally secure against the horse, and giving us room to act, with a better view of the proceedings of the natives. Luckily, the front of the hut formed one side of this enclosure, to which it opened as to a courtyard, and had therefore prevented the natives from entering it. The Javanese prince was impelling the savages to close in, and oppose our leaving the hut. My men had been murmuring at the predicament into which I had led them, and followed my injunctions hesitatingly and tardily to form themselves outside the hut in line, to drive the enemy, now close upon us, back with the bayonet.

CHAPTER CII

"Because I think, my lord, he is no man,
But a fierce demon 'nointed safe from harm."

KEATS' MS.

AT that moment the low thundering sound of a heavy gun seawards saluted our ears—it was the schooner's! Its effect was magical; my glowing and desponding men brightened up, threw their caps in the air, and wildly gave tongue like a pack of hounds. It was the signal of succour nigh—a sound that restored the dead to life. Another gun was fired; and while the natives were astounded at its echo from the jungle and the hills, we rushed out amongst them, drove them panic-struck before us, and threw ourselves under cover of the palms. With a busy and cheerful alacrity the men took up their appointed stations, and, shaking hands, swore to defend themselves against all odds. Yet still the foiled barbarians were forced upon us by their prince and leader, who, with unslackened courage, urged on his reeking horse from point to point. We had but five or six cartridges remaining amongst us, and trusted alone to our bayonets. The natives, observing that no succour was near us, and that our fire was discontinued, advanced close to the prickly hedge, and wounded several of our men through the branches. In reality our situation was more hopeless than ever; but most of the horsemen had gone towards the sea, and the prince could not induce his followers to assault us, so much had they already suffered, or we should have fallen an easy prey. I began to imagine, what all my men had long believed, that the prince was the evil spirit, and invulnerable.

Thus encircled like a scorpion girt with fire, we had

passed nearly an hour—it seemed a thousand!—when my attention was directed to the margin of the sea by the Javanese, who all turned that way and simultaneously yelled. Instantly I heard a fire of musketry, and a cloud of doubt, hanging over my mind, was dispelled. They were my crew, coming to our rescue. Our first impulse was to rush out and join them; but we could not abandon the wounded. We shouted, and when I saw, by the crowd of natives collected in front of us, that our men were approaching in the right point, up the bank of the river, and as soon as we caught a glimpse of the scarlet-capped Arabs, I gave signal of our position by firing my carbine; upon which I distinctly heard the warcry of my Arabs. The prince, with his now diminished troopers, was galloping and wheeling about them; but I knew, by the continued and heavy fire, there was a force sufficient to repel any effort he might make. Yet did this undaunted leader, who, by the swarms gathered around him, seemed to have been reinforced, dispute with wonderful pertinacity their advance, so that they were frequently compelled to halt and fire. At length they approached the bank of the river on our flank, and, spreading in two bodies, advanced to our position. The natives retreated; and in my impatience, I sprung over the enclosure, cap in hand, cheering my gallant crew; when, ere I had proceeded half-way to them, a light and bounding figure, with her loose vest and streaming hair flying in the wind, and in speed like a swallow (but oh! how infinitely more welcome than that harbinger of spring and flowers!)—came all my joy, my hope, my happiness, my Zela! She sprung into my arms, we clasped each other in speechless ecstasy, and there thrilled through my frame a rapture that swelled my heart and veins almost to bursting. The rude seamen forgot their

danger, and looked on not unmoved. This, in an instant was followed by—"What cheer, Captain?"—"Where are our messmates?"—and more vociferous cries and questions from Zela's Arabs, mingled, from a multitude of voices, with shouts and blaspheming threats against the Javanese.

Assisting our wounded along, we regained the bank of the river, and continued our march to the shore in good order, small bodies of the natives hovering about us, but not impeding our progress. The prince and the main body of the armed natives were in advance of us, seemingly with the purpose of disputing our embarkation, or attacking the boats previously to our arrival. This urged us on, for I knew the schooner lay too far out to cover the boats with her guns; but my second mate told me he had ordered the boats to lie out at their grapnels, and that the long-boat had a carronade in it. We were worn out with hardship, suffering from hunger, and more from thirst. Zela alone, as a child of the desert, had thought of bringing water, which had been given to the wounded. The boats were evidently kept from the shore by the armed natives on the beach. The schooner was in sight, and getting under weigh to run nearer in. As we approached the beach, I drew up my men, broke the throng before us with a volley, and drove through them with the bayonet; when the boats pushed in to the mouth of the river, and we succeeded in getting the wounded into them. But, as the men were following, the natives renewed their attack, and several of our men were killed in disorderly skirmishes in the water. The long-boat, full of men, was fast grounded in the mud, and the *mêlée* was hand to hand. The creeses of the natives were better weapons than our muskets; besides, our cartridge-boxes were full of water, and the confusion was so great,

there being neither order nor command, that we were in imminent peril. We could not stand on the slimy bottom of the water, stained with mud, and encrimsoned with blood, and, in struggling, the men fell, when the natives stabbed them under water. Having placed Zela in the long-boat, aided by two or three steady men, the natives crowding round and holding on the gunwale,* we discharged the carronade loaded with grape-shot. This made them pause, and gave our men time to rally. A second discharge cleared a space on the beach, and enabled us to get the boats afloat.

I was standing in the bow of the boat, with the match in my hand; the bow was hanging on a sandbank, whence the men were shoving her. The natives were scattered, and flying in terror of the cannon, and the beach was strewn with dead and dying, when the invulnerable prince, with unabated fury, headed and led on half a dozen horsemen, who stopped on seeing the engine, whose roar they so much dreaded, pointed directly on them. Turning round, the prince spoke some energetic words to them; then, with a shout, and an expression of scorn and daring, he forced his bright red horse along the sandbank, up to the bow of the boat, point-blank before the gun. I blew the match, and touched the priming—it did not ignite. The prince dashed his turban in my face, and discharged a pistol at me. Whilst I was staggering from the shock, Zela promptly grasped the match, which had dropped from my hand, and fired the gun. A wailing scream arose along the beach from the Javanese. A wounded horse was madly plunging and trampling on his now prostrate rider—but that was not the prince. Farther on, just on the margin of the red surge, lay a mass of mutilated remains, huddled darkly together;—a human leg and a horse's, hands and hoofs, the

garments of a man and the garniture of a horse, blackened with powder and red with blood. Yet was there enough to identify the best horse! that warrior ever mounted and the most heroic warrior that ever led to battle.

CHAPTER CIII

“A little shallop, floating there hard by,
Pointed its beak over the fringed bank;
And soon it lightly dipt, and rose, and sank,
And dipt again with the young couple’s weight.”

KEATS.

I FELT myself severely wounded, without knowing where the ball had entered. Unable to move my lower extremities, a dull and torpid sensation crept throughout my frame. On looking downwards, I saw that my garments, from the right side to the hip, were rent and stained with powder, and that my loose cotton trousers were on fire. No bleeding could be discerned. I lay down on the thwarts of the boat, now afloat, and, the natives having entirely discontinued their opposition, we left the shore. The schooner was standing in, keeping up a desultory fire over the beach. With returning sensibility, the heavy and benumbing torpor was succeeded by excruciating agony. They laid me in the after-part of the boat. Zela bent over me, and tried, with gentle words and soothing attentions, to assuage my agony. “Zela!” I said—“my good spirit!—tell me, was that our evil fate that struck at my life?—was it Azrael, the red angel of death?—has he wounded me mortally?”

“Bis Allah!” she answered, “the good spirit paralysed the warrior’s arm, when he aimed at your life.

God is strong, and we are weak. Death strikes the trunk, and not the limbs."

The ball had entered just below my right groin, inclining downwards, the prince having been considerably above me when he fired. The pain augmented, but the wound did not bleed; and it was not a consolatory reflection at the time that we had no surgeon on board. I was hoisted on the schooner's deck, carried down into the cabin, and laid on the couch. The prince had been so close to me that a large portion of the powder had apparently entered with the ball, and torn and scarified the surrounding flesh, which was black and livid. Zela applied the yolks of raw eggs over the wound to draw out the powder—an Eastern remedy, and certainly effectual. Nothing was done after this but washing with hot wine and laying on poultices. For four or five days and nights the pain was immitigable; except, which I have always experienced with gunshot wounds, that it was more severe from noon till sunrise; and no Rajput ever watched and worshipped the first ray of the rising luminary of day so devoutly as I did. For twelve days I ate nothing, living, like the whale, on suction. What is the strongest impressed on my memory is the unparalleled devotion and unwearied attention of Zela, who, I really believe, suffered mentally more than I did bodily. A friend of our own sex cannot pass through the ordeal of attendance on a sick couch. Friends shrink from the trial; they will share danger—nay, more, their purses—they may give their aid, their counsel, and their pity; but they cannot sympathise with one in sorrow or sickness. No, it is the woman who loves—she alone can soothe, watch with exhaustless affection and patience, endure the waywardness of mind and the vexatious absurdity which arise from sickness or sorrow. Can the friendship

of man, however ardent and sincere, be compared with the idolatry with which women give up soul and body to the man consecrated by their virgin affections ? Friendship is founded on necessity ; it must be planted and cultured with care ; it flourishes only on particular soils ; whilst love is indigenous throughout the world. Friendship, like bread, is the staff of our existence ; but love is the origin and perpetuator of existence itself. Can I think of Zela's care and watchfulness during my sufferings, without digressing on the matchless love of women ? If there is a portion I would snatch from the gloomy abyss of my past life to live over again, it should be that month in which I lay wounded, pained, and helpless, nursed with far deeper love than that of the fondest mother when she watches the symptoms of disease, or returning health, over her first-born child.

It should have been remarked that when we got on board we lost no time in hoisting in the boats and moving directly out to sea, keeping a north-east course, anxious to hasten our junction with the grab, and to have the advantage of Van ^{der} Scolpvelt's surgical skill. At that time I had not learnt, what experience has since convinced me of, that, in nine cases out of ten, in gunshot wounds, a surgeon, however skilful, is of little advantage. The probe and plug are discarded ; blood enough to avert inflammation generally proceeds from the wound ; a few poultices, cleanliness, and bandages are all that nature requires. With healthy and uncorrupted constitutions, nature must be left to use her own inscrutable and wondrous power of healing, recruiting, joining, dove-tailing, and glueing. As I recovered I cannot forget the wolf-like greediness with which I ravenously preyed on a piece of lamb. No words can express the relish with which I gnawed and crunched, with keen eye and sharp tooth, the very bones. The

day after, Zela brought me the shoulder of a small kid roasted. It was at noon, and my imagination had been gloated all the morning exclusively on the dinner-hour. On its being placed before me, I exclaimed, " My God ! is this all ? Now I find the loss of poor Louis ! He would not have given me the fragment of a starved kid—he would have roasted the entire mother, with the kid as a garnish ! "

As my appetite returned, my strength was gradually restored ; and, with the dignified addition of crutches, I resumed my duty on deck. One of our wounded died, certainly not from the effect of his wound, which was but a scratch, but from the lingering effects of the drug in the coffee, with which he had greedily drenched himself. His comrades, for a long time, complained of the Javanese poison ; but their disorder, I believe, arose from their taking the medicine I had prescribed for the sick—wine. A steady sea breeze, a moderate temperature, and the methodical regularity of a sea-life, dispelled fever and dysentery, and restored my men to health.

A few words will explain the cause of our receiving the timely succour in Java. Zela, with her younger handmaiden, had embarked in a small canoe, fancifully denominated her barge, and had pulled along the shore to a sheltered nook, where she might indulge in her favourite recreation of swimming. This had been our diurnal habit, and we were almost amphibious. De Ruyter, at the Isle of France, used to compare me to a shark, and Zela, clothed in striped cotton, to the little blue and white pilot-fish, while she was preceding me in the water, or floating on the surface. At this time, as she was swimming, she caught the sound of musketry, borne by the land-wind, and conveyed along the sheltered and unbroken surface of the sea ; it was distant, low, and indistinct. At first she naturally

concluded we were at our sport ; but, she said, an indefinable presentiment of evil had crept on her mind. She dressed herself hurriedly ; her first impulse was to land and trace the noise to its source ; but reflection forbade her following her inclination, and she paddled the canoe along the beach, towards the mouth of the river, where she had observed the boats were lying, but they were not there. The report of guns then became more distinct ; and her exquisite sense of hearing enabled her to distinguish the sound of my carbine by its sharp and ringing report. Soon after she faintly distinguished the shouts of the natives, which she discovered to be those of war, not of hunting. Hastening on board, she told the mate her fears. He went up to the mast-head, and there caught a glimpse both of the advancing cavalry and the detached parties of Javanese hurrying from the village. The boats were luckily alongside, the long-boat having the gun in it for the protection of the woodcutters when on shore ; they were quickly manned and armed. In spite of every remonstrance, Zela peremptorily insisted on accompanying them ; and, by being conversant in savage warfare, with unerring sagacity directed the party, which otherwise would not have arrived in time ; so that I may justly call her the angel of my fate.

CHAPTER CIV

“ Here the earth’s breath is pestilence, and few
But things whose nature is at war with life—
Snakes and ill worms—endure its mortal dew.”

SHELLEY.

WHAT with calms and squalls treading on each other’s heels, pursuing the vessels of all nations which awakened

the smallest hope of proving lawful prizes, and flying from those for which we were no match, ours was no idle life—nor was it unprofitable. In India I had always seen those in power make that power subservient to their interests and passions; and thus is it ever with men, unless they are muzzled and chained like dogs, as is wisely enacted in some parts of Europe. I had acquired these rabid propensities, and my power to do wrong was only limited by my means. The Gulf of Siam and the Chinese seas long resounded with the depredations of the schooner; and the approach of the horrid hurricanes and water-spouts, so prevalent there, were less dreaded than the sight of our long, low hull; yet, like the devil, we were not of quite so murky a hue as represented. Having faithfully narrated, in my previous history, particular instances of our acts and manner of life, selected from my private journals, I shall add wings to my story, by avoiding henceforth minute details, leading to endless repetition, and the methodical dulness contained in that book of lead—I mean, a ship's log-book.

We first touched at the island of Caramata for water. Our stowage being principally occupied by plunder, leaving but a narrow space for water, our avarice was often bitterly punished by the severest torture human nature can sustain, when we have been severally limited to a daily modicum of three half-pints, or less, of foul and fermenting water; yet, nauseous as it was, the most avaricious among us would have freely exchanged his share of the booty for an unlimited draught. My idea then of perfect happiness was a plunge in a lake of clear, cold water—a river seemed too small to satisfy my insatiable thirst. We were in this horrible state of drought when we put into Caramata, where we obtained a plentiful supply of

water, fruit, and poultry, upon which we renewed our course.

One of the rendezvous for meeting with the grab was in the vicinity of the Philippine Islands. Keeping along the north-east coast of Borneo, we boarded a large Chinese junk, off two burning islands. One of these islands was very small, and shaped like an inverted cone ; the smooth edges of the crater were gilded with fire, whence arose a steady column of thin vapour, with occasional sparks. This seemed to be connected by a shoal, probably formed by the lava, to the larger island, which had no fire on its shaggy summit, was of the colour and form of a Persian's cap, and, from a jagged mouth below its top, thick volumes of black smoke were puffed out at intervals. The quarter-master said, " Look at that lubberly, lazy Turk ! what a cool berth he has got, squatting in the sea, to smoke his water-pipe ! " I laughed at the fanciful, and not inapplicable comparison. The junk was densely crowded with Chinese, migrating to Borneo as settlers. I bartered some birds' nests for fresh provisions, ducks, hogs, and fruit, and left the living cargo unmolested to proceed on their voyage.

Some nights after this we were dreadfully alarmed at grazing on a sandbank. Luckily, there was little wind, and we escaped without any apparent damage ; for, had it been blowing weather, we should have been wrecked. We made the island of Palawan, and brought up in tolerable anchorage off Bookelooyant Point, under the shelter of a group of small islands. Here we remained for two days, and, seeing nothing of De Ruyter, I got under weigh, and steered a northerly course, till I made our second rendezvous, at an island called the Sea-horse. It was uninhabited ; and in a certain spot, the situation of which De Ruyter had

particularly described, after considerable trouble in searching, I found a letter which he had promised to leave for me, with his further instructions, in the event of his not meeting me there. By this I was directed to run in a parallel line of latitude, therein set down, till I got sight of the coast of Cochin-China. I acted accordingly.

Hitherto everything went on well on board: the weather was remarkably clear and fine, with nights so shining and delightfully cool, that I generally passed them on deck, reading with Zela, or listening to Arab tales. We had been some days becalmed off an island called Andradas, to the westward of which we were slowly drifting, from an undercurrent, when we observed indications of an approaching change of weather. There was a breathless stillness in the atmosphere, which was thick with heavy dew: the island became veiled, its outline shadowy and indistinct, the sun seemed bloodshot, and its dimensions considerably augmented; it had lost its wonted fire, and the eye might gaze on it undazzled: the stars were visible long before their hour; they appeared nearer to the sea, and resembled moons, but lustreless. This dismal and melancholy prelude was frightfully reflected in the water, and on the dark faces of my native crew. It was with difficulty that I aroused them from their torpor, to prepare for the battle which it was evident we should soon be compelled to fight with the wild winds and waves.

CHAPTER CV

"Whilst above the sunless sky,
 Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
 And behind the tempest fleet
 Hurries on with lightning-feet,
 Riving sail, and cord and plank,
 Till the ship has almost drank
 Death from the o'er-brimming deep."

SHELLEY.

THE men aloft were sending down the light masts and yards; we on deck were clewing up the sails, and the Arabs and natives drowned their fears in noise and bustle. I watched eagerly all around the horizon: its grey, misty hues were every instant denser and darker. Casting my eyes upwards, a ball of fire, which I thought was a shooting-star, descended perpendicularly from above us, as we lay becalmed and motionless, into the sea, close to our quarter, making the same sort of noise in the water as a red-hot cannon-ball. At the same moment the skies were rent asunder with an appalling crash: our vessel shook as if she had struck upon a rock: rain, wind, lightning, and thunder burst over our heads all together, and the sea was lashed up into huge dark billows. The storm, happily, took us right aft; and, under bare poles, with wild and resistless force, rapid as lightning, it drove us before it. Having weathered the first shock, and there being sea-room, we soon recovered from our consternation, and the gale settled in the north-east. We got the storm-sails up, that we might be enabled to bring her to the wind, when the first fury of the gale was spent. Ours was a matchless sea-boat; and, having secured everything snugly on board, we carefully luffed her up to the wind, and lay to, with a

close-reefed fore-storm-staysail. The sky was of a pitchy darkness, the sea white with foam.

I went down in the cabin to see by the chart, as well as, under such circumstances, it was possible, where we were, when I heard a general shout on deck. Wondering what it could mean, I jumped up the hatchway, and, speechless with astonishment, beheld a large ship coming up slap on our weather quarter. She was scudding under bare poles. It was evident she had seen us ; and I distinguished the face of a man holding a lantern over her bow, when we were asked, through a speaking-trumpet, what we were, and then we heard, " Schooner, ahoy!—strike, or we will sink you ! " Instantly all was in commotion on the deck of the frigate, for such I made her out to be, getting her guns out, and preparing to use them. My surprise prevented my replying, and it was not till her long tier of heavy cannon swept by us, so near that she actually with her main-shrouds grazed our jib-boom, and till a voice again bellowed out, " Do you strike ? "—that I gained my presence of mind, and, calling out, " Put the helm up ! "—we bore away, till I got the wind on my quarter. Several guns were fired at us. Our only hope was in more canvas on the schooner ; and as soon as she felt it, and found herself released from the restraint under which she had laboured, with her head to the sea, groaning and staggering from the tremendous blows of the waves, she flew like a greyhound, when let slip at its prey. She dashed madly through the crests of the foaming billows, which hissed and fumed as if boiling, and left in her wake a line of sparkling light like a meteor in the heavens, brighter from being contrasted with the blackness of the night.

While congratulating myself on our escape, the man, looking out on our fore-rigging (for the fore-part of the

deck was swept clean by every sea), called out, "The frigate ahead!" We had just time to put the helm up again, when we swept by a ship, which I saw, by a dim lantern on her poop, was not the frigate, but a larger vessel. We had scarcely cleared her before we crossed the bow of another, and then another. I was bewildered. The mate said wildly and fearfully, "These be no real ships, Sir—but the *Flying Dutchman*!" To which the quartermaster answered, "I'll be damned if it be—it be a China fleet." The truth of this instantly flashed across my mind;—it was the homeward-bound Canton fleet.

When well to leeward of them, we again hauled our wind, and lay to, till daylight should appear. After a dreadful night of anxiety, perplexity, and peril, the darkness, which I thought had lasted an eternity, slowly disappeared; and lurid streaks of light, betokening a tempestuous day, barely enabled me to take a survey of the dim and narrow circle of the horizon. What a change a single day had made! On the previous morning a child's paper boat might have swum securely, and now these English ships of colossal size, compared to which we must have appeared a nutshell, were madly tossed about. Every wave, like a mountain, threatened to overwhelm them. Lashed up by the wind, the sea seemed boiling; and the frothy scum, formed on its surface, filled the air like a snowstorm. The old weather-beaten quartermaster, who had hold of the helm, as with his horny hand he wiped off the spray which was flying over him, and mingled with the tobacco juice down his grizzly beard, said, "Mayhap old Neptune's Mis'ess wants a cup of tea this morning, and has boiled the water, and belike will sarve herself out of those three tea-chests. Thrée!—ay—my wife always turned in three spoonsful—one for I, one for her, and t'other for the pot."

The three East Indiamen, which were from twelve to fifteen hundred tons, seemed to have suffered considerable damage. They were lying to, awaiting, as I conjectured, the coming up of their consorts; for it was evident they were part of the convoy I had encountered in the night: consequently concluding I was now both ahead and to leeward of them all, it was necessary I should get the weather-gage before the men-of-war came up, in order to be safe from their pursuit when the violence of the storm should abate. Accordingly, taking advantage of the lull, which generally occurs at break of day, under our storm-sails, we hauled our wind. I have said a better sea-boat never floated than ours: all our light spars were secured on deck, the hatchways and ports were battened down, and, being free from lumber, and in the best trim, we floated on the wild seas in comparative ease as well as security; whilst the huge and unwieldy Indiamen, high out of water, and lumbered up within and without, looked like anything but swans on a lake. As the light became stronger, the horizon was enlarged; the sun, though at times obscured by dark masses of rapidly-passing clouds, pierced with its wandering beams the vapours hanging over the sea, and I was enabled, with a powerful telescope, to count seven other vessels, among which the most prominent was a line-of-battle ship, distinguished by her broad pennant as the *Commodore*. She was making signals, as I apprehended, to the frigate from which I had so miraculously escaped—thanks to the gale. Sweeping my glass round the horizon to windward, I observed the frigate bearing down to the leeward ships, seemingly to assist those which had suffered most, the weather ships having borne up and congregated to leeward, except one solitary bark, whose white and reduced main-topsail could alone be dis-

tinguished, in the very eye of the wind, or, as sailors say, dead to windward. She, too, altered her course, but not in the track of the others, her object appearing to be to keep near them, but not to go amongst them. I watched her intently: the cut of her sails, her taunt-masts, the celerity of her manœuvres, and the velocity with which she moved, proved her a ship of war, yet everything denoted she was not English.

"Take the glass," I said to the old quartermaster, "I can't make out what the devil craft that is. She is altering her course, and coming down on us: we must wear round, and show her our stern. Well, what do you make her out to be, quartermaster?"

"Why, Sir," replied the old seaman, "did you never see in the Indies three fore-and-aft sails such as she carries? I larnt that cut when I sarved in a New York pilot-boat, and I cut that there canvas, as sartain as my name be Bill Thompson!"

"What!" I exclaimed, "is it the grab?"

"Sartainly it be," says Bill.

CHAPTER CVI

"Blow, swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
Till the broad sun withdraws its lessening ray;
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way."

BYRON.

THE welcome news spread through the schooner, and joy beamed from every eye. In an hour she came up alongside of us, when we gave a simultaneous cheer that arose above the noise of the still undiminished gale. My pleasure was indescribable, heightened at its being unexpected and opportune. As no boat could live in

the sea, we could only communicate by our private code of signals, by which I was directed to keep close to the grab and follow her motions.

The gale continued steadily blowing out of the Gulf of Siam, drifting the convoy down towards Borneo. We followed De Ruyter as he edged down on them. I observed that most of the merchant-ships had suffered more or less damage : one of them had lost her foremast, which, as we afterwards were informed, had been struck by lightning, when twelve or fourteen men were killed—the *Commodore* had her in tow. Another had lost her topmast and jib-boom : being a heavy sailer, she was a long way to leeward, and the frigate, under much canvas, considering the weather, was towing her. The other ships were uniting their efforts to keep together, and assist each other : while De Ruyter practised successively every nautical expedient to harass and divide them, in which, with reckless effrontery, I aided and abetted. Day and night we hung on them, like wolves on a sheepfold, kept at bay by the watch-dogs. Our superiority in sailing gave us the power of annoyance ; but, besides the men-of-war, the greater portion of the merchant-company's ships overmatched us in number of men and weight of metal, carrying from thirty to forty guns, and from a hundred and fifty to three hundred men. Nevertheless, we impeded their progress so much by day with both feigned and real attacks, and deceived them so much at night by false signals with guns and lights, that they made every effort to destroy or get rid of us. The frigate gave chase to us alternately ; but though she was a strong ship, and was handled in the most masterly and seaman-like manner, all her attempts were vain. My temerity frequently put the schooner in jeopardy : once, as she pursued me, out-carrying me with sail, I should in-

evitably have fallen into her hands, if her jib-boom and fore-topmast had not gone by the board, as she had opened a fire on me from her bow-chasers. Thus we succeeded in embarrassing and impeding the convoy, in despite of their strenuous and unwearied exertions to keep together, we being favoured by the islands, banks, and rocks scattered on their lee, towards which the continuance of the gale, aided by the swell and current, combined to drive them. The ship which the frigate had occasionally in tow, when deprived of that aid, by our keeping her incessantly on the alert, had drifted far astern and to leeward. As the sun set, De Ruyter was alongside of us, considerably ahead of the fleet. He said—

“In twenty-four hours this gale will have expended its strength, not the less violent, in the meantime, on that account. To-night we will make our last effort, which shall be to cut off that sternmost ship. I will prevent the frigate from succouring her till sunset: then she can be of no avail. I will come to windward of you. At nightfall, do you get in her wake, and you shall find me near you.”

With words to this effect De Ruyter left me; and, with even more than his wonted audacity, ran in among the convoy, undauntedly exchanging shots with several of the largest. By the rapidity of his movements he kept the frigate continually on the alert. The India-men looked like Chinese junks; and, for the most part, were manned with those outcast, miserable wretches, lascars. Such an one was the dismasted ship, that De Ruyter and myself, having successfully detached her from the convoy, doubted not would be our prize.

England may be justly proud of her gallant seamen, hardy, fearless, and weather-beaten as the rocks on her own iron-bound coast. The wealth of a single island,

paltry and insignificant in itself, maintains more effective ships of war at sea than all Europe combined. To this, however, everything is sacrificed. Yet it is a singular fact that her vessels engaged in commerce are, without exception, from those employed in the most distant parts to the coasters, the most unsightly, dirtiest, and heaviest sailers in the world, and, during the war, the worst manned, for then the navy impressed all the able seamen. Owing to the injudicious law by which the tonnage-duties are levied, from the measurement of the length of keelson and breadth of beam, not by the tonnage a ship may actually contain, the merchant-ship-builder's study is to diminish the weight of the duty. This they accomplish by continuing the breadth, with little diminution, from the stem to the stern, by projecting the upper works, and sinking the hold to the depth of the well on the desert; so that, by the absurd measurement of our Government, a ship, registered at seven hundred and fifty tons, frequently carries a thousand or eleven hundred tons freight. This absurd system can only be equalled by that of the Chinese, which, like other idiotic edicts, they defend on the score of antiquity. They measure the length from the centre of the foremast to the centre of the mizenmast, and the breadth is taken close abaft the mainmast; the length is then multiplied by the breadth, and the product, divided by ten, gives the measurement of the ship. By this method a brig often pays more than a ship, and a ship of one hundred tons half as much as one of a thousand. Yet the English and the Chinese are, in their way, both called wise nations.

CHAPTER CVII

“But that sad ship is as a miracle
 Of sudden ruin, for it drives so fast,
 It seems as if it had arrayed its form
 With the headlong storm.
 It strikes—I almost feel the shock,—
 It stumbles on a jagged rock,—
 Sparkles of blood on the white foam are cast.”

SHELLEY.

A CHANGE in the weather was apparent. The small curled clouds, which hitherto had all scudded one way, congregating to windward, where they remained stationary, arranged in horizontal lines, till incorporated in the dark and rugged bank, as if to supply the laboratory of the tempest with fuel, now no longer hurried on to a particular point, while their hues and forms were changed, being grey and evanescent. Night came on, with occasional showers of rain ; and the obscurity was such that I could only at times catch a glimpse of the Indianman, directed to where she lay by the signals of distress she made to those who could not possibly hear or see her, and, if seen, could not assist her. The gale, though broken, blew fiercely in squalls ; and in the intervening lulls, when relieved from the pressure of the gale on the little canvas it was safe to carry, the sullen and tumultuous waves hurled us about, and the water fell on our deck with the noise and shock of an avalanche, every wave threatening to annihilate us. To add to our peril there were shoals and an extensive range of sunken rocks immediately under our lee.

We saw nothing of the grab till towards morning. The weather was then moderated ; and De Ruyter informed me that he feared the Indianman was wrecked ; that when he had last seen her she was bound in by

sunken rocks ; that he had approached to warn her of her danger, and advised her to wear round, and haul her wind, but she had borne away before it, not knowing where she was. "Now," said he, "they must all inevitably perish. Ay, they are firing guns for aid, but it is too late !"

De Ruyter's conjectures, as to her loss, were verified with the earliest break of day. The first object my eye rested on was the huge wreck of the ship, lying along a bed of rocks, fixed within its jagged points as in a cyclopean vice ; while the immense waves, lashed into fury by the opposition of the low reef of scattered rocks, assumed their wildest and most destructive forms. Some arose like pyramids, others came sweeping along in continued columns, till, checked by the shoals, their crests flew upwards clear and transparent as glass ; then, curling inwards, they hissed and rolled on, till, encountered by the reaction of the eddying swell from other quarters, they successively disappeared in spray and foam. In the very midst of this horrific whirlpool, with the surf thundering on her, as if ejected by the force of a volcano, the doomed wreck lay, like a stranded leviathan.

Not a vestige of the convoy could be descried through the dim veil of misty clouds which hung on the verge of the horizon. The gale, after drawing round to the east, expended its last efforts, and died away at the first ray of the sun. We lay pitching and rolling so heavily that our masts bent like rattans, the knees and timbers of the vessel groaned and shrieked as if torn asunder, and the bulk-heads and deck opened and closed with the violence of the motion. We were already so near the rocks as to fill us with dread. To think of succouring the crew of the wrecked vessel (should indeed any of them still exist) was at that period out of the

question. With a telescope I could make out that the mainmast with the mainyard, and the stump of the mizenmast were the only parts of the wreck over which the sea did not continually break. The fore-part of the vessel was bilged, and occasionally under water ; so that I knew the decks must have blown up, and her cargo been washed out. Her poop was high out of the water, but the surf played over it like a fountain. It was evident, if any of her crew had escaped, they must be on the weather main-yardarm, which was topped considerably up, the lee side drooping, and the swell striking against it. Had any sought refuge on the weather side of the yard, it was barely possible they could maintain their hold against the continued shocks to which they were liable.

At nine a.m. the swell had so far abated that, seeing De Ruyter prepare to get a boat out, I followed his example ; and succeeded with a light and particularly buoyant whale-boat, with the second mate and four of my best seamen—my wound confining me on board. De Ruyter having spoken my boat they proceeded together, making a long sweep round the shoals to leeward, as I readily conjectured, to make the desperate attempt at approaching the wreck ;—the gallant De Ruyter, the first of seamen, and the first in danger, whether to save or slay !—while I, impotent as a bed-ridden hag, could only curse the paralysed limb, which withheld me from following his noble example.

It was past noon ere I observed the two boats returning round the reef towards the grab. I had been able to distinguish men moving on the mainyard of the wreck, and that the boats had succeeded in getting near enough to induce them to lower themselves by ropes into the sea. Some, I concluded, were saved. The schooner being the lighter vessel, I got her nearer

to the boats ; and, the swell continuing to go down, they reached us in safety. De Ruyter swung himself on board with a rope ; and, as he wrung my hand, his face beamed with joy brighter than I had ever beheld it. "Had that lubberly ship," said he, "kept clear of the rocks, she would have been ours, and I should have cleared forty thousand dollars ; yet, I know not why, the rescuing four of her people gives me greater pleasure than if I had made a prize of her, or of tea-chests piled high as the Himalayan Mountains. Poor fellows ! they must be endued with the hardiness of otters to have lived through such a night, on such a perch. Hoist them on board, my lads !—but first the father and his son."

The words were scarcely uttered when a man, with a rent jacket of red camlet and yellow facings, embroidered with silver cord, and the other parts of his dress stained and dripping, came feebly staggering towards me, evidently unable to support himself. A dark stripling, naked to the waist, of a light and muscular form, held him up by the arm. The former was between forty and fifty years of age, a captain in a Bengal regiment, returning to Europe, on leave, after five-and-twenty years' service in India ; by which he had acquired a right to full pay for the remainder of his life, amounting to a hundred and eighty pounds per annum. This beggarly stipend, had his habits or the climate been more temperate, he might have lived many years to claim ; but incarcerated in the oven-like atmosphere of Calcutta, his liver had enlarged to the same unnatural proportions as that of a Strasburg goose, and by the same means—heat and stuffing. Bile, not blood, seemed to circulate, or rather to be stagnated throughout his body, dyeing his skin with the slimy green and yellow hue of encrusting standing water. His annuity was

not worth half a year's purchase. The boy was from sixteen to seventeen, his son by a native woman. Grafted on an indigenous stock he had grown well, and gave promise of goodly fruit. These and other particulars I learnt afterwards, for instantly on their arrival on board I gave them a separate cabin, and had all their wants supplied. Of the other two men saved, one was the third mate, a square athletic north-countryman, inured to wreck and storm, having been brought up in a collier on his own dangerous coast. The other was the serang, or native boatswain ; he was the finest-looking fellow I ever saw, as good a seaman as he was a brave man—the more remarkable from his caste being stigmatised for dastardly conduct. The gallant youth, who had preserved his father through all the dangers I have described, these men spoke of with wonder and admiration.

CHAPTER CVIII

“Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell ;
 Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave ;
 Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave ;
 And the sea yawned around her like a hell.”

BYRON.

WHEN refreshed by sleep and food, the third mate told his story of the wreck. His ship, one of the largest, had lost her topmasts, and was otherwise greatly damaged by being taken aback, when first struck by the gale. The frigate had occasionally taken her in tow. She was a very heavy sailer, hardly seaworthy. Her cargo consisted of tea, silk, and sundries. With women, children, black servants, and others, there were above three hundred souls in her. In the early part

of the night she laboured so much from the heavy swell as to become generally leaky ; many of the chain-bolts were drawn, and the chain-plates gave way. In bearing up to ease her, two of the guns of the main-deck had broken loose ; one of them had stove in a porthole, which let in the water ; upon this the pumps became choked from the tea getting into the well. When the grab had hailed her, and told her of the rocks, she had attempted to wear round, but, for want of head-sail, became ungovernable. Ultimately the wind, swell, and indraught drifted her bodily towards, and then by force through, a narrow channel of the reefs. There, brought up stern-foremost on a sunken ledge of rocks, in the very midst of the breakers, all the lascars instantly betook themselves to the rigging and masts. The wailing and screaming were so loud as to drown the uproar of the winds and waves. The spray, sometimes the waves, covered the ship ; all thought they were already under water ; most of those on the decks were so bewildered that they were washed overboard, before they could take any measures to save themselves. Nothing was visible but the white foam bubbling all around. They were entirely ignorant of where they were, or what they were to do. " At that moment," continued the third mate, " I knew not a single person on board. I swung myself into the main-rigging by a rope ; many lascars and some of the officers were there. I went on the main-top ; that also was crowded ; none could be heard to speak, from the spray which even reached them there. Soon after I saw the foremast go by the board ;—from the noise on it I thought it was covered with men ;—they were all lost ! Hardly did I know the deck of my own ship ; her forecastle seemed entirely under water. I heard a crash ; I thought it was the sea working its way between decks, having

entered by the hatchways. By a loud report, like thunder, I knew the decks were blown up, and the ship water-logged. Some time afterwards, towards morning, she made a sudden lurch, and fell on her beam-ends to port ;—the shock was so sudden and violent that it carried away the mizenmast, on which was the greater part of the Europeans ; and it threw most of the men out of the maintop, and the lee main-yardarm ;—being in the water, all were swept from it ! I and the serang, who had held fast, seeing the top was going to pieces, no longer tenable, crawled out on the weather main-yard, which we found almost abandoned ; for the braces, which steadied it, being carried away, and the mainsail, having got loose, had shaken off those which were on it ; yet, though the sail was blown away, the yard was swinging about see-saw fashion. I then first came athwart the old captain, clinging like a lobster to a rock, with the young half-caste sticking fast as a barnacle alongside him, both of them lashed on the yard by the gaskins, which the lubbers had cast loose for that purpose, not knowing the sail would get adrift, which had caused so much mischief. Daylight appeared, when I could only count six alive. We were almost exhausted, and without hope, till we saw your boats : but when we looked round, we thought it impossible that any one could near us ; for we were shut in by breakers, on which the sea burst so violently that we could scarcely hear each other's voices. Besides, we knew you were French privateers ; and when we did observe the boats shove off, pulling towards us, we thought they came to see what plunder they could pick up, not to save us." Here the mate's hard north-country visage brightened, and his small blue eye glistened from under his high cheek-bones. "I have seen many brave and good boatmen come off in lifeboats, and other shore-boats

on our coast, in gales when no ship could show a rag of canvas, but no man ever saw such a devil's bay as we lay in. The eddying swell whirling round and round, flying up like waterspouts, dead men, tea-chests, casks, bales of silk and cotton, ship-sails, spare boats and oars, men's hammocks, chests, were all tossed topsy-turvy about together. It made me, Sir, very queer to look at it; for they all seemed alive, and the men moved their arms and legs about as if they were drunk. There was in particular an old black nurse holding a white child in her arms, which she seemed trying to reship on board us, and then she spun round and round the rocks; and I thought I heard the body squealing, every time they were dashed against the rocks. A man near me on the yard never took his eyes off her; and, all at once, he called out, as if he were stark mad, 'Ay, ay, old devil, I am coming! I am coming!'—and dashed head-foremost amongst 'em; he didn't strike out a stroke, but went down like lead. The old captain told me not to look below; and I did feel my head going round, as if I were top heavy. A fish or a cork could not float steadily for an instant in that roaring whirlpool, and yet the American captain got near enough, after a number of trials, to throw a lead line on board, when the first man who tried to get hold of it was washed off and drowned. Then it was again thrown, and that young lad, the officer's son, who was as active as a monkey, got hold of it, and I secured the end of a rope to it, which the captain hauled on board. One by one we lowered ourselves down, and were hauled into the boat; and, thank God! though you don't carry English colours, there are some of my countrymen on board—and that's all I care for. And I must say, though this be a Yankee, I never saw better craft, or better seamen, or kinder to brother tars in distress."

In the English accounts of this loss it was stated, and never contradicted, that, in a dismasted and leaky state, she had been seen in the dusk of the evening, bearing away, and firing guns of distress. That the men-of-war, convoying the fleet, could not assist her, as the *Commodore* had already a ship in tow, which, but for his aid, must have been wrecked, being completely dismasted; and the frigate was engaged in keeping off two fast-sailing French privateers, which had been hanging on the convoy during the heaviest gale the oldest seaman had ever witnessed in the China seas; and that the ship missing was supposed to have foundered, or been wrecked on the sunken rocks and sandbanks, which bind the north-east coast of the island of Borneo.

National pride, like the pride of individuals, requires to be well oiled in order to work smoothly; and John Bull, with all his vaunted plainness and honesty, is, in reality, as vain and gullible as the strutting gander after it is stuffed with oilcake. His dignity would have been compromised at any allusion to the East Indiaman's having been cut off from her convoy, guarded by his omnipotent and invincible ships of war, by a couple of French *Lettres de marque*, and during a tremendous gale, when British tars flatter themselves that they alone have the hardihood at once to contend against its fury, and to act offensively against an enemy.

CHAPTER CIX

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells.
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells ;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad."

BYRON.

"So from that cry over the boundless hills,
Sudden was caught one universal sound,
Like a volcano's voice, whose thunder fills
Remotest skies."

SHELLEY.

As soon as the weather permitted, we steered a north-east course, till we made those small islands off the coast of Borneo, where we had anchored on a former occasion. Here we brought up, repaired our damage, landed our sick, and refreshed ourselves.

I had given De Ruyter an account of everything I had seen, heard, or done. He was much moved at the account of Louis's death ; for Louis, though with an exterior as rough and hard as that of the cocoa-nut, had the genuine stamp of worth, not to be forged or effaced ; and he possessed as many good qualities as he was generally useful. "I do not know," said De Ruyter, "how we shall manage without him. He has long had entire control over our money affairs—an admirable accountant ; and to find another honest man, that is so, to fill his place, will be difficult. There is contagion in the handling of money, and in the knowledge of the science of numbers, which gives too great a facility in the subtracting from others to add to ourselves. It makes the mind sordid ; the rapacity of money-mongers, commissaries, and pursers is proverbial. We must

therefore, despairing to fill his place by any other, share his duty between us."

After attentively listening to my affair with the Javanese, he exclaimed, "So, you went a wild goose or a boar chase, excited, I suppose, by its perilous absurdity! It is true, no one could have extricated himself with greater judgment; but who else would have been guilty of such folly? You are as rash and headstrong as our Malay friend, the hero of Sambas."

"By the by, De Ruyter," I replied, "your alliance with that predatory tribe of Malays appears to me as gratuitous an act of unknighly errantry as my Quixotic expedition at Java."

He rubbed his hands with glee, his eyes brightened, and on his dark and manly features was legibly traced the satisfaction swelling at his heart. His lips curled and his breast dilated, as he said, "No, my lad—to harass, burn, sink, and destroy their enemies is a duty I owe to the flag I sail under. I confess I should not so gladly engage in these profitless expeditions, but that I loathe and detest the English-merchant Company—and all companies, for they are bound together by narrow views and selfish ties. Revenge, or rather retribution, is to me what the Sultan of Borneo says of that matchless diamond he possesses—like the sun, above all price. A parson-poet of yours exclaims—

" 'What is revenge, but courage to call in
Our honour's debts?'

—and debts of honour, you know, must be scrupulously paid. I think, for every dollar they once took from me, they have subsequently lost, and by my means, as many thousands. The Company had long sought to obtain a secure footing on that side of Borneo; but the almost total want of harbours and the opposition everywhere

met with from the noble and chivalrous Malays continued to frustrate their attempts. At last they fixed their greedy eyes on the town of Sambas, which has a river, good anchorage, not very distant, and is defended by a fort, besides being situated in the best part of the island for commerce and culture. Perfidious in design as atrocious in act, they gave out that the purpose of their expedition was exclusively to destroy that piratical settlement; when the fact was they had determined to settle there themselves, and lay the foundation-stone of their old system, by which they first take all the produce and trade of the country, and then the country itself.

“The grab being in a secure berth, and our heroic Malay chieftain having pledged himself and people to be under my guidance, I, after completing the necessary arrangements, directed him to embark his followers in their war-proas, when, with a strong party in my boats, we proceeded together along the coast, till we arrived at Tangong Point, where we disembarked, and where I left my boats. We then marched overland, the heavy guns and other bulky articles being sent round in the proas. After a very long and distressing journey through forests, over rugged and gigantic mountains, across pathless and almost endless plains, rivers, torrents, and morasses, we came to the banks of the river of Sambas. On one side was a swamp, and on the other an inextricable and interminable jungle. Through intricate paths, guided by the natives, we at last arrived at the town of Sambas, marked out for destruction by the English. Its inhabitants were huddled together in many miserable rattan huts, under cover of a shapeless mass of mud and timber, dignified with the appellation of tower, or fort. Here and there were scattered basket-like habitations, supported, as you are, on

crutches, and apparently ready to move to the town, when tempted by business or necessity. Journeying along, I had observed a very capacious, a magnificent bay, shut in by islands, to the eastward of the Malay town, in which, it was evident, the invaders would anchor their vessels and disembark their troops. I likewise found the native inhabitants were moving their goods, chattels, and war-boats to recesses and fastnesses, prepared to avoid, as it looked, rather than oppose, the threatened invasion of which I had given them notice. At my instigation the chieftain went with his people into the jungle and morasses, ascended to the mountain caverns, to harangue the grey-bearded leaders of the private coast, and rally together. At the sound of battle and plunder, the hidden warriors started out like packs of jackals from their retreats; the enterprising spirit of the chieftain inspired every heart, and spread like fire up a mountain in the dry season. Detestation of the Europeans, and emulation of each other, conspired to multiply their numbers, and collect them together. On the second day, while I was putting the fortress into a defensible state, and sinking trees to obstruct the passage of the river, I was startled at the wild wacry of thousands of these noblest of barbarians. They came pouring down the mountain like a deluge, and I was well pleased to be in possession of the mud-fortress during the first paroxysm of their inflammatory fever. The violence of their gestures, their piercing shrieks, the discharging of their firearms, the shaking and clashing of swords and spears, the blasts of their conch-shell trumpets reverberating from rock and ravine—it seemed as if all the natives of that savage land were running amuck. My friend, the chieftain, soon came to me, accompanied by the most potent leaders of the various tribes. To these he made me known;

and, after the prelude of a plentiful, but not a splendid feast, we proceeded to business. The chieftain, who was a great orator, made a long harangue, in which he magnified my services, and concluded with proposing me as their general director, being best acquainted with European warfare. I separated the respective tribes, and allotted them particular stations, where they were to lie concealed till the enemy had entered the river, and landed the troops. Then they were to be permitted to advance a certain distance, on which a large body of Malays, by showing themselves on the side of the jungle, should compel them to keep on that side leading to the marshes. When arrived there, they were to be opposed by the natives of the town, who were the best acquainted with its localities. But you may see, in my journal, a map of the place, and a plan of its defence, which was only partially acted on, their sanguinary impetuosity breaking frantically through every restraint.

“ When everything was prepared, we waited the arrival of the flotilla from Bombay. We had placed look-outs all along the coast, and sent fast-sailing proas into the offing. It was so long ere they came, and, when we had sight of them, they were so tardy in their movements, that we well-nigh despaired of slaking our unquenchable thirst for vengeance. The soil of India has been crimsoned with the blood of her children ; her sultans, her princes, and her warrior-chieftains have been exterminated. India has been subverted by the adventurers of Europe, in their search for gold. To pay off the accumulated arrears of blood, by exacting life for life, is as impossible as to pay off the debt of bankrupt Europe. However, they talk of liquidating that, and India may yet exact a fraction, in the way of dividend, for the myriads of lives so wantonly expended by her prodigal Christian invaders. Would that I might live

to behold the eastern ocean red with blood, as was the paltry stream of Sambas, on the day we broke through the marshalled ranks of the Christians, when the fierce and ungovernable Malays breasted the renegade Sepoys' bayonets, with irresistible fury drove them from the muddy banks of the river into its dark waters, and left an ample feast for its swarms of alligators and dog-fish, and for the jackals and vultures on shore ! No quarter was given ; little plunder acquired. We pursued the fugitives, destroying them as they endeavoured to regain their vessels. Some boats from their shipping were still landing stores, guns, and a few remaining troops ; which, by making a stand, facilitated their escape. Yet the slain far outnumbered the rescued—at least of those who landed. But stop—I hear our Malay chieftain coming alongside. Let us go up and welcome him."

The Malays from their proa were soon on board of us. The chieftain rushed towards De Ruyter, knelt and kissed his hand, and then placed it on his heart and head. Afterwards he made a speech, with a voice and action not studied from the school of Demosthenes, but of such violence that the limbs and muscles of his native auditory were set in motion as if by the power of galvanism ; which proved, that passionate and untaught eloquence can move the heart of man, as much as, or perhaps more than ever did the learned and commanding diction of that time-serving, subtle Greek philosopher. The purport of his speech was to reiterate their thanks for the repeated services De Ruyter had rendered to their nation, and to express their admiration of him, his courage, and his wisdom ;—his words were, " Greater than a lion in fight, and in wisdom a prophet." They conjured him to stay with them as their prince. They would build him a house on the

gold mountain, at the foot of which runs the river of diamonds ;—this was no oratorical flourish, for a great quantity of gold is yearly dug from the mountain, and very fine diamonds are fished from the river. They would give him all they had, and he should be their father. They only besought of him one small boon ; which was that he would use his influence with the great warriors of his nation, to go to the little island of great ships (meaning England), and, while the ships were in its ports, awaiting the monsoon to blow over, that he and his warriors should then burn all the ships, lay waste the island, and drown all the people. “ Thy son ” (meaning me), continued the chieftain, “ can stay with us, whilst thou dost go and do this. Every old man shall be his father, and thy voice shall be heard and obeyed through him. For is he not of thy blood ? ”

De Ruyter, perceiving me smile, said, “ Well, who knows ? Wilder words than these have been spoken ere now, and scoffed at ; yet, in after ages, they have been called prophecies, when proved, or believed in—no matter which.”

During our greetings and conversation, a feast had been prepared, of which the chieftain partook, and then told De Ruyter that every sort of provision should be sent down to him on the ensuing day, and his wishes complied with, whatever they might be. He concluded with—“ Thou lovest my people, for thou hast done more than their fathers and mothers for them ;—they gave them life, but thou hast given them freedom. But my people are poor, and like presents ; I have, however, told them if any accept the smallest trifle from thy people, I will ”—and here he glanced fiercely round his own men—“ kill him, even though we had both come from the same womb, and been suckled by

the same bosom." They then descended into their proa, and went on shore.

CHAPTER CX

"The world is full of woodmen, who expel
Love's gentle dryads from the trees of life,
And vex the nightingales in every dell,
With harsh, rude voices, and unseemly strife."

SHELLEY.

IMPATIENT of confinement, and anxious to see my old friends in the grab, I went on board of her, accompanied by my little nurse, Zela, and De Ruyter, who loved her as his child. There we passed a jovial night, supping and carousing till daylight under the awning, while the grab's crew danced and sung; for, with permission, I had brought them a barrel of Java arrack, which is the best in India.

I must not forget Van Scolpvelt, whom I found nearly the same as when I left him. My first sight of him was through the skylight into his pigeon-house-looking dispensary. Near the chinks and crevices of the beams were several long centipedes crawling about; and all the cockroaches in the ship sought refuge there. Van cared not for them, provided they did not, which cockroaches are liable to do, when hard pushed for water, creep into his mouth as he slept. He was perfectly indifferent to their dropping into his soup, or his tea; perhaps indeed he took the same pleasure in seeing them scalded to death as did Domitian in viewing the struggles of the flies, which, for pastime, he cast into spiders' webs. There sat Van, smoking his meer-schaum, and lugging by its hairy leg a particular fine, large cockroach out of his teacup. The tea not being

hot, the huge beetle was no more than refreshed by its warm bath. Van, either struck by its extraordinary size, or merely to while away the time, after holding it up to the light, spitted it scientifically, and began to scrutinise it through a magnifying glass. I was now about to hail him, but De Ruyter put his hand on my mouth. After Van had satisfied his curiosity, he threw the insect out of the scuttle and sipped his beverage. His anatomical propensities being thus awakened, I saw him fix his eye on the beam, then with a sudden dash of his long, skinny thumb, and with a pressure which proved him to be no tyro in the art, he pinned the head of a centipede firmly against the timber, the body being concealed in a rent. The thumbscrew pressure prevented the reptile from using its venom ; and the long writhing body, with its hundred quivering legs, fell into the open palm of Van, who forthwith projecting his forefinger, so as to form a natural forceps, clutched the crushed head. It was the longest and largest I had ever seen. Van, after an alternative examination, put it into a bottle, which contained many more preserved in spirits, where it long writhed about ; for it is curious that a centipede, even in that state, will continue wriggling for hours.

De Ruyter now hailed the doctor, who replenished his pipe, put his jacket on, and shuffled up the hatchway. He held out his defiled fin, which, notwithstanding the venom on it, I shook heartily. He then inquired into the particulars of my sick-list, and devoured my discourse as I narrated the ravages of the Java fever. As he heard of the death of poor Louis, he expressed great sorrow, apostrophising, however, on his obduracy with regard to medicine, and eagerly demanded if he had not, during his sufferings, called on his name. To this I answered, " No."

"No!" echoed Scolpvelt—"then he died an impious unbeliever! I alone could have saved him!"

When I recounted the death of one of my Arabs from poison, he asked if there was nothing else the matter with him. I mentioned he had been slightly wounded; and, upon his desiring to be informed of the appearance of the wound, I told him the fellow complained it was painful, and it looked reddish.

"What!" said he, "was it a phagedœnic sloughing sore?—or do you mean an erysipelatous inflammation? Were not the chylopœtic viscera disordered? What did you apply?"

"Apply, Van?—why, I told the fellow to drink congee-water with lemon in it, and to wash his leg with brandy; but he washed his gullet with the brandy, and the sore with the lemon drink."

"Did he?—then he proved he knew more of medicine than you did. That fellow should have lived, and you died!"

Scolpvelt vehemently cursed the surgeon who had deserted his post during the battle with an enemy against whom, for the benefit of science, he should have gloried in contending. He then insisted on examining my wound, and observed that, from its appearance, surgeons in general would believe some portion of my garments had entered with the ball, and would prevent the cicatrization by forcing a probe to sound the passage of the ball. "Now," he said, "I know, from a long series of practical experience, which few like me have had, in gunshot wounds, that, whatever clothing may be shot through, the ball enters the flesh without ever conveying a fibre of it into the wound; unless, indeed, it is a ball almost spent, which can consequently but inflict a superficial wound."

He wound up his discourse by telling me he saw

decided symptoms of jaundice in my eyes and skin.

My old quartermaster, standing by me open-mouthed with astonishment at the puzzling scientific language, from time to time drawled out, "I wonder what rate that ship may be he is launching now!"—"Thirty years in the navy, and never heard of the *Hajademee* and the *Chylopottic*!—I suppose they be first-raters, Dutch."—"The *Cockatrice* sloop-of-war I have heard of."

At last Van turned round with—

"What is the old dog mumbling, eh?—he is rotting with the scurvy—look here!"—at which he applied his hard thumb to the seaman's red and hairy arm: then, pressing on it, he removed his claw, and pointed to the place.

"Look," said he, "the indented stamp remains—the collapsed muscles have lost their power and elasticity, from the transudation of the blood in the veins."

The quartermaster, without noticing the impression on his wiry arm, perhaps because it had no more sensibility than my crutch, said—

"*Collapse*—why, he means the Colossus seventy-four, or the Cyclops. As to *Ticity* and *Ansudation*, I suppose they too be Dutch craft."

Van toddled off to see what citric acid he could spare, saying he should visit the schooner's sick in the morning.

CHAPTER CXI

“ I love all waste
 And solitary places ; where we taste
 The pleasure of believing what we see
 Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be.”

SHELLEY.

THE hard features of the old Rais relaxed as he greeted me ; and Zela, who loved him for his former kindness, kissed his hand, and, sitting down by him, talked of their country and their tribes. On this topic alone the old Arab was loquacious. They continued, with little intermission, in animated discussion on the matchless beauties of their native countries, till the grey light of morning shone on his dusky form, and illuminated Zela's pallid brow. She dwelt on the magnificence of the town and river of Yedana, its dark mountains, bright waters, and perpetual verdure ; the cool breezes from the Persian Gulf, and the blue islands of Sohar, of one of which her father had been Sheikh. The Rais admitted all this, but warmly protested against their being compared to the riches of Kalat, or the splendour of Rasalhad ; then the summits of the Tor Mountains touched heaven, and the desert, where he spent his youth, was large as the sea—but unfortunately there the similarity ended, for it had not a drop of water within its vast circumference. He endeavoured to convince Zela what a paradise was this desert without water or wells, and how peacefully and patriarchally they lived by supplying themselves from the caravans, and exacting tribute from all that passed the inhospitable ocean-bed of sand. By some queries from her he was, indeed, compelled to admit the horrid tortures they sometimes suffered from the want of water ; that, it was true, by the parched and shrivelled

corpses of perished travellers they used to trace the caravans, which more than compensated them for what they endured—God knew what was best for His children ! As he was fondly dwelling on these horrors, I capsized a bucket of water, in which we had cooled our claret, over his head, took Zela by the hand, got into the boat, and returned aboard.

Soon after the schooner was surrounded by country boats, laden with live stock, fish, fruit, and vegetables, enough to have provisioned a frigate. At the same time the four persons whom De Ruyter had redeemed from the wreck, went on board the grab, where there was better accommodation, he promising to embrace the first opportunity of shipping them to the English settlements. The bilious captain of the Bengal army continued to suffer from the hardships he had endured during the wreck of his ship. While I think of it, I will conclude their history. We shortly after shipped them for Bombay in a prize we had made, plundered, and liberated. The captain and his son took their passage for England. De Ruyter and myself, unknown to the father, had insinuated a purse of gold mores into a trunk of necessaries which they had been compelled, in their utter destitution of clothing, to accept. Either at the Cape of Good Hope, or at St. Helena, the father died, and thereby relieved the Company from the burden of his annuity. Of the youth, a lad of noble feelings, and an incomparable son, I never could gain the slightest intelligence ; though I fulfilled my promise, made to his father at parting, of doing my utmost to find him out and serve him. Neither did the mate return to England ; for, as I heard, he had a command in the country coasting-trade, and, probably, the serang continued with him.

During our stay here we hove the schooner down, to

examine if she had sustained any damage by striking on the sandbank. There was nothing the matter with her, except that a few sheets of copper were rubbed off. We then put our vessels into their best sailing trim, completed our water, cut some spare spars, and painted both the hulls. The grab was again metamorphosed into a clumsy, country-looking Arab, with a raised poop and forecastle of painted canvas. The schooner resumed her original Yankee-cut with broad streaks of bright yellow rosin.

De Ruyter made several excursions into the interior, under the guidance of the Malay chieftain, being anxious to explore a country then totally unknown to Europeans. I paddled about the coast and the islands with Zela in her canoe. We revisited our old haunts; and, after having designed the plan of a bungalow, I marked out a garden, calculated the labour of clearing land enough to yield us corn, rice, and wine, and most methodically made in my mind every necessary arrangement for establishing a colony, far surpassing Paradise in purity and bliss, in which we, the happy founders, were to pass the rest of our days in unruffled tranquillity. Meanwhile with our own hands we had erected a hut, consisting of four upright bamboos, thatched with palm-leaves; and, one day, as Zela was, with matchless culinary skill, roasting fish over the live embers, the iron ramrod of my carbine serving as a spit, I, elated at my newly acquired importance as householder, and freeholder of land *sans* limit, stalked over my domain, and said—

“Sweet Zela, under our own wild vine and fig tree, how much happier we shall be than sweltering in that coffin-like schooner, jammed together, and pitching and tossing, like packed dates on the back of a lame dromedary! How happy——”

Here I was interrupted by the pushing aside of the

thick foliage. Hearing some one advance, I began to imagine that the resurrection of my old friend the orang, from the dead, was appearing to dispute my title-deeds to his property ; for it was on the ruins of his former dwelling that I had erected mine, which, I must honestly confess, in architectural design, as well as solidity of structure, was far inferior to his. But, instead of the orang's apparition, it was De Ruyter laughing as if his heart would burst, who thus, for the second time, disturbed my imaginary rural plans, calling out, "Come along, my lad ! The Malay has sent me word that, from their look-out station on the mountain, there is a strange sail in the offing to the north. Come along—get on board the lame dromedary—ha ! ha ! ha ! The grab is not quite ready for sea. If you once get sight of the stranger, she cannot escape ; and if detainable, which she must be, bring her in here."

In ten minutes I was on board ; in five more I was under weigh. With a press of canvas, and with a favourable breeze, we made a clear offing, and, before sunset, were in sight of the stranger. She sailed remarkably well. We lost her during the night, but luckily there was little wind. We regained sight of her next morning ; and, a breeze coming out of the gulf, we brought her to, after a hard chase of nine hours. She proved to be a country trader from Bombay, bound to China. Having heard that a French cruizer was off the Cochin-China coast, she had, with extreme precaution, kept along the opposite one of Borneo, and thus fell into our hands. She was a beautiful copper-fastened brig, built of Malabar teak by the Parsees of Bombay, freighted with cotton-wool, a few cases of opium, gums, pearls from Arabia, sharks' fins, birds' nests, and oil from the Laccadive Islands, with four or five sacks of rupees. This valuable prize consoled us for the failure of our

plans on the China fleet, and created general satisfaction amongst the men.

We returned to our anchorage elated with success. A day or two after De Ruyter dispatched his Malay friend to Pontiana, a large and wealthy province on the western coast, not long founded by a powerful and wise Arab prince. The capital is situated on the banks of a wide navigable river; there was a branch of the Dutch factory, with which our Malay had extensive dealings. Thither he went for an agent, that we might dispose of the Bombay cargo, as it was adapted for that market; for we could not spare hands to send the prize to a distance. We did not well know how to dispose of the vessel. Her captain, who was part-owner of her, as well as being interested in the cargo, was so fond of her, that he proposed to ransom the hull. While all this was arranging, I rejoiced in the delay, as it enabled me to continue my building and idling on shore with Zela.

CHAPTER CXII

“And I

Plied him cup after cup, until the drink
Had warmed his entrails, and he sang aloud,
In concert with my wailing fellow-seamen,
A hideous discord.”

SHELLEY.—*Translation.*

“Ha! ha! ha! I'm full of wine,
Heavy with the joy divine,
With the young feast oversated:
Like a merchant-vessel freighted
To the water's edge, my crop
Is laden to the gullet's top.”

SHELLEY, *from Euripides.*

As it was necessary that a considerable portion of time should elapse before the disposal of our prize could be

accomplished, De Ruyter, leaving instructions for my guidance during his absence, took his departure in the grab to glean the China seas.

I gladly remained. My time was fully occupied in superintending our multifarious occupations. The first mate was placed in charge of the prize, with a party of men, who removed her crew to the small island on which the Malays had built huts for us. The second mate was occupied with a gang of men in curing jerked buffalo and deer-flesh, and salting wild hogs and ducks. I purchased a plentiful supply of rice and maize. What leisure time I had was devoted to my rural occupations, which I pursued with all the zest of novelty, and the zeal of a migrated settler. The little cove, in which I used to bathe with Zela, and where we had encountered the jungle admee, or wild man, I constituted my naval arsenal; and spent much of my time there in a tent. This spot was completely barricaded from the rest of the island by a living wall of jungle. From a high pinnacle of rock, on the east side, we commanded an extensive view to seaward, and overlooked the schooner and her Bombay prize. By a flagstaff placed on its summit I could at all times communicate with the schooner. Towards sunset I always returned to sup and sleep on board, that I might entertain my prize-guests, and be at my post.

One night we were all more than ordinarily disposed for enjoyment, and the deck was thickly strewed with bowls of arrack punch, brandy, Hollands, Bordeaux, Curaçoa, and various other genial fluids—potent elixirs which prevent the heart from ossifying, and close up the cracks and rents in our clay, laid open by the scorching heat of the sun. The Indians say the sap of the mimosa is an antidote to sorrow; and so it is—when fermented; and wine can medicine the mind, and

“pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,” as was exemplified in the person of our captive commander. In the early part of the evening he had been groaning over the loss of his highly prized vessel, and told me that, had it pleased providence to deprive him of his wife and six children, he could have submitted to its heavy dispensation—

“But there, where he had garner’d up his heart,
Where either he must live, or bear no life,—
To be discarded thence!”

—meaning from his copper-bottomed brig, not his copper-coloured wife. Yet now that the subtle vinous spirit had touched his soul with his talisman, sorrow fled from him, and his stagnant blood, before jellifying into jaundice, flowed from his heart like a fountain. He talked and sung without intermission, wrung my hand, and swore I was the best friend and the best fellow in the world.

Our orgies were interrupted by the old quartermaster’s hailing—“Boat ahoy!” when the answer, “Hadjee” (pilgrim), which was our watchword, gave token of the approach of a friend. A large proa, impelled rapidly by paddles, shot up alongside, and the Malay chieftain appeared on the gangway. Whilst he laboured to explain to me the reason, aided by his powerful gesticulation, for his having so soon returned, altogether inaudible owing to the boatswain-like roar with which the captain was chanting “Rule, Britannia,” a short, squat, business-like-looking man made his appearance, and the Malay shoved him towards me. I arose to receive him. The gravity of his square, flat countenance, with a paunch swelling out like a lowered top-sail bagging out with the wind, made me laugh. His limbs were preposterously short; or, as the quartermaster said, “he sailed under jury-masts.” Indeed,

if that theory is true, which asserts we have all more or less affinity to some bird, beast, or other animal, he was indisputably of the order "sheep-tick." With measured step and leaden gravity, he saluted me with—"I am, Sir, Bartholomew Zachariah Jans, an accredited factor of the Dutch Company's establishment at Pontiana, and agent of Van Olaus Swammerdam. Understanding you have a prize to dispose of, I am here to treat and negotiate for the same."

The captain, I suppose, caught the subject of conversation; for he abruptly stopped his "Britannia rules the waves!" stared with distended jaw at the accredited agent, and changed his note to the drawling and melancholy tune of "Poor Tom Bowling!"

Our Dutch factor seated himself on the hatchway without any apparent diminution of altitude. After he had washed his ivories with a cup of schiedam (that would have surprised even Louis), swallowed, as he observed, to dislodge the night air which he had inhaled, he protested he had never met with such excellent stuff, and, with the addition of a bite of biscuit, would take another toothful. I directed the quartermaster to see the factor's wants supplied, and he went to rouse up the cabin-boy, muttering, "Never see'd or heard tell of such a queer-shaped craft as this—all stowage room! Why, the *Temeraire*, three-decker, hadn't such a bread-room! Bite of biscuit!—why, a bag of biscuit would float about in his wet dock like peas in the ship's coppers! Why, boy—turn out!" When he had roused the boy with a kick, I heard an order given to bring on deck all the grub in the locker.

Forthwith appeared a piece of cold pork, one of the immense fat ducks of the island, and half a Dutch pine-apple cheese. I conversed with the Malay, while the factor, with immovable taciturnity, battered on the

food, and filled up the vacuum in his portentous belly. When he had cleared the platters, and emptied a stone bottle of gin, he said, "Captain, it is late. There is no good in talking on business after supper. The night is close ;—I will repose here."

As he spoke this he lay down, not without difficulty, on the main-sail, which was unbent and lying aft to be repaired, covered himself up with a flag, and told the boy to fill his pipe. We soon heard him snoring and puffing away as he slept. Our bacchanalian party followed his example, stretching their relaxed limbs amidst the empty bottles and glasses, and reclining their heavy heads, when slumber soon closed their dizzy eyes.

In the morning, after Bartholomew Zachariah Jans had supplied his loss in animal heat and moisture with salt pork and Hollands, we proceeded together on board the prize. I soon discovered I had a cool, calculating, subtle merchant to contend with. This put me on my mettle ; for although I was ignorant and prodigal in money transactions, as far as they affected myself (for the love of money, like that of olives, is a taste to be acquired, not instinctive), yet I felt, what many besides Hotspur have expressed, that, in the way of bargain, I could cavil on the ninth part of a hair. In addition to his country's characteristic traits of industry, craft, and patience, this fellow combined the sily-grasping character of the Lowland Scotch. When the Bombay captain, with a sailor's frankness, came to treat with the factor about redeeming the hull of his vessel, and talked of the peculiar hardship of his case, reduced, in an instant, from wealth to extreme want, he assumed an impenetrability to human suffering, worse than that of a Hollander, Scot, or the devil himself—I mean that anomaly in nature, an Irish landlord, with heart of granite, and head of wood. He stared at the bankrupt

captain with the blank, remorseless, withering apathy, which, in after years, was recalled to my memory by one of the aforesaid ruffianly gasconading bullies, as he doggedly listened to the petitions of his squalid and famished tenants; and then our factor resumed his scrutiny of the prize-papers, invoices, and bills of lading. Seeing the captain despair, I comforted him with assurances that he should not be forgotten in the sale. Upon this the factor said, "I protest against all stipulations. If the captain gives a good price, backed by good security, his tender will be considered; that is, if the factory become the purchasers, or I am the agent; always providing that Van Olaus Swammerdam approves."

I was then young, and not knowing that such characters are common ones, I felt so disgusted with the tallowy brute, that I not only refused to treat with him, but was about to treat him with a keelhaul, or to throw him overboard, and there harpoon him. But, dissuaded from this, I dismissed the wretch with revilings and contempt; which, since then, I have oftener seen merited than inflicted.

CHAPTER CXIII

"And she began to moan and sigh,
Because he mused beyond her, knowing well
That but a moment's thought is passion's passing bell."
KEATS.

"And her, the homicide and husband-killer."

BYRON.

DE RUYTER returned, having in tow a small schooner he had picked up; when, without loss of time, we embarked everything belonging to the vessels, got under

weigh, and proceeded to sea. Without any occurrence of moment we anchored at Batavia in the island of Java. The fever had subsided there ; and De Ruyter, besides having the prizes to dispose of, had a great deal of business to transact, left unfinished by Louis, and took up his quarters on shore.

We cleared the vessels out, and took in an ample supply of provisions, far superior to what we had been for a long period accustomed to. The vessels being in excellent order, we had, in other respects, little to do ; and I made, with Zela, frequent excursions into the mountainous part of this exceedingly rich and populous island. Its productions, timber, grain, and fruit, were of a finer quality than at any of the islands I had visited, with the exception of some portion of Borneo. General Jansens, the governor, an old friend of De Ruyter's, was very civil to me, as he had also been on my former visit. We spent much of our time at his country house.

In Europe there is or was a rage for golden-haired virgins ; but here the mania was for golden complexions. At the same merchant's house where De Ruyter lodged, there lived a very rich widow, a native of the capital of Yug, which was situated on that part of the island still governed by its native princes. She was much admired at Batavia, and had, by the beauties of her person, attracted the beaux of the place, who revolved diurnally about her doors. She was nearly four feet and a half in stature, with a skin so brightly yellow that, when burnished with oil, it reflected the sun's rays like a gilded ball on a cupola, which her rich rotundity resembled. Her little jetty eyes sparkled in a face round and plump as an orange ; her nose was minute as the bill of a humming-bird ; her lips, both in substance and dimensions, betokened her African descent ;

and the hairs on her globular head, if collected together, would hardly have amounted to the cherished number sprouting from my upper lip. Yet, such as I have described her, she was the beau-ideal of beauty at Java ; and suitors from the four quarters of the island thronged to do her homage. In that favoured portion of the world the women enjoy the inestimable privilege of divorcing^d themselves from their husbands—a law in no danger of becoming obsolete ; for the rich and peerless widow, now in her twenty-fourth year, had already been lawfully married to ten different men—one dead, two killed, six cashiered for neglect of duty, and one missing.

The Javanese are a remarkably dwarfish race, the men seldom exceeding five feet, and the women four and a half. De Ruyter and myself respectively measuring six feet, and of proportionate brawn and bone, looked titanic, as, with the loose and rolling gait of sailors, we forced our way through the bazaar or crowded lanes, scattering the small human fry right and left, like a couple of bonitos among a shoal of flying fish. This manly bearing made a deep impression on the sensibility of the widow. Henceforth she treated the island imps with scorn ; and avowed her intention of uniting herself to a man—no more to fragments of men, as she termed them, fit only for beggars. After a minute scrutiny, and mature deliberation as to which she should take, De Ruyter or me, the golden apple was allotted to me, both as I was younger, and, thanks to the remains of jaundice, far yellower. Nothing doubting my rapturous assent, she, therefore, made a formal proposal in my behalf to De Ruyter, with the offer of an unconditional surrender of her charms, and large possessions of coffee-grounds, sugar, rice, and tobacco plantations, houses and tenements, slaves and personals, enough to put me on an equality with the most powerful princes in the province

of Yug. De Ruyter, with a suitable and complimentary address, acknowledging the lustre and honour of so condescending a mark of her favour, merely hinted at the trifling impediment of my being already married. This she could not comprehend. A little white-faced, slimly-formed sickly girl she had indeed seen with me, with hair wound round her head like a turban, great eyes, and lips, and mouth ridiculously small, all which every man must hold in abhorrence. Faugh! Truly for a sea-wife she might do; she looked like a fish; and what else can live in water? She then unveiled her dazzling beauties, and said, "Look at me!" De Ruyter avowed she was the reverse of the sea-girl; but he observed that men had strange and capricious tastes with regard to eating and loving. However, he would inform me of her determination in my favour. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "send him to me! Let his eyes judge of me! Let him come and behold beauty, that his soul may be pleased, and his heart scorched!"

A lover of mirth, and delighting in so fair an occasion for its full indulgence, De Ruyter bantered me about this Princess of Yug, and Royal Highnessed me unceasingly. He constituted himself the agent of the widow, and directed her proceedings; he even offered to marry her as proxy for me; and added fuel to her fires by descanting on my merits. The schooner was encumbered with bags of coffee, tobacco, and sugar-candy, besides daily and ample supplies of fresh and preserved fruits, flowers, and provisions, all enforced on my acceptance by the widow of Yug. Meantime our interviews were frequent; for although the Javanese are Mohammedans, they conform only to one portion of their religion—that which in all superstitions is the most attended to—the external. As to their acts, they have no other limit than the extent of their desires; the

women piously fulfilling that precept engraven on their nature—*increase and multiply*. I was almost angry with Zela, who, instead of being jealous, was as much amused as De Ruyter, and aided and abetted his practical jokes. In her simple nature and true heart, suspicion could never enter. The torrid blood of her Arabian father was made to keep temperate time in her veins by being mingled with her Abassien mother's ; who was born and bred in the chilly valleys of Mount Elburz, the highest of that gigantic range, called the Caucasian Mountains, which extend from the Caspian to the Black Sea, and uprear their hoary heads amidst the clouds.

CHAPTER CXIV

“ While the ship's
Great form is in a watery eclipse,
Obliterated from the ocean's page,
And round the wreck the huge sea-monsters sit,
A horrid conclave, and the whistling wave
Is heaped over its carcase, like a grave.”

SHELLEY.—*Translation.*

AMONG the innumerable little islands, scattered in the Gulf of Sunda, De Ruyter had, in one of his former cruises, been becalmed ; and, while exploring and sounding, had accidentally espied, foundered on a bed of rocks, the hull of a small vessel, apparently of European build. He carefully marked on his chart the spot, and took the most minute bearings of the compass and nautical observations, with the design, at a future period, of making an attempt to get her up. The weather, which was now settled, clear and calm, prompted him to proceed in the affair ; particularly as he must be still some time detained at Batavia, and

the crews were growing rusty and unruly from idleness. Having prepared what was necessary, and provided a gang of the most expert divers, fellows kept in practice by diving under the ships' bottoms at night, to rip off the copper sheets, we got under weigh with the land-wind, and, the ensuing day, lay becalmed off the little group of five islands, which was our destination.

We now got out our boats ; after pulling about all day, under a sun so hot that our brains seemed undergoing the process of frying, we happily, before the night set in, hit on the very spot marked by De Ruyter ; but, the day closing, we were compelled to desist till daylight. We ran the boats on shore on a pretty island, supped, and slept ; then, with the earliest dawn, we pushed on our discovery, till we came on the identical foundered wreck. The water was transparent as glass. By sounding on the hull of the wreck, we found there was not more than twenty feet of water from her deck ; and that, lying on rocks, but little sand had collected near her. We laid down a buoy to indicate the spot, and returned to the vessels, which were drawing near to take us on board, impelled by sweeps ; for so still was the wind, that the feathered vanes above the lofty truck drooped motionless.

With lines, hawsers, grapnels, and the other necessary materials, not forgetting the divers, we again went towards the submerged vessel. As I gazed below, long and steadily, so perfectly was every portion of her visible, that she forcibly reminded me of those models of ships enclosed in glass cases—the rough and jagged bed on which she lay resembling the mimic waves which sometimes surround them. Even the heaps of shell-fish that now encrusted and peopled her deck with marine life, and the living sea-verdure of weeds and mosses, might have been as distinctly noted and

classed as if exhibited on a table. When the dark divers descended on her decks, the glass-like element, as in a broken mirror, multiplied their forms, till they seemed to be the demons, hidden in her hold, rushing up in multitudes to defend their vessel, assaulted even under the sanctuary of the mighty ocean.

After many fruitless efforts and long-continued toil, we succeeded in getting a purchase on her. Then, by sinking butts of water, carefully securing them to the tackle affixed to the wreck, and restoring their buoyancy by pumping out the water from them, at length we moved her, and passed strong hawsers under her. On the second day the grab and schooner were placed on each side of her, the number of casks was increased, and we hove on many and complicated purchases, till she was fairly suspended, and, at length, her almost shapeless hull reluctantly arose to the surface. It looked like a huge coffin, in which some antediluvian sea-colossus had been entombed. The light of day shone strangely on her encrusted, hoary, and slimy hull. Sea-stars, crabs, crayfish, and all sorts of shellfish crawled and clung in and about her, amazed at the transition from the bottom of the cool element, in which they had dwelt, to a fiery death from the sun, whose rays, darting on their scaled armour, transfixed them as with a spear. We turned to, and, by baling, partially cleared her of water; so that it was evident, although she leaked considerably, she was not bilged. The deck and main-hold had been cleared, either by the water or by the people of Sumatra, whose fishing-boats might possibly have come athwart her; but the after-hold, which was battened securely down, protected by a double deck, and bulkheaded off, was untouched. I forgot to mention that, as we were baling, we disturbed a huge water-snake at the bottom of the hold, which

the men had mistaken for the bight of a cable, and that he speedily cleared the decks. Either he had a taste for shell-fish, or preferred a wooden kennel to a coral cave. We made a simultaneous and vigorous attack on him with pikes and firearms ; yet it was not till he was gashed like a crimped cod that he struck his flag, and permitted us to continue our work. The divers said he might have eaten them when they were under water ;—I know not that, but can aver that the men, more ferocious and greedy than the snake, did incontinently, now that he was out of water, eat him.

Having towed the wreck towards the island, we grounded her in shoal water, and forced a passage into the after-hold. It was, of course, filled with water ; kegs and casks were floating in it : these were hoisted out, and having baled it dry, we got at the movables, consisting of sacks of damaged grain, powder-barrels, and a heap of other articles difficult to define, all jammed up together. In poking and raking amongst this mass, according to De Ruyter's prognostication, two small boxes, carefully lashed and sealed, were hauled out, which, on being opened, lightened and repaid us for our toil—they contained above eight thousand Spanish dollars, dyed black with the salt water, as were, more or less, the vessel and every article on board of her. After ransacking every hole and corner, we could find nothing else worth the taking away but five or six brass swivels, not of much value. We abandoned the wreck, and returned to Batavia.

I should observe that the vessel was apparently of Spanish construction, and built of cedar or teak, which, notwithstanding it had lain submerged certainly half a century, and probably much longer, was still of so hard a texture that it turned the edges of the axes. What I considered the best portion of the prize was, not the

dollars, but two barrels of Spanish and other wine, and two of arrack. Give me the sea for a cellar! Such delectable fluid never till then moistened the lips, delighted the palate, warmed the heart, and entranced the senses! All grew panegyrical and eloquent on the excellence of this liquor. The old Rais declared the wine resembled the balsam of Koireish, brought from Mecca by the Hadjis—that the shrubs from which the gum exuded sprung from the blood of the prophet's tribe, slain in battle—and that it not only cured every malady, and subdued every evil, but had restored true believers to life!

CHAPTER CXV

“Fierce, wan,
And tyrannising was the lady's look,
And over them a gnarled staff she shook.”

KEATS.

“The ghost of folly haunting my sweet dreams.”

Ibid.

RUMOUR having arrived at Batavia that we had discovered a bank of Spanish dollars, by running aground on them, from which we had loaded our vessels, and that we had fished casks of wine out of the sea, with the date 1550 marked on them, hooped with living serpents, the grab was crowded with visitors, all anxious to drink the wine or arrack. Had either of them been the real elixir of immortality, it could not have been more devoutly hallowed, or more greedily swallowed. The greasy Dutch merchants congregated on board, and spent the night in chanting hallelujahs to express their delight; so that, had we not at the commencement substituted other wines and spirits, we should have expended the real stuff at one bout. As it was,

it consoled us afterwards, during many a weary night of storm and toil, and suppld our joints when they had become rigid and brittle from heat and drought.

Our prizes were disposed of, and De Ruyter did not neglect the interests of the Bombay captain, his prisoner. His much-cherished vessel was once more made over to him at a price below the lowest estimate, and himself and crew were liberated. This, and what else was needful, being concluded, we again weighed anchor, and took our departure from Java.

The widow of Yug was astounded at the intelligence of our going out of port for an indefinite period. Love overcoming her antipathy to the sea, she followed us in a row-boat, screaming, making signals, and scratching—thank Heaven, not me, but herself! Her melodramatic fury augmented to such a pitch, when she found I did not heave-to for her, that the devilish breeze she kicked up astern of us seemed to freshen the land-wind. With my telescope I could observe her venting a portion of her wrath on the slaves who rowed the boat, keeping time with the lusty strokes of a bamboo on their naked backs. Aware that a man has no more chance with a woman, armed with the offensive and defensive weapons of tongue, tears, nails, and bamboo, than in a river with an alligator, I, for the first time in my life, acted prudently, and fled the fight. The widow of Yug, had her spirit not been clogged with clay, might possibly have pursued me round the world; but as soon as the boat got into the swell outside the port, and began to pitch and toss, I discovered my princess—or rather, I did not, for she had sunk down in the bottom of the boat, which was slued to the right-about, and without delay vigorously impelled towards the shore; so that I may say of her—

“She loved, and she rowed away.”

I had been so pestered and persecuted by this she-dragon, who one day crammed me with kisses and cakes, and the next would have tattooed me with her nails, that I vowed henceforth never to be lured into a widow's den ; for the malignant ferocity of a tiger-cat in a gin is nothing to a veteran widow balked of her will.

I cannot tell why it was, but as we left the harbour of Batavia and its begrimed water, the clear, pure, deep blue of the Indian Ocean, which, since I had commanded the schooner, had always filled my heart with delight, now, on the contrary, overwhelmed me with sadness, that I could neither shake off nor repress. Doubt and dread clouded my mind for the first time. Yet I was well in health, and Zela (for I questioned her) was perfectly well ; and this was authenticated by the regularity of her pulse, the brightness of her eye, her coral lip, and her breath sweeter than the odour from May flowers on a spring morning. What then could it be ?—not the widow !—her love and her parting curses were forgotten ere her boat was out of sight. Did her spirit cling to me like a vampire ? I remembered afterwards that, in her maledictions, she had so threatened to haunt me if I abandoned her ; and there were rumours, which I laughed at, of her having dealt foully with others. Human life is held cheap in the East ; and, at Java, a few rupees sufficed to hire an assassin to stab or poison—and poison was there indigenous ; it flowed from trees and shrubs, nor were the natives inexpert in its application. It did not, however, appear to have been employed on me ; and now I was out of its reach. Once, I remember, in the early part of the evening, dozing on the couch, I was awakened by frightful visions. At first the widow was caressing me, and I shrinking from her embraces with repugnance.

She faded away, when the wrinkled and withered form of an old yellow hag seized me by the throat, gripped me hard, and attempted to force through my clenched teeth a fruit she held in her hand. I struggled to free myself by wrenching back the fiend's icy fingers; but my strength abandoned me, and the fruit was at my lips, when the faithful Adoo appeared, plucked it from me, and exclaimed, "It is poison!" Then came the fiery Javanese Prince mounted on his blood-red horse; his hoofs were on my head and heart; when Zela, clothed in bright, glittering, white robes, led by a dim spectral figure, black as night, threw herself on me, and said, "I will die!—you shall live!" At this the dark spectre unveiled herself, and I recognised the livid and ghastly features of old Kamalia. With witch-like solemnity she thus addressed me: "Stranger, you are forsworn! The best blood of Arabia you have polluted! Your heart is bruised—my child's you have broken!"

Struggling to rise, I awoke. My head was dizzy, my heart sick at the dreadful vision, which has haunted me through life, and it is in vain I strive to forget it. In my sleep it pursues me, and, ever as it recurs, it is the more frightful, as it assures me of some horrible change. Often since then have I arisen from my bed, haggard, sick, and suffering agonies, such as none but devils or inquisitors can inflict.

On the second day of our leaving port, steering a south-east course, we fell in with two fine French frigates and a three-masted schooner, returning to Batavia from a cruise. The lubberly fellows were elated at having chased an English frigate and brig-of-war; which, by the bye, from what I observed of their sickly, weak, and unsoldier-like case, and disorderly condition, might have advantageously brought them to action. By their description of the English vessels I knew the

frigate to be the one I had abandoned ; and old Hoofs, I had always thought, was fonder of farming than fighting. Like a blustering bully, the French commodore, now that the enemy was out of sight, talked valiantly of what he would have done, had he come up with the Englishmen ; adding, “ When we saw you, I thought we had got hold of the John Bulls.”

De Ruyter’s curled lip indicated his contempt of the vaunter ; and he observed, as we returned on board our craft, that the fellow had been so accustomed to run away, the having chased, for once in his life, had capsized his brains. “ What a pity,” he said, “ that the French, who excel all other nations in the theory of seamanship, and in practical naval architecture, cannot find men to fight at sea. They are like flying fish, a prey for every fish that swims, and for every bird that flies. From the oldest records we trace that all other nations, powerful enough to organise a naval force, have produced men able and worthy to command with honour and glory. The naval annals of barbarians, then of Greece, Rome, and Carthage, down to the modern history of Spain, Portugal, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and England, have severally teemed with naval heroes, who shed a bright lustre on the countries which gave them birth. France exhibits a solitary exception, a dull obscurity, unenlightened by a single bright page ; a blotted chapter in history, a waste log-book ; the eye in vain seeks for one spot to rest on, a single star, as a beacon or sea-mark, to guide the lonely pilot, or stimulate to emulation the aspiring sailor-boy ! ”

I may here remark, that this large and beautiful French frigate was afterwards captured in an action with one of the smallest English frigates, and now carries the British jack. In her first cruise, under the

victorious flag of England, she again added to our naval force, by taking, after a very sanguinary and gallant action, another of France's finest frigates in the Indian seas.

We stood along the eastern coast of Java, towards the Sunda Islands, and fell in with nothing but the small vessels bound or belonging to that archipelago, burdened with cargoes of coir, oil, jaggery, ghee, and cocoa-nuts, richer to them than Spanish galleons of gold and silver, but in our eyes, too worthless to waste a thought on.

CHAPTER CXVI

"And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,
Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd;
Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues were black
As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd
To beg the beggar, who could not rain back
A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd
To taste of heaven;—if this be true, indeed,
Some Christians have a comfortable creed."

BYRON.

"Hence shalt thou quickly to the watery vast;
And there, ere many days be overpast,
Disabled age shall seize thee; and even then
Thou shalt not go the way of aged men,
But live and wither, cripple, and still breathe."

KEATS.

A LONG-CONTINUED gale of wind drove us down towards the coast of New Holland. When it had broken, and while we were labouring in the heavy swell which followed, we discerned a small boat, evidently in distress, and we wore down to her aid. Owing to the swell, and the wind having moderated, it was some time ere the grab succeeded in getting alongside of her, to

take her crew on board, which consisted of four sailors, and a master's mate. They belonged to an English frigate, which, having captured a small brigantine, had put them on board to take charge of her. The prize had been separated from the frigate by a white squall in the Straits of Sunda, damaged in her masts and rigging. A north-wester, against which they could make no head, had driven them a long way to the south-east. In this hapless state, their frail and crazy bark had been struck abaft by a heavy sea, which had loosened her stern-post and shattered the framework of her stern. The water poured in so fast, that it was only by the greatest promptitude and dexterity they had succeeded in getting a clumsy boat, which lay amidship, afloat, just as their vessel foundered. They had no time to secure anything but themselves; a boy and two men were drowned, probably in attempting to save something. The boat was as old and worthless as the vessel to which she belonged; and, till she was somewhat seasoned in the water, they were all occupied in baling with their caps, and in stuffing, with rags and coir-oakum, the crevices and rents which the sun had made. Fortunately the boat, as she lay on board, had been used as a receptacle for old spare canvas, oars, light sails, the fag-ends of ropes, and, what was now of far greater importance, a coop with six ducks, an old, grizzly he-goat, and a hen, that had demurely laid its egg, as an offering, for its undisturbed sanctuary in the sheltered part of the bow, where it had probably roosted for years in solitary security. The seamen thanked Providence as they beheld their live stock. Being up to their knees in water, dripping with water, water having destroyed their vessel, and now threatening to overwhelm them in its foaming billows, and with an ocean of water all around them, some time elapsed ere the

awful words were uttered, "There is no fresh water in the boat!" Every voice echoed, in preternatural sounds, "There is no fresh water!" Every eye wildly glanced at the boat, and around the sea, and again was despondingly muttered, "There is no water! O God! we must perish!"

Anticipated thirst soon parched their lips, and their stout hearts quailed. Other dangers, past and present, were forgotten. A leaky, rent, misshapen boat, hardly big enough to contain their diminished crew, as it lay foundering in the trough of the sea, like a harpooned porpoise, was nothing—if they had but water. Fortunately their officer, though the youngest among them, was the ablest and manliest, at least in mind; by which boon nature had amply compensated him for a somewhat slender and delicate form. He had a spirit greater than was contained in the broad breasts of the brawniest and the bulkiest. Evil fortune had persecuted him in many shapes; she kept him at the bottom of her wheel, but could not crush him. He rallied the sunken spirits of his men; he told them they were near land; they had sails; there was wind enough to fill them; the boat, though broken, was buoyant; they were few in number; thirst could be borne for days; besides, they had live stock, and their blood was nearly as refreshing as water; and the clouds gave promise of rain. The men knew their officer, and had confidence in him. His calmness and fearless bearing did more than his words. The hopes he had so confidently expressed seemed realised. They grew calm, and their reason and obedience were restored.

The mate having succeeded, if not in rendering his boat water-tight, yet in diminishing the leaks, so that it required but occasional baling, next set about putting sail on the boat. For this purpose he selected an old

flying jib, and, with a broken studding-sail-boom for a mast, contrived the best and safest form of carrying canvas that could possibly be contrived, representing what sailors call a shoulder-of-mutton rig, the larger part (or the body of the sail) being in the body of the boat. To be driven into the South Indian Ocean, a desert world of waters, was certain and inevitable destruction. In order to avoid this, it was necessary, at all risks, to haul his wind as much as possible to the eastward, with an oar for a rudder. With consummate skill he, in some degree, effected this ; but it required an unerring eye and steady hand to keep his rickety and rudderless boat from being buried beneath the threatening waves, or capsized by the furious blasts which swept over it. They had neither compass, chart, nor instruments to guide them on their lonely way ; nothing but the stars and sun—the latter, glaring and fiery, they hardly dared to look at. Their only hope was to make one of the Sunda Islands, or, failing in that, the coast of New Holland, or to be met by some wandering bark.

Thus day and night they toiled on, laving, at long intervals, their white and parched lips with the blood of the panting goat, which was itself expiring for want of moisture. Every glazed eye scrutinised, with horrible precision, the accuracy of the measured allowance, apparently numbering the red drops, as doled out by the officer in scanty portions. The animal was then cut up, and its interior, which still contained jellied blood and some moisture, was balanced and divided with the care and exactitude with which a miser weighs his gold. The mate said he merely extracted the fluid, chewing, but not swallowing the substance, and endeavoured to impress on his comrades the advantage of following his example. A few did, but the greater part could not control the fierceness of famine raging in their

vitals. "At this," the mate added, "from the torture I experienced, I did not wonder ; but the event proved I was in the right. For, by not eating, I endured thirst better ; and, after a few days, I had no inclination to eat, feeling a relief by keeping some substance in my mouth, no matter what, to chew—tobacco, of which there was a little, was the best. We all watched with painful and intense anxiety the formation and changes of the clouds. Every speck in the heavens was commented on and scrutinised—its form, density, and altitude. At last, after successive hopes and disappointments, our eyes dim and our hearts sick, we beheld a dark and heavy cloud, evidently surcharged with rain, coming towards us. Those who have seen, or can conceive, the exhausted pilgrim, parched and perishing on a desert, wading through shifting mounds of scorching sands, with feeble gait, and maddening brain, when his wistful and eager eyes catch a first glimpse of the distant well, may faintly imagine what were our sensations. When the first drops touched our shrivelled lips, and fell on our throbbing temples, every gasping mouth was distended wide to heaven for the falling manna ; our parched throats heaved and swelled like the waves. Fervent prayers were muttered by men, who would have died in battle blaspheming—but they availed not ; the watery cloud, on which their lives were suspended, mockingly displayed its riches, niggardly sprinkled them with a few scanty drops, as a sample of the inestimable treasure it contained, and fled on wards, till they beheld it mingle its waters in waste—in the briny ocean ! They covered, in despair, their inflamed eyes with their cracked and spongy hands, and groaned in agony !"

But who can go on describing tortures such as these men endured, every instant augmenting, comprising an eternity of immitigable suffering, though marked in

the calendar but as seven days and seven hours ?—a space so fleeting, to the free and happy, that it passes by and is scarcely noted, while on these forlorn seamen seven days did the work of seventy years. With rheumed, glassy, bloodshot eyes, haggard, wrinkled, and hollow cheeks, sunken mouth, swollen, slaty, and cracked lips, contracted nostrils, thinned and whitened hair, collapsed muscles, feeble and tottering gait, sepulchral and inarticulate voices, gabbling more like brutes than men ; can the extremest age to which human existence has yet been stretched, with all its withering palsy and impotency, do more ? In seven days and a few hours, youth, intellect, strength, were thus blasted ! Let me be scorched to death in a volcano, blown into the air from a cannon, buried alive in the earth, drowned in water, but let me not die by wanting it !

Two, in their frenzy, threw themselves in the sea, slaked their thirst in its briny waters, and died under its cool canopy. One, after lying in idiotic insensibility, burst into fierce, yelling madness, tore the living flesh from his limbs, sucked his own blood, lay down, slept, and awoke no more. Four, besides the officer, remained on the seventh day. The sky, the ocean, the boat, everything looked burning red and fiery. They had no hope when, on the morning of the eighth day, we rescued them from their shattered boat. What a crazed, wild, and ghastly band were they !—more like corpses uncharnelled than living men. The weakest of the party, the mate, seemed alone to have retained his senses. After he was hoisted on the deck, and had collectedly looked around, he said, “ We are dying the death of the damned !—Give my men water ! ” Then, as if his last duty was performed, he pointed to his frothy lip, but could not speak ; and the spirit, which had borne him up whilst contending with danger, now

released from its post of duty, seemed to flee away, and his body sunk down lifeless. Certainly he would have died, calm and unshaken as he had lived, but for the skill of De Ruyter and Van Scolpvelt, who arrested the flight of life while hovering on his lips. After long struggles, lying convulsed with pain, his strength slowly returned, when the first intelligible and connected words he uttered were, "Who are you? the devil?"—(this was to Van, the doctor)—"where am I?" Another long interval elapsed, during which his intellect was besieging its abandoned citadel, when consciousness was restored, and he said, "Where are my men? Have they got water? Let me see them—poor fellows!" On reiterated assurances that all their wants were supplied, he asked for water for himself. A small portion was put to his lips. Like all the fluids which had been administered to him and his men, a very small quantity was swallowed; the larger portion came up again tinged with blood, the swollen and inflamed glands having nearly stopped up the windpipe. His breast and temples were kept continually moistened with vinegar and water, which diminished his pain. He constantly repeated, "This is not hell, for in hell there is no water." Bleeding and bathing proved to be the most efficacious remedies; but for these De Ruyter thought they could not have been saved. Yet, after all, and with the whole skill of Van, we were only successful in preserving the mate and two of the men. One died raving mad; and it may be observed that he had drunk of sea-water, and partaken of the blood of the man who had died mad in the boat. The other had secretly and voraciously seized on the old hen, which he had appropriated to himself. The inflammation in his throat completely closed up the passage, and, bursting a blood-vessel, he too died. The remaining three were

long subject to violent retchings and convulsive fits, to which, it was believed, they would be always subject.

The mate's recovery was the most decisive and rapid. This young man, whose name was Darvell, remained long on board with us, and I commenced a friendship with him in the offhand way of sailors. We liked each other, and, without saying a word on the subject, became friends for life. His was a short one, as it has been with all those to whom I have linked myself, and they are many—or rather, they were many. At the age of thirty not one was left me. Friendship is dead to me; nothing is left but its memory. Never more will friendship's balm refresh my withered heart. Meaner things have had their mausoleums, their columns, and their pyramids; on me devolves the task to write the epitaphs of my departed friends, and it shall be done by narrating their deeds. I have said Darvell's life was short; his restless and daring spirit forced him on from danger to danger, ever the leader of that devoted band, called the forlorn hope, but no longer of the pretorian phalanxes of kings. His riper judgment shook off, with disdain, the fetters which had manacled him in boyhood. Darvell, on his return to Europe, became a leader of the forlorn hope of the heroic few, who are to be found in the van of those fighting for liberty. No sooner was the flag of freedom unfurled in the New World by spirits like his own than he hastened to join their ranks. His bleached bones may still glitter on the yellow sands of Peru; where the small vessel he commanded was driven on shore and wrecked, in a chivalrous action he fought with a Spanish force ten times his superior.

CHAPTER CXVII

"This Paphian army took its march
Into the outer courts of Neptune's state."

KEATS.

"Whence came ye, merry damsels ! whence came ye ?
So many, and so many, and such glee ? "

Ibid.

THE gale, having for some days abated, was followed by a calm, in which we lay pitching and tossing, owing to the heavy swell, without advancing, like a rocked cradle, or the beating time of soldiers with their feet. The elements, like those who live in them, rest after toil ; and, in tranquil waters and balmy breezes, we regained the lee-way we had lost, keeping a north-east course, till we soon found ourselves amongst the Sunda Islands, which spangle the eastern ocean, thick, bright, and countless as the fleecy clouds of a mackerel sky in summer, defying the patient and indefatigable toil of successive navigators to designate or number. They were of all forms and sizes, beginning from the embryo coral reef, over which swept the yet unwrinkled wave, where nature's minutest architect was at work, carrying on her mightiest designs ; that little dark artificer laying its foundations under the ocean, where mariner's plummet-line could never sound, and uprearing islands and uniting them into vast continents. Those already completed were fair and beautiful, with mountain, stream, and valley ; lawns, and deep dells, covered with forests, fruits, and flowers ; Edens where nature spontaneously yielded all that man should want. The listless islanders, as we approached them in our boats, seemed to gaze on us with wonder at the folly of the strange people, who could wander restless about on the desert waste of

waters, in barks built of trees, under groves of which they dozingly lay, pampered by their fruits, never thinned to form even a canoe. By signs we made known our want of water and fruit ; they pointed to the stream and the trees. They neither aided nor opposed our landing and procuring what we wanted.

Many lovely islands were uninhabited ; others might be considered as civilised, for they had commerce, vessels, and arms, with their never-failing attendants, war, vice, and robbery. At some distance from the large island of Cumbava we fell in with two large fleets of proas, engaged in desperate conflict. There being scarcely any wind stirring at the time, the night was closing in ere we approached them near enough to interrupt their naval contention. When I observed to De Ruyter that I supposed the navies of these islanders were contending for supremacy over the sea, he replied, " Or fighting for a cocoa-nut ! "—for he perceived they were our friends, the warlike Malays, whose proas were attacking the cocoa-nut-trading proas of Cumbava, and the Celebes, whose merchant-fleets had combined against the men-of-war of the former. He added, " The Malays have met their match ; for both these islanders are heroically addicted to fighting, and will perhaps unite together and attack us—so clear your decks."

During the night it was calm, and at daybreak the Malay fleet paddled towards us ; the traders, keeping an opposite course, were soon out of sight. The Malays evidently were deceived by our appearance, and mistook us for traders, as a few shots from our heavy guns changed their war-whoops to shrieking cries, and they fled in disorder. Shortly after, we brought-to on the easternmost side of the island of Cumbava, continuing to seize every opportunity of supplying our vessels with

fresh provisions, and most of the islands furnishing us with an abundance of bananas, shaddock, cocoa-nuts, cabbage-palm, yams, and sweet potatoes, and many with wild hogs, fowls, and fish ; so that we lived well, and had little sickness.

While we lay at Cumbava bartering for what we wanted at a small village, we had all supped on board the grab. I was returning to the schooner with Zela, the night being, as was usual, exceedingly clear and calm, when I heard a blowing and splashing in the water near the shore, as from a shoal of walruses, and its calm surface was broken and glittering with sparks of light, bright as fire-flies. Zela said—

“Haste on board !—the natives are swimming off from the shore ; and I have heard my father say they often attack vessels by this mode of quietly surprising them.”

I hailed the grab, which was just ahead of me, gave them warning, hastened on board, and roused up the men to arm themselves. Then, standing on the gangway, I clearly distinguished a multitude of dark heads, with long, black hair floating on the water, rapidly nearing us. We hailed them in half a dozen languages, but received no other answer than a loud flapping in the water, and a shrill chirping sound, more like a flock of those birds, by sailors called Mother Carey's Chickens, getting on the wing, than the approach of warriors. Some of my men wanted to fire on them ; but I, observing that, whatever they were, they were unarmed, forbade it. Zela and her little Adoo cried out—

“Why, they are all women !—what do they want ?”
And so they were.

A loud and simultaneous laugh burst from the grab, and my quartermaster, holding a night-glass, exclaimed—

“Look, Captain, there be a shoal of mermaids a-boarding the grab !”

Still not knowing what to make of it, I ordered our fierce and armed sailors to stand back, and waved my hand, making signs for the floating visitors to come on board. This was quickly understood, and, in a few minutes, we were boarded in all directions by these aquatic ladies, who clambered up by the chains, the gangway, the bow, and the stern, till our deck was covered. There was no doubt as to the sex of these our unexpected assailants ; and our men, with their pistols, cutlasses, and boarding-pikes, cut a ridiculous figure enough as they confronted women, who, so far from having arms of offence, or being scaled in armour of defence, had no other weapons than what nature had furnished them with, and no other covering than an immensity of jetty long hair. Yet, in justice to the ladies, I must say that many of them, if not fair, were young, sleek-skinned, and of pretty Moorish features ; but I was so entirely devoted to Zela, that my thoughts never veered for an instant to any other. True it was, I had been boyishly indiscreet enough to give in to the joke of bantering and playing pranks on the widow of Yug. I had better have played them on the stealthy and malignant panther ; for what is so relentlessly and dastardly cruel as a vicious and disappointed woman ? But, vanish, accursed retrospection ! Keep aloof from me, memory, thou subtle and intruding devil !

With the dawn of day the amphibious females assembled, like a flock of teal, on deck, having gleaned the sailors' offerings of buttons, nails, beads, old shirts, waistcoats, jackets, and other discarded clothing, with which they had ridiculously bedizened themselves. The vanity of the sex was now in high excitement ;

for I observed, as they strutted about in their motley-coloured attire, partially covering their persons, one in a check shirt, another with a white jacket, some with only a solitary stocking or shoe, and others with gaudy handkerchiefs instinctively applied to their heads, that they scanned with watchful eyes, which among them had got what they considered the most valuable present. At length they all became fixed in astonishment and jealousy, at beholding a frightful squaw, who had successfully insinuated herself into the good graces of the quartermaster, whom she had so bewitched, that he, with princely prodigality, bestowed on her a robe of honour, an ancient scarlet waistcoat ! This was the identical vest that, sparkling on his broad chest, had caused such devastation in the hearts of the fair damsels at Plymouth, and to which he confessedly owed much of his good fortune, having won the heart and hand of a celebrated west-country belle from a host of suitors. All the water-nymphs, at the sight of this brilliant squaw proudly stalking among them, like a queen pre-eminent, clapped their hands with a divided feeling of envy and delight ; then shrieked, and, eager to avoid comparison, hastened to hide their inferior decorations by plumping headlong into the water, chattering and clattering like sea-mews till they reached the land.

CHAPTER CXVIII

"The earth, whose mine was on its face, unsold,
 The glowing sun and produce all its gold;
 The freedom which can call each grot a home;
 The general garden where all steps may roam;
 Where nature owns a nation as her child,
 Exulting in the enjoyments of the wild;
 Their shells, their fruits, the only wealth they know,
 Their unexploring navy the canoe;
 Their sport the dashing breakers and the chase;
 Their strangest sight an European face."

BYRON.

To avoid a repetition of these nocturnal orgies, we got under weigh, threading cautiously, and with difficulty, the groups of islands; many of which were unknown or unmarked on any chart. At some we landed, while our vessels lay off and on, awaiting us; and, in calm weather, we anchored at others, where we generally found fruits and water. Although De Ruyter, besides his being an able navigator, had the advantage of much personal knowledge of the Indian archipelago, yet we had much to contend with; for the multitude of local currents, in the space of a few leagues, ran to every point in the compass; and often were so impetuous that our vessels, even with favourable breezes, were hurried along in contrary directions to each other, and to the courses we were steering. Sometimes we were driven through channels of coral reefs, embayed by shoals, out of which we had infinite difficulty in groping our way with the lead. Many times we thus parted company, and, more than once, jostled together. Besides the momentary fear of being wrecked, the toil and hardship we endured is not to be described; although our vessels were admirably adapted for the intricacy of the navigation.

At sea, scudding fast in a fine vessel, or, on the desert, galloping on a fleet horse, I have felt my blood, hurrying through its channels, tingling with pleasure ; but, like all pleasures of strong excitement, they are short-lived, and dearly purchased by the painful lassitude which follows such enjoyment. On the other hand, I have felt my soul thrilled with rapture, unalloyed by retrospection or deadened by satiety, in wandering over and exploring unknown, or at least unmarked, and uninhabited islands, in the Indian archipelago, accompanied by my Zela. Gazing in mute astonishment at every fruit, herb, tree, and flower, our very ignorance of their names and properties enhanced our admiration. Even those we were familiar with seemed of a more exquisite description. The formation and hues of the rocks, sands, shells, and weeds, to our enthusiastic and untaught eyes, resembled nothing we had previously seen. The very sea around, the noise of the surf, the sky, the clouds above, the untainted atmosphere we breathed, the birds, the lizards, the insects, and larger animals, appeared new and strange. In that awful solemnity of nature, undisturbed by human innovation, carrying on her works in beautiful grandeur, Zela scrutinised, with girlish delight, some little unknown floweret, whilst I stood entranced, gazing on a titanic tree, on whose widespreading branches monkeys and parrots had formed their kingdoms, and under whose broad shade an army might have stood sheltered. We often thought ourselves to be, and perhaps we were, the first intruders on these hallowed solitudes. The birds and beasts viewed us with wonder, but fled not. They thought, or rather I thought for them, "What, is man at last come here ? Not satisfied with, what he calls, usurping the four portions of the globe, must his dominion spread over

the fifth, some space of which is yet untenanted by him? Has Providence, like a stepfather, abandoned his first children, robbing us of our birthright, leaving us no place where we may rest our weary wings? Why is life given us to be taken away for man's pastime, to be tortured to pamper his insatiable appetites? He is a monster, endowed with sovereignty over Nature's works, only to mar and destroy them!"

As I am not writing a history of discovery, I leave to be described, by more systematic circumnavigators, with all the honour and profit thereunto accruing, every one of these islands, now comprehended in the fifth division of the world; limiting myself, as at starting, to simply the history of my own life, and that which is immediately connected with it.

After a long and circuitous navigation we made the Aroo Islands, one of which none that has seen can ever forget. It lies in the centre of the group, and far surpasses all that the most imaginative of Eastern poets has conceived. The birds of the sun (or, as they are usually called, birds of paradise) are natives of this paradise; as is the lory, whose varied and distinctly marked colours exceed in brightness the rarest tulips. Then there are the mina, of deeper blue than the sky, with crest, beak, and legs out-glittering gold, the wild peacock, and an infinity of little scarlet humming-birds, dazzling the sight with their extreme beauty; while the spices on which they live fill the air with sweet smells. Zela screamed with joy, and wept to go on shore; but the wild islanders forbade it.

Getting a distant view of Papua, or New Guinea, we kept a northerly course for a few days; but our salt provisions becoming scanty, we changed our course to the westward, and returned by a parallel line, till we arrived at the Dutch spice-island of Amboyna. Here

we found them in all the bustle of an expected attack by the English, to which, however, the governor did not give credit ; and De Ruyter was too politic to give him his real opinion on the subject, lest efforts might have been made to detain us, in order to assist in their defence, or, at least, our supplies would not have been attainable. We therefore hastily purchased what was necessary, or rather what we could get, took our departure, and soon after captured a small vessel, being the third prize we had made on this cruise. She was freighted—or as the quartermaster, who prided himself on correct orthoepy, persisted in saying, *frighted*—with cloves, mace, and nutmegs. We transhipped the spicery, and let the vessel go.

Our next destination was the island of Celebes, which we made without encountering any event worth recording, and anchored off Fort Rotterdam, at Macassar, a Dutch settlement, as the name of the fort indicates. This island lies between Java and Borneo ; it is shaped like a huge tarantula, a small body with four disproportionately long legs, which stretch into the sea in narrow and lengthened peninsulas.

CHAPTER CXIX

“ But feast to-night ! to-morrow we depart !
Strike up the dance, the festal bowl fill high,
Drain every drop ! to-morrow we may die.”

BYRON.

WE were all delighted, after our long, fatiguing, and anxious navigation among the islands, to find ourselves securely moored in a beautiful harbour near to a very pretty European town, which supplied all our wants. For some days the discipline on board was relaxed, and

we revelled in the enjoyment of abundance, and the luxury of undisturbed rest ; which can only be duly appreciated by those who have hungered and toiled. Several Dutch vessels were lying here, bound to the spice islands ; from these we replenished our stores of European articles, such as wine, cheese, biscuits, and an ample supply of genuine schiedam, which poor Louis used to say was indispensable as the rudder and compass.

As a neutral vessel lay in the port, we shipped Darvell, and the men we had rescued, on board her. Both De Ruyter and myself parted from that gallant young officer with deep regret. In those days of my youth my heart was glowing with feeling, and, as has been seen, readily formed alliances with noble minds like Darvell's. Such men as he (though I cannot believe there are many) may still live ; and perhaps, occasionally, I may come unknowingly in contact with them ; but my heart is chilled, and my affections almost extinguished. I no longer feel myself moved to claim kindred with them ; my soul is absorbed in selfish and vain regret for those I have loved and lost, and shrinks from new ties, if not with loathing, yet with cold indifference. I am become ascetic and morbid ; so I will not slander human nature by contrasting Darvell and the friends of my youth, such as they were to me, with the worldlings among whom I now associate, and whom, with sneering mockery, I designate as " dear," on every scrap of paper which necessity compels me to address to them, either for the purpose of an invitation to dinner, or an appointment for a duel. Let me, however, although no verbal critic, protest against the profanation of the word friend. In this my history I must be honest, make a distinction between the Oriental diamond and its worthless imitation of paste, and separate the grain from the chaff—gossamer words, that weigh nothing, from substantial

realities heavier than gold. With heartfelt reluctance I parted with Darvell, and it is painful for me now to dismiss him with so faint an outline as I have traced on this paper.

De Ruyter having discovered the grab's bowsprit to be sprung, and both vessels being in want of spars, we got under weigh, and went round to the Bay of Bonny on the southern coast. In this most spacious and magnificent of bays we anchored close to the shore ; and, after De Ruyter had communicated with the Rajah, who issued orders to his subjects, the Bonnians, not to molest nor interfere with us, we sent the carpenter and a party of men to select the timber. While De Ruyter was employed in striking his masts and unshipping his bowsprit, we overhauled the schooner's rigging, and set about destroying the rats and other vermin ; which, by the bye (I mean the rats), in some measure compensated for the damage they had done to the ship and provisions, by furnishing, in their own persons, to hungry mariners, a not unpalatable relish, besides many an hour's excellent sport, in which we used to hunt and spear them. At one period, I remember, we had run so short of provisions, and what we had was so salt, hard, and unsavoury, that the price of a brace of rats on board of us rose to a quarter dollar ; while the Borneo breed, long bodied, short legged, round quartered, sleek skinned, and fine eared, were readily disposed off at a fraction more. When skinned, split open, sprinkled with pepper and salt, and nicely broiled, they furnish a salubrious and piquant relish for breakfast. The hind quarters were then as exquisite to my palate as the thighs of woodcocks, and the tainted haunches of venison, are to shore-going grand gourmands. But the daintiest viands soonest pall on the palate ; I had been surfeited with turtle, and, re-

velling on the bountiful supplies we got from the shore, rat-diet became nauseous, and we cleared out the schooner to be rid of them—centipedes, scorpions, cockroaches, and other intruders. Doctor Van Scorpvelt provided a villainous composition, the smoking fumes of which, he averred, would smother all the devils in hell, if he could hermetically seal its gates. We distributed this kill-devil hell-paste in several parts of the vessel, ignited it, and battened down the hatchways, destroying, “at one fell swoop,” all the reptiles which infested and annoyed us. This, and clearing and restoring the schooner’s hull and rigging to that nice order on which sailors pride themselves—for no eye is so fastidious and critical as a sailor’s—stowing the holds, cutting wood, getting water, sending the sick on shore, repairing the sails and casks, setting up the standing rigging, and other matters, kept all hands at work for a considerable time.

While this was going on I made frequent excursions on shore, and maintained a friendly intercourse with the Bonnians, who, next to the warlike Malays, were the people I best liked; they were friendly, frank, hospitable, honest, enterprising, and brave. The Dutch policy here was the same as that employed by the English on the continent of India—the exciting and fomenting intestine wars among the native princes, in order to secure and augment their own possessions; besides, on the part of the Dutch, reaping the collateral, and indeed principal advantage of being furnished with the prisoners of war for slaves, whom they exported to Java and the spice-islands. In other respects their settlement on this island was convenient, as maintaining open a line of communication with their other residencies in the East. In the great Bay of Bonny there was a fine river, leading to a large lake in the interior, which the

Rajah wisely forbade the Europeans from surveying, well knowing the covetousness of their eyes, as he said, was only to be exceeded by the rapacity of their hands.

In one of my excursions around the great bay, I had provided myself with a seine for fishing, and weapons for the chase. As we were pulling along the shore of the southernmost point, we opened, through a somewhat narrow entrance, to a smaller bay. It was perfectly calm, but the ground-swell rolled in heavily, and we heard the surf breaking on the shelving-beach at its extremity or bottom; above which arose a small, but rocky and rugged hill, bare on the sides, but crowned with majestic timber and patches of underwood. On each side of the bay the land was high, broken, and shelving, with jagged and rent rocks, whose sharp points continued in successive lines, bearing a most forbidding and inhospitable aspect. The prolific and rife vegetation of the East appeared vainly struggling for existence on its arid surface. Only those low and creeping plants thrived well, with wiry roots to insinuate themselves into the fissures of the hardest stone, till, swelling into wedges, they break through them, and enter the hard crust of the earth. Around the entire margin of this bay, formed like a horseshoe, was laid, I suppose by the waves, a carpet of the finest and smoothest sand; its yellow surface here and there strewn with glittering shells, and bones bleached by the salt water and the sun, but without a single pebble. The general transparent blueness of the water, indicative of its depth, and the absence of rocks and shoals, was the more remarkable as contrasted with the peculiar abruptness and ruggedness of its shores, on which there did not appear enough of level surface for the foundation of a fisherman's cot, nor were there any signs of human habitation.

Impressed with the idea that this bay must be an excellent place to haul the seine in, I determined to try it; and putting the helm up, impelled by the swell, we ran the boat directly in. I luffed to, about midway down, and, running the boat, on the weather or sea-side, slap on the beach, the sides of which were nearly as steep as a washing-basin, we landed our tackle, and a small tent I always carried with me for Zela. We again launched the boat with the seine, the men pulling deeper into the bay for a shallower and more favourable place for hauling it. Zela and myself strolled along the beach, collecting specimens of the finest shells I had seen. On the first cast of the seine, near the bottom of the bay, where the water was shallow, and the tide just turned, coming in, we had the heaviest haul of fish I ever saw or heard of, and of the most varied and finest kind. We literally heaped them up on the beach like hay-cocks; and continued, in sheer wantonness, to cast and draw, so highly were the men excited, till our eyes became satiated. In spite of the truism that the eye is a thousand times more insatiable than the mouth, for we had no more than seven mouths to fill, we toiled on, robbing the ocean of enough to cram the maws of a famished fleet. At last the greediest imagination was surfeited; and every man selecting what he thought it possible to carry, not eat, each bearing more than would have sufficed the party, we retraced our steps to where we first landed, lighted fires, and then man might truly have been designated a cooking animal, for all were cooks. The sportsman's brag that he don't toil to fill the pot was here belied; for we devoured the produce of our sport with a greediness that begot a general surfeit.

CHAPTER CXX

“ And under the caves,
 Where the shadowy waves
 Are as green as the forest night ;
 Outspeeding the shark,
 And the sword-fish dark,
 Under the ocean foam.”

SHELLEY.

I LEFT Zela with her Malay handmaidens, and, aided by a boar-spear, ascended, with one of the men, an Arab, the rough rocks to overlook the bay. In my youth I loved climbing and scrambling up rocks and mountains ; now I seldom intrude on the dweller of a second storey, and my greatest enemy or friend may avoid me altogether on the third ; so humbled is the aspiring spirit of my youth. We wound our way along the precipitous sides of the rude barrier, which encompassed us, towards the bight, or bottom of the bay ; and, rather wearied, gained a rude and jutting ledge of rocks, forming a small platform, nearly half-way to the summit. There I seated myself, lighted my pipe, and looked down on the entire bay, which lay under my feet ; and further onwards, the Bay of Bonny, which, banked in by islands on the seaside, appeared an extensive lake. Looking down on the water, its aspect was flat and unruffled ; many of the picturesque proas of the natives were scudding in with the last of the sea breeze. On the narrow strip of bright sand, which lay round the water like a golden frame to a dark, oval Venetian picture, lay our little boat, the fishing-net drawn over, and its ends spreading along the beach, like a black spider veiled in its grey web.

My hawk-eyed Arab now pointed out to me a line of dark spots, moving rapidly in the water, rounding the

arm of the sea, and entering the great bay. At first I thought they were canoes capsized, coming in keel uppermost ; but the Arab declared they were sharks, and said, " The bay is called Shark's Bay ; and their coming in from the sea is an infallible sign of bad weather." A small pocket-telescope convinced me they were large blue sharks. I counted eight ; their fins and sharp backs were out of the water. After sailing majestically up the great bay till they came opposite the mouth of a smaller one, they turned towards it in a regular line ; one, the largest I had seen anywhere, taking the lead, like an admiral. He had attained the entrance, with the other seven following, when some monsters arose from the bottom, near the shore, where he had been lurking, opposed his further progress, and a conflict instantly ensued. The daring assailant I distinguished to be a sword-fish, or sea-unicorn, the knight-errant of the sea, attacking everything in its domain ; his head is as hard and as rough as a rock, out of the centre of which grows horizontally an ivory spear, longer and far tougher than any warrior's lance ; with this weapon he fights. The shark, with a jaw larger and stronger than a crocodile's, with a mouth deeper and more capacious, strikes also with his tail, in tremendous force and rapidity, enabling him to repel any sudden attack by confusing or stunning his foe, till he can turn on his back, which he is obliged to do ere he can use his mouth. This wily and experienced shark, not daring to turn and expose his more vulnerable parts to the formidable sword of his enemy, lashed at him with his heavy tail, as a man uses a flail, working the water into a syllabub. Meanwhile, in honour, I suppose, or in the love of fair play, his seven compatriot sharks stood aloof, lying-to with their fins, in no degree interfering in the fray. Fre-

quently I could observe, by the water's eddying in concentric ripples, that the great shark had sunk to the bottom, to seek refuge there, or elude his enemy by beating up the sand ; or, what is more probable, by this manœuvre to lure the sword-fish downwards, which, when enraged, will blindly plunge its armed head against a rock, in which case its horn is broken ; or, if the bottom is soft, it becomes transfixed, and then would fall an easy prey. De Ruyter, while in a country vessel, had her struck by one of these fish (perhaps mistaking her for a whale, which, though of the same species, it often attacks) with such velocity and force, that its sword passed completely through the bow of the vessel ; and, having been broken by the shock, it was with great difficulty extracted. It measured seven feet ; about one foot of it, the part attached to the head, was hollow, and the size of my wrist ; the remainder was solid, and very heavy, being indeed the exquisite ivory of which the Eastern people manufacture their beautiful chessmen. But to return to our sea-combat, which continued a long time, the shark evidently getting worsted. Possibly the bottom, which was clear, was favourable for his enemy ; whose blow, if he succeeds in striking while the shark is descending, is fatal. I think he had struck him, for the blue shark is seldom seen in shoal or discoloured water ; yet now he floundered on towards the bottom of the bay, madly lashing the water into foam, and rolling and pitching like a vessel dismasted. For a few minutes his conqueror pursued him, then wheeled round and disappeared ; while the shark grounded himself on the sand, where he lay writhing and lashing the shore feebly with his tail. His seven companions, with seeming unconcern, wore round, and, slowly moving down the bay, returned by the outlet at which they had

entered. Hastening down to the scene of action, I saw no more of them. My boat's crew were assembled at the bottom of the bay, firing muskets at the huge monster as he lay aground ; before I could join them, he was dispatched, and his dead carcass laid on the beach like a stranded vessel. Leaving him and them, I ran along the beach for half a mile to regain Zela's tent.

CHAPTER CXXI

“ And all my knowledge is that joy is gone,
And this thing woe crept in among our hearts,
There to remain for ever, as I fear.”

KEATS.

WHEN close upon the tent, I caught the sounds of moaning and wailing within. Stooping down at the low entrance, I saw the sand spotted with blood. I burst through the canvas screen, and stood motionless as marble ; and my heart felt as heavy and cold. My eyes dizzy, my senses bewildered, I gazed on what I thought the lifeless remains of Zela, stretched out like a corpse. Her black and dripping hair, in bloody and tangled masses, over her pallid bosom, looked like a dark shroud. Her eyes and mouth were half closed, she was unconscious, insensible. The Malay girls knelt by her on each side in despair, sobbing, tearing their hair, and rending their garments. They made signs to me as I entered, but Zela absorbed every faculty. I made an effort to approach ; I tried to speak, but, heart-struck, I staggered, and should have fallen had I not grasped the stanchion which supported the tent. With my eyes fast riveted on Zela, I thought I saw her eyelids move ; then the sound of her voice thrilled through my frame, and recalled my fleeting

faculties, though her words were inarticulate. Kneeling by her side, I loosened her vest, put my hand on her heart, and felt it moving. I pressed my lips to hers ; they were white, but still warm with life. I raised her head, and rubbed her hands ; the blue veins on her beautiful eyelids, forehead, and neck swelled out, and a slight flush of crimson spread over her. She opened wildly her large dark eyes, reminding me forcibly of the first time I had encountered their magic fascination. "Dearest Zela," I stammered out, "what is the matter ?"

She gazed on me, as if with an effort to collect her powers of mind, and, in her low, musical voice, answered slowly and distinctly, "Nothing, love, if you are here. I am well—very well. But you are ill—you appear very ill."

She then made an effort to turn on her side, but groaned with pain, and fell back powerless. After closing her eyes for a minute, she again opened them, and said, "Oh yes ! I remember I have had a fall, and hurt myself a little—nothing more. Oh ! where is Adoo ?—she fell too—do, dear, see to her ! I shall soon be well."

I looked at the Malayan girl, who was supporting her on the opposite side. Her face and hands were streaming with blood ; but without wasting a thought on herself, she was watching Zela as eagerly as I had done. She dried her eyes with her hair, and her dark features brightened as her mistress gave her a look of recognition. I interrogated her as to Zela's hurts ; she pointed to her head, and several parts of her body. Angry at my folly in having, for an instant, neglected that on which so much depended, and, inspired by the overwhelming reaction of hope, with a hand, that had never trembled till then, I examined her wounds. After

having persuaded her to drink some wine and water, she in vain besought me (never till then in vain) to first attend to Adoo. Even had I consented, the true-hearted little barbarian, although bleeding to death, would have died uncomplainingly ere she would have permitted me to stanch her blood while her mistress's was flowing. The wounds on Zela's body, head, legs, and arms were many ; yet (and I had some skill in surgery) they did not appear to me dangerous. Her insensibility had been occasioned by the blows on her head, and by loss of blood. There were severe bruises on her side and back, which gave her the greatest pain ; and their consequences filled me with dread. But now that animation was restored, and with it her presence of mind, she contrived to lull my fears and strengthen my hopes.

My attention was then directed to Adoo, at whom Zela shriekingly pointed. The poor little girl, whom I had hardly noticed, the instant her fears for her mistress had in some degree subsided, fell senseless on the sand. Her legs and one of her hands were almost cut through, and the sand, where she had been seated, was in a puddle from the quantity of blood she had lost. I tore the remainder of my shirt into bandages, stanching and bound up her wounds ; but, with every care, it was long ere she gave indications of returning life.

The sailors had been for some time assembled round the tent, anxious to ascertain the fate of those within : they were ignorant of the circumstance, having been drawn down the bay watching the sharks. I went out, and ordered them instantly to prepare the boat for returning on board. The cockswain pointed to the sea, and said—

“ The boat can't live, Sir, in such weather.”

“ Weather !—why, it is a calm ! ”

I looked at the great bay, and beheld with dismay that one of those squalls, so frequent in tropical climates, had suddenly come on. Savage at this new evil, and the dreadful consequences of delay, which might be fatal to Zela, I ran to the point, and, ascending the rocks, the first blast of the gale, which caught me, would have borne me over them, had I not held on with my hands. It was blowing a complete hurricane—the sun had disappeared in the gloom—night prematurely was setting in—the sky was black and lowering, and the sea was an entire sheet of foam.

It did not require an instant's thought as to the total impossibility of venturing out in such weather. The clouds too seemed surcharged with thunder and water ; I therefore hastened back with the men, and we all turned to, hauling the boat up high and dry, and securing the tent by every possible means. The boat-sails and tackle were added—the sand was channelled all round—rocks were placed on the tent-pegs, and dry wood collected for firing. Luckily, we had a keg of water and bread in the boat, with some other necessities I never left the ship without, and, what was of the utmost importance, a lantern. With the darkness the storm increased, and in eddying gusts roared up the bay with a force that seemed to rock the hills.

During the night we were all kept on the alert, first to prevent the tent from being blown away, and then from being washed into the sea by the floods of rain which followed. So loud and continued was the thunder, reverberating among the hills, that it was like the deafening explosions when rocks are blasted in a tunnel, or in a deep mine. As I walked to and fro on the beach, in melancholy forebodings, I wished the lightning would rend the rocks on each side, till, crumbling down, they filled up the bay beneath, and buried us all together.

The invocation I made then, I have never revoked—would that it had been accomplished.

CHAPTER CXXII

“Thy cheek is pale
For one whose cheek is pale: thou dost bewail
His tears who weeps for thee. . . .
. . . 'Tis she, but lo!
How changed, how full of ache, how gone in woe!”

KEATS.

THE rain having lulled the wind, to keep Zela as much as possible from the wet sand, I sat down, leaning against the tent-pole, and supported her in my arms. On the morning I learnt the following particulars. She said—

“Two hours after your departure—oh, would you had never left me! for I feel it is not your fate that hangs on me, as you have often told me, but mine on yours! Why, then, did you not let me go with you to the mountain? You have seen me climb, and have said nothing but the lizard could follow me.”

I answered, “Yes, but remember you were then as light as a bird; now your weight is increased by the burden you have within you. Our first child prematurely lost its life by your rash exertions in saving its father.”

“Could I hesitate to sacrifice my child to rescue its father? A child’s life, weighed in the balance by a wife’s hand, is but a feather against the heavy loss of a husband. Besides, who, that is an orphan, would willingly bring into this cruel world a being so helpless and wretched as itself?”

After giving vent to her feelings, she proceeded to

satisfy my first inquiries regarding her present situation, and said, "I strolled along the beach to the point of rocks at the entrance of the bay, and, coming to a sheltered and shady place, I determined to bathe with Adoo; the water looked so smooth and cool. The other little girl was posted to prevent intrusion. Then, knowing you admire the coral trees, which grow under the water, and seeing some very beautiful ones, I told Adoo to dive and bring me up a branch. It was of the deep crimson, which you said was the best. Owing to its brittleness, it was a long time before we could get an entire one. While we were still looking about, we heard a great noise in the water near us; and Adoo, who you know, has good eyes, saw something coming in from the sea, and told me there were bonitos jumping about in play, a sign of bad weather at hand. She then told me she saw you coming along the beach, and added, 'I can swim better than you, and will be the first on shore to welcome him.'

"She swam faster than a fish, and I scolded her for her ill-natured exertions to shame her mistress, for I had vowed to be the first on land. She continued to jeer and mock me, until she landed on a rock, difficult to ascend, high out of the water, and slippery with weeds and moss. At that instant I heard the other girl, whom I had left as sentinel, shriek out, 'Sharks—sharks!' I thought she was bantering, and was still hesitating, when I knew by her face she spoke the truth, and endeavoured to get up as Adoo had done. She stood on the verge of a ledge of rocks. The loud flapping of the sharks was behind me, and I heard the seamen shouting. Adoo stooped down, and gave me her hand; hastily I caught hold of it, and tried with all my strength to climb up. Adoo held my right hand; with my left I seized on some seaweed. My alarm added to my

weight, already too heavy to be supported by such helps, and the seaweeds gave way. Adoo would not let me go, nor could her feet cling to the slimy sea-grass, so that we both fell. Yet she did not fall upon me, or I must have then died—poor girl! she threw herself headlong on the low rocks, and I fell on my side. The coral rocks are sharp, and I must have lain there, had not Adoo and her companion got me out of the water—I know not how. I knew nothing more till I awoke, and found myself here in great pain. Then you came; and since that I have been better, much better!”

Continuing to repeat, “Much better!” Zela sunk into a restless sleep, exhausted by loss of blood and intense pain. I knew, by experience, that such unquiet slumber is not refreshment; it is but depriving us of the consciousness of where and how we are afflicted. The brain is then crowded with horrid shapes, and imagined tortures, far worse than realities, such as the most cunning of human tyrants could never devise. I sponged the dewy drops from her throbbing temples; her groans smote my heart. It was evident that the internal injuries she had received were worse than I had apprehended; exterior wounds could not so convulse her. Gloomy forebodings filled my mind, and almost tempted me to antedate, what I dared not contemplate, her loss, by ending my fears at once, and our lives together. My pistols lay by my side, and my eyes were fixed on them, when one of the seamen came to the door of the tent, and told me the squall had blown over, and the weather was clearing.

We waited another hour for the swell to be moderate, during which time we made the boat as commodious as possible. The tent was struck, and everything being in readiness, I carried Zela on board; and afterwards Adoo, who would allow no one to touch her but myself.

The men, to show they felt for one who never spoke but in kindness, and never appeared amongst them but to confer some favour, exerted their utmost strength at the oars to expedite our passage. Still, the waves were rolling in heavily from the sea ; but that was in our favour ; and the boat, constructed for whale-fishing, floated lightly, and moved almost as rapidly as a sea-swallow ; though, at that time, I did not think so. I relieved the men alternately at the oars ; and my intense anxiety and impatience was assuaged by physical labour. We pulled the distance, which was little less than three leagues, within two hours. The grab's neck was crowded as we flew past her ; the men perceived by our rapidity that something had happened, and De Ruyter inquired what was the matter. Without replying to his question, I begged he would lose no time in coming on board the schooner with the doctor. In the schooner also I saw the men ranged along the gangway ; and, in another instant, we shot up alongside of her. A chair was soon slung, lowered from the main-yard into the boat, and Zela was hoisted on the deck. Without speaking a word, indeed I could hardly distinguish the features of the crowd of familiar faces gazing on us, I bore her directly into the cabin.

The doctor and De Ruyter were quickly on board. When they entered the cabin, and beheld the change which four-and-twenty hours had made in Zela's beautiful face and form, De Ruyter, involuntarily shuddering, closed his eyes, and pressed his hands over his face ; while the hitherto impenetrable doctor, who, except on hearing of Louis' death, had never shown the least sympathy with human woe, now took the glasses from his eyes, and wiped them. Then, with a tenderness foreign to his usual practice, he proceeded to unbind and examine the wounds of his gentle patient. Not a

question was asked by either of them ; and, during the whole process, no other words were spoken than the brief account I was compelled to give for the instruction and guidance of the doctor.

The most learned in human physiognomy might have gazed for ever on Van's unchanging features without a chance of reading his thoughts. After dressing her wounds, he carefully examined the bruises on her body, and, giving her a preparation of opium, left her. I followed, and warmly essayed to fathom his thoughts. He was struck by the alteration in my bearing towards him ; for, when suffering in my own person from wounds or sickness, I had still maintained my bantering and jeering manner, and often vexed him beyond endurance. But now my pride was humbled ; for I had faith in Van's skill, on which all my hopes depended, and was meek and obedient as the most abject slave to the most imperious and powerful of masters. It is almost needless to say that the poor faithful attendant, Adoo, lacked little of the care that was bestowed on her mistress. She was laid on the opposite couch ; and it was evident her strength was greater, or her sufferings infinitely less acute ; for her features had undergone but a slight and nearly imperceptible change, whilst Zela's were so contracted by spasms, that she was scarcely to be recognised.

CHAPTER CXXIII

“Thy voice was a sweet tremble in mine ear,
 Made tuneable by every sweetest vow,
 And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear :
 How changed thou art ! how pallid, chill, and drear !”

KEATS.

“Save thine, ‘incomparable oil,’ Macassar !”

BYRON.

AFTER watching Zela till she slept, I went on deck, where I found De Ruyter waiting for me. I gave him a detailed account of all that had led to this fatal calamity; for I could not divest myself of a conviction that it would terminate fatally. His arguments to the contrary, although they were rational and wise, could not shake my belief. Firmly fixed was the presentiment that the spring-tide, which had borne me on triumphantly to the attainment of perfect happiness, was turned, ebbing back to the sea, and that mine and my happiness would be left a stranded wreck. To relax the tense cords, strainingly drawn from heart to brain, De Ruyter endeavoured to divert my thoughts to the discussion of other topics. He told me he had, on the previous evening, received intelligence, coming through an infallible channel, that the Governor-General of India had, at length, determined on fitting out an expedition (with the details of which he was in possession), for the wresting of the Isle of France out of the hands of the French.

“It has been made known to me,” said De Ruyter, “through my correspondent, an Armenian merchant, who resides at the seat of government, and has found means of diving to the very bottom of every council held there. This enterprise has been long, very long in contemplation; but now they have resolved to carry it into execution.

This will materially alter my plans. We have no time to lose ; we must exert ourselves to the utmost in expediting the refitment and equipment of our vessels."

At another time this would have aroused me had I been bedridden with a jungle-fever ; but now, in the most animating part of his discourse, while detailing the naval and military force to be employed, and the names of their respective commanders, a death-like torpor, which had stolen up my limbs, and weighed on my body like lead, at length ascended to my eyelids, which it sealed, and I fell into the profoundest sleep I can remember. De Ruyter, as I afterwards discovered, had carefully covered me with flags, and placed a sentinel over me to prevent my being disturbed. Since Zela's accident, I had not taken food ; and De Ruyter artfully induced me to drink a cup of strong coffee, under the plea of keeping me awake. This he had drugged with opium, to enforce that rest, without which he foresaw my strength of body and mind would be prostrated. I did not awake till the evening, and wondered how I could have enjoyed such a long and undisturbed sleep at such a time.

I hastily descended to the cabin, and found the doctor examining his patients. They were both sitting up, supported by cushions. The Malay girl was considerably better ; but Zela's mind only seemed to have benefited : her bodily sufferings had undergone no change. Her face, which before was rosy, bright, and pure as the first tints of morning, was now shaded with the dim hue of sickness ; her eyes were dull, and her lips without colour. De Ruyter and the doctor remained on board us during the wearisome night, the greater part of which I passed in the cabin, supporting Zela in my arms, where alone she seemed to find relief.

The next day, in compliance with De Ruyter's wish to

prepare for sea, I returned to my duties. He kindly offered to relieve me from them ; but I mechanically resumed my business, as formerly, and active employment was of the utmost service in preserving the strength of my body, which otherwise would have sunk under the weight of my tortured mind. No longer, as before, was I above fate and circumstance, therefore happy—but full of evil forebodings. My heart was swollen by painful emotions, rendered still more trying by the necessity of repressing them. On the third day, when Zela's sufferings became so gnawingly acute as to threaten a speedy termination, scarcely was I sensible ; I possessed only a half-kind of feeling that death was a most desirable end ; and when those violent throes and writhings ceased to convulse her frame, when she sunk into a helpless, senseless torpor, when she lay so motionless that I thought she was dead, I stood over her with a fierce firmness, startling the iron-nerved doctor, and exclaimed, " She is then dead ! "

Van was then holding her tiny wrist between his gaunt finger and thumb, and answered, " You are ignorant. She lives. The crisis of her danger is past. She is no more dead than I am ;—she is asleep."

His words were as balsamic oil. The stern, the painful rigidity of fortitude, to which I had worked myself, relaxed into softness, with the same feeling of composure, as when our fibres are released from the grasp of a spasm, and are lulled into repose ; and such was the relief Zela then experienced. Satisfied with the truth of this, I went on deck as one revived, and beheld the scene shining beautifully under that magic light, in which it is the privilege of joy to clothe the world. My spirits became, as it were, embalmed in bliss. I hastened on board the grab to communicate my happiness to De Ruyter and the old Rais. Every man

participated in my joy for the restoration of her, whose kindness, courage, and gentleness had penetrated the breasts of the roughest, and impressed their stubborn hearts with admiration.

Once more was I alert in my duty, no longer an indifferent spectator. The news De Ruyter had heard he now retold me ; and, having completed our repairs, we weighed our anchors and put to sea. The Rajah, with whom De Ruyter was on friendly footing, gave him, at taking leave, a large quantity of different oils and balsams, for which this island is as celebrated as Java for its poisons. Among the rest was a large proportion of kiapootee and colalava oil, and the oleaginous extract from a fruit tree, since that period become so notorious in Europe (by name I mean)—Macassar oil. I may mention here that it was some of this very oil, given by the Rajah to medicine Zela's hurts, that, on my return to England, through the means of a servant, found its way into the hands of a perfumer ; it was a quart bottle, and must have possessed the miraculous properties of the widow's cruise of oil. Certainly the pure vegetable, gelatinous oils, of this island and the Moluccas, are beneficial both to the skin and hair ; for the natives, in the two essential articles of beauty, surpass all the world, and retain them even in extreme age. Indeed I never remember to have there seen grey hair or bald heads ; and even the aged retain their suppleness of limb and softness of skin. This I should have attributed to their fine climate, simplicity of diet, and abstinence from ardent spirits, were it not that many other nations participate in these advantages, without enjoying the same results ; therefore I think their balsamic oils must possess a rare virtue. The bald head of Socrates may have added dignity to his appearance ; but the bald cocoa-nut-shaped skulls of modern mortals are disgusting, and to

them I commend the liberal use of the oil of Macassar—if they can get it.

In this voyage De Ruyter's object being exclusively to return, as speedily as possible, to the Isle of France, it was determined not to run out of our course, nor be diverted from our main design, either by putting into any one of the islands, near which we might pass, or by giving chase to any vessel, except such as were steering in the same direction. In passing the Straits of Sunda, De Ruyter ran in near enough to communicate with the shore by a boat, but did not anchor. He had an interview with the governor, General Jansens, at Batavia, and received a confirmation of the news he had heard at the Celebes. Taking in a few boatloads of fresh provisions, we forthwith proceeded on our voyage. De Ruyter's wish was, in our long run across the Indian Ocean, from the Straits of Sunda to the Isle of France, that we should make the best of our way, without the detention of keeping together. Besides, as accidents might happen to one of us, either by falling in with English men-of-war (for intelligence had reached us that a squadron of frigates was in those seas, bound, as was conjectured, for the Isle of France), or by squalls, or calms, or by one of the thousand disasters attendant on a long voyage, the risk would be lessened by our holding different courses, as then one of us might be calculated on to reach his destination, on which the fate of the French settlement seemed to hang. For this purpose I had been furnished with duplicates of the dispatches, with full power to act in De Ruyter's name in his own particular affairs. But all these prudent and wise considerations were overruled by my anxiety, indeed by the urgent necessity for Doctor Van Scolpvelt's attendance on Zela, who continued in such a state of debility, that it was still doubtful if she would not sink under it.

Van's skill had triumphed at a moment of the utmost peril ; in saving her life he had bound me to him for ever ; his medical knowledge, that had been heretofore so lightly thought of by me, I now revered as a superhuman attribute, belonging to him alone. It was therefore fixed that we should, running all chances, keep together ; except in the event of our being pursued by an enemy of superior force, when it would be indispensable for us to separate and make our escape.

CHAPTER CXXIV

" O, vulture witch, hast thou never heard of mercy ?
 Could not thy harshest vengeance be content,
 But thou must nip this tender innocent
 Because I loved her ? "

KEATS.

" So, at last,
 This nail is in my temple ! "

KEATS' MS.

ORDINARY events during a voyage do not bear relating. A man might as well seek to be amused by perusing a merchant's ledger as a sea commonplace journal. Yet had it been otherwise, I must confess, such was my weakness, that I was no longer capable of attending to, much less of recording the scenes, which indeed passed before my eyes, but left no impression on my mind, bright and vivid at the moment perhaps, as the line of light shot by a star through the heavens at night, yet as fading and transitory ; or like the sparkling furrow left by our vessel's deep keel in the dark waters, expunged as soon as made. The wings of my spirit would no longer bear me up ; my imagination remained hovering over the sick couch of Zela ; my mind was tinged with

the melancholy hue of the drooping object I contemplated. Ours were no common ties ; she had been as a bird driven by the tempest from the land, that sought refuge in my bosom ; and like a darling bird, too delicate to be entrusted in others' hands, I alone fostered and cherished her. Still the doctor, dividing his time between the two vessels, continued to predict her ultimate restoration to health ; but he confessed the shock her delicate frame had received required time and care.

We had been nearly a month at sea, and a certain change for the better had taken place in her constitution. After sitting up with her, as usual, all night, I lay slumbering uneasily on the deck under the awning, my mind haunted by the horrible dream of the poisonous hag of Java, when I was awakened by Adoo, who had nearly recovered from her wounds. By the agitation depicted on her strongly marked features, I saw that something disastrous had taken place. Before she could utter a connected sentence, I was by Zela's couch. She was writhing in extreme pain, and said that her stomach was burning. I called to the mate on deck to make a signal to the grab for the doctor, but she, unfortunately, was nearly out of sight ahead, and it was almost a calm. Questioning Adoo as to the cause of Zela's present state, she pointed to a jar on the table, and told me that, her mistress not having eaten anything for a long time, she, with the other girl, had hunted in the storeroom for something that would tempt her to eat. They found that jar of preserved fruit ; when her mistress, fond of sweetmeats, ate a great deal, and gave some to the other little girl, who was seized with the same pain after eating it. " Seeing my mistress liked it," said Adoo, " I did but taste one of the fruit, and it has made me sick. I am sure there is poison in that jar."

The word *poison* pierced my brain like a barbed arrow. Looking at the newly-opened jar, which had been closed with more than ordinary care by a resinous gum, I emptied out a portion of the fruit. They were a very fine sort of the wild green and yellow nutmegs, preserved in white sugar-candy. Had the small green snake, a native of Java, whose venom is the deadliest of all its tribe, erected its crest from out the jar, it would not so have shaken my nerves. For I remembered I had, at the widow's, eaten many preserved nutmegs from a jar, the counterpart of the one before me, and that they had made me sick ; when an old woman—a confidential slave of the widow, whose heart I had won by giving her a small silver box to fasten round the arm, containing a scrap of papyrus with a hieroglyphic charm, brought from Mecca, telling her it was a passport to admit her, alone of all the sex, into paradise ; then she looked at me, long and steadily, and said, “ Have you angered my mistress already ? ” I laughed at the question. At that moment the widow came into the room in high spirits, patted my cheeks, and ran away to make me some coffee. As soon as she was gone, the old woman again addressed me with, “ I was going to say, if my mistress is angry, and if you have eaten nutmegs prepared by her hands, you had better keep to yourself the talisman, which is to unlock the gates of paradise. You are too young and too happy to go there. I once told a husband of my mistress the same. He was a good man, and gave my son his freedom. I told him not to eat nutmegs, when—ah !—when——”

“ And why not ? ” I inquired.

“ He asked me the same question,” replied the old woman. “ But you men are all infidels ; you believe nothing that women say if they are old, and, what is worse, everything if they are young. My mistress saw

another man she liked better ; and I heard her one day say bitter things of my master. The next day I saw her give him those sweet things to eat, and he became sick ; when he was carried out of the house, and another man came in, and put on his slippers and turban. But I can read my mistress's thoughts ; as yet she loves you, and will do you no harm. So I shall keep the charm, for I shall want it soon ; but mind you do not make my mistress angry, for then she is deadly as the poison of the cheetic tree, which grows in the jungle, on which the sun never shines."

Our conversation was again interrupted by the widow, and half a dozen slaves bringing coffee and cold water. This warning made some impression at the time, for I desisted from eating the most delicious sweetmeats in the world ; and it had been strengthened, before I left the island, by many corroborating stories from others. Often had I afterwards congratulated myself on escaping from her fangs, when sweltering with venom. Now the frightful belief flashed on my mind, that the cunning strumpet, aided by the devil himself, had, as it were, stretched her arm across the Indian Ocean to ship the poisoned jar ; for by no investigation could I ascertain how or when it came aboard.

While I stood pondering over the accursed fruit, half unconscious where I was, I thought I could hear the fiendish laugh of the widow mocking me. I thought I could see her, as she stood in the stern of the boat, threatening and cursing me as I left the harbour of Batavia, and began to repay her with loud and savage imprecations, till Zela, alarmed at my looks and gestures, believing me mad, forgot for a moment her own agony, took hold of my hand, pulled me on the bed, and soothed me with the softest accents, assuring me she was getting better. She bade me lay my head on her

bosom, and she would rub it, for she saw the veins were distended on it. She said, almost playfully, "I can bear any pain but that of seeing you suffer. Your looks, my love, affright me. Take this fruit"—giving me a pomegranate—"which the poet Hafiz calls the pearl of fruits; and thus I imitate the example of the shell of the ocean, to fill with pearls the hand which wounds it."

The calmness with which she talked deceived me for a moment; but this effort of her mind almost destroyed her frail body: for then she talked wildly and incoherently, the subversion of her intellect foretelling the fatal issue that was at hand. Every muscle and nerve was writhing, as with a separate agony; her features were distorted; and in vain I tried every method I could think of to alleviate her pain. The poison was working on her vitals, and her mental derangement was a relief.

When at last the doctor came and saw her, it was evident that even his science could not avail. He examined the jar, compared the symptoms of his patients, and confessed that my suspicions were well grounded. But I am totally unequal to the task of narrating, step by step, the ravages that the venom worked on her. She wasted, day by day, till she became almost a shadow. I never left her; and in her lucid intervals, which were few, she clung to me with more than her wonted fondness; and we mingled our tears, renewing our vows never to part. The truest words of the poet are, "The love which is born of sorrow, like it, is true." Sorrow was the parent of our attachment. I remembered she once said to me, when revelling in health and happiness at our hut in Borneo, "I saw you enter the tent where I was a prisoner. All others fled. It was the house of death. You came,

like an angel, to save. Though you could not save my father, you avenged and consoled him when dying. How then could I but admire you? When afterwards you attached yourself to me (by what charm influenced I am yet to learn), my admiration was, on the instant, love. For you approached me, and offered those sympathies which are the smaller links of that invisible chain love delights to wear for ever; because our senses, says Hafiz, wait upon our imagination like the most submissive slaves."

My God! how shall I find words to tell the death of her who had felt and spoken thus? If all were concentrated into one word, that could express my feelings, to give it utterance would destroy my reason!

Picking the seeds from a pomegranate, and making ruby-coloured letters on the bed, such as, in our happy days, had been the means of conveying our ideas when ignorant of each other's language, and singing fragments of Arabian songs, were now her constant habits. One night she was startled, in the midst of her wild notes, by a voice from the deck calling out that the Isle of France was in sight. She screamed out, "I am glad of it, very glad, dearest husband. Only, love, take me in your arms to carry me on shore; I am too weak to walk." Then throwing herself, with her last collected strength, in my arms, as I knelt by her low couch, she clasped me round the neck with her thin hands, and saying, "Now I am well and happy! I live in his heart!"—with her lips pressed to mine, she yielded up her mortality!

CHAPTER CXXV

“ Upon those pallid lips
 So sweet even in their silence ; on those eyes
 That image sleep in death ; upon that form
 Yet safe from the worm’s outrage, let no tear
 Be shed—not even in thought.”

SHIELLEY.

“ Now let me borrow
 For moments few, a temperament as stern
 As Pluto’s sceptre, that my words not burn
 These uttering lips, while I in calm speech tell
 How specious heaven was changed to real hell.”

KEATS.

To attempt to portray what I felt then, or even now feel, when time and sorrow (though nothing like to this) have almost dried up my heart, would be indeed walking in a vain shadow, and disquieting myself in vain by it. The followers of Mohammed are tutored, from their youth, to suppress from the scrutiny of others all outward tokens of the secret counsels of the heart. In the East this is imperative as the law of self-preservation. In the West it is done far more effectually, if not so generally, by those who a philosopher would suppose were in derision misnamed noble, whose feelings, if they are impregnated with any at their birth (which is doubtful, considering the seed they spring from), are eradicated with as much care as is bestowed in Persia on the shoots and branches of the cherry tree, designed for pipe-sticks, every bud that threatens to burst through the rind being instantly rubbed off, to preserve the smoothness and polish of the exterior. Whether I had lavished on Zela the last tear of sorrow, or from the benumbing effects which follow grief, or intense excitement, I do not know ; but a torpor came over my mind, encouraged by the liberal use of opium, which I then first learned

to use, like the Chinese, by smoking it through a reed, and I rapidly acquired a stoical apathy of look, that the gravest Turk, sitting in divan, or the most stick-like lords—

“ Fellows of no merit,
Slight and puff'd souls, that walk like shadows by,
Leaving no print of what they are,”

would have envied, and despaired of imitating. De Ruyter, with all his knowledge of human nature, was perplexed to account for so new and strange a transition of character. To judge by my deportment, my years seemed trebled in a day. He would have thought me mad, or fast verging on that malady, but that all my actions demonstrated a methodical regularity and precision, which I had shown no signs of in my days of happiness. I appeared not to mourn; and I never wept, nor uttered a single complaint. My habits, which had before been sufficiently abstemious, occasionally dashed by extremes of the contrary, were now undeviatingly such as the wisest would have applauded. The driest and most monotonous duties, which I had hitherto neglected, were now fulfilled with a scrupulous exactitude. What was most strange, this change took place the instant Zela's spirit left me. Her body was still on board.

But let me return to my story. Having informed De Ruyter of my intentions regarding the remains of Zela, I drafted the greater portion of my men on board the grab; and we then parted company. She went directly into Port St. Louis, and I round to Port Bourbon, on the south-east side of the island, where we had anchored on my first visit to it. De Ruyter, after delivering dispatches, which he had brought from Java, and conferring with the governor, was to ride over to me, accompanied by the doctor and the old Rais. I

had retained on board the schooner merely sufficient men to work her, principally natives of the East, the faithful tribe of a now chieftainless house. On the same night I anchored in Port Bourbon.

During the short interval that, in such a climate, intervenes between death and decomposition, I had pondered intensely on the least repulsive mode by which it was practicable to dispose of her remains. Death's common receptacle, the earth, naturally first engaged my thoughts; and the harbour, made by our united hands, in De Ruyter's garden, fragrant with flowers, seemed a fitting spot. But as I remembered, when digging in the soil, the myriads of disgusting worms and beetles, I shudderingly banished that idea. The clear deep vault of the beautiful element which I loved, and floating on whose surface both of us had spent our lives, what could molest her there?—but my imagination reverted to the horrid scene that had taken place after Louis' interment. Then I thought I would have the body embalmed, and treasure it with me through life; but there were so many insurmountable obstacles in the way, I was compelled to deny myself that consolation. At last I thought of the heathen ceremony of destroying the body by fire, or rather not destroying, but restoring it into its primitive state, by remingling it with the elements of which it is an atom. The funeral pile, the purification by fire, the simple, yet touching rites, the examples of the godlike heathen philosophers, whose bodies had been thus immolated, all conspired to work on my mind, and fix my determination to this point. De Ruyter approved of it, and the doctor readily undertook to provide everything necessary, and gave his assistance in the execution of what he was perfectly acquainted with by theory. For this purpose I had anchored in Port

Bourbon, as the most secluded part of the island. There was no commerce there, and no other habitations in or near it than three or four paltry huts. The Dutch had, at some period, commenced the foundation of a town there, but it had long been totally abandoned, and its ruins were choked up with reeds and rushes.

At the earliest dawn of day I pointed out a spot, deep in the bottom of the harbour, and sent a party of my Arab crew to pitch a tent, and collect a large quantity of dry fuel. Then, secluding myself in the cabin, I spent the entire day—the last in which I could contemplate her who had been to me what the sun is to the earth.

The little Malayan girl, who had partaken of the poisoned fruit, was still suffering from its effects. She was removed to another part of the vessel. Either through the strength of her constitution, unbroken by previous sickness, or from the smaller quantity she had eaten, together with the antidotes the doctor used, she not only lived, but hopes, though faint, were entertained of her recovery ;—I had no feeling left for her. Adoo had wept and moaned herself into a stupid insensibility ; and it was only by force she could be induced to take nourishment :—yet I even gazed on her with apathy, and her sighs and groans made no more impression on me than the wind howling amidst the shrouds in a gale.

It was past midnight when my lonely contemplations were interrupted by a man on deck telling me there was a signal from the shore.

This was the signal, concerted with De Ruyter, to apprise me of his approach. The boats were in readiness ; one I sent for him and his party, and manned the long-boat of the grab, which he had lent me for the occasion. I had robed Zela in the richest costume of

her country : her yellow vest was spangled with little rubies, and her chemise and flowing drawers, of sea-green Indian crape, were edged with gold ; her outer garments were of the finest muslin of India ; her slippers and the embroidered kerchiefs which bound up her hair, and concealed her bosom and the lower part of her face, were beaded and embossed with pearls. I preserved but one braid of her long, dark, silken hair, and, placing that in my breast, I kissed her eyelids, cheeks, and lips. Carefully folding her in a large Arab barican, or cloak of white camel's hair, I conveyed her into the boat. I was a mere machine. The blood in my veins was stagnant. I remember only that when De Ruyter came to me, the efforts I made to speak with composure had nearly stifled me. When he told me they were all ready on shore, I feared I could not walk along the boat, yet I sternly refused to be assisted. I got over the boat's quarter into the sea ; and, pressing my precious burden closely to my breast, and warily preventing the water from touching her, I walked through the surf to the shore. Its coolness strengthened me, and I was enabled to stagger on to the spot, where stood the funeral pile. I could recognise no other object. The figures that flitted about, and those who stopped to speak to me, looked like spectres gliding in a dance of death. A black iron furnace, like a coffin, was placed on the pile. After standing for some time entranced at its side, my senses, by some means, were sufficiently restored to make me aware of the necessity of going through what I had undertaken. I placed the body within the iron shell as delicately as a mother lays her sleeping child in its cradle. Then De Ruyter, the old Rais, and others withdrew me a short distance away, and held me there. Oils, spices, musk, camphor, and ambergris, I was afterwards told, were thrown in by

baskets full. Dry bamboos and damped reeds thickly covered all ; so that, when ignited, I could see nothing but a dark, impenetrable pyramid of smoke. I tried to speak ; then entreated by signs, for my throat was dry as death, that they would unhand me ; but they held me fast, and my strength had totally fled. Owing to some confusion, the cause of which I did not then ascertain (it was the rescuing of Adoo, who had thrown herself into the flames), I found myself unfettered ; and, with the intention of doing the same thing, I sprung forward, but, stumbling from weakness, or over some object in my way, I fell on the sand, so near the fire that my outstretched hands were severely burnt. What followed I know not, for I remained insensible. When restored to reason, I was swinging in a cot on the deck of the schooner.

The utmost human nature can endure and survive, I suffered. I cursed the strength of my body, harder and stronger than steel, that retained, in despite of my ardent longing for death, the spirit of life within me. De Ruyter's urgent affairs kept him at the town of Port St. Louis ; but he frequently came over to me in the night. A small case, containing Zela's ashes, was given me ; it was ever near me. I had been strongly urged to accompany De Ruyter to the town, or to his country house, but I would not leave the schooner.

CHAPTER CXXVI

“Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
This calm luxuriance of blissful light.”

KRATS.

“But custom maketh blind and obdurate
The loftiest hearts ;—he had beheld the woe
In which mankind was bound, but deemed that fate,
Which made them abject, would preserve them so.”

SHELLEY.

NEARLY a month had elapsed, when De Ruyter, coming on board one night, found me calmer and more attentive to his discourse than usual. He then told me he had been strongly urged, nay, importuned by the governor of the island, to take dispatches to Europe, conveying the information he had brought ; and that information was now further corroborated by unquestionable authority from several quarters. The word *Europe* at first startled me ; for I had learnt to loathe it, and consider the East as my country. But now the case was altered. I wished to bid adieu to the objects which surrounded me. I wished to remove myself to the opposite extremity of the world—I cared not where or how, so that I could, by action and change, banish thoughts, and learn to forget the past. De Ruyter, comprehending the workings of my mind, gave me time for reflection. He then asked me what I thought on the subject. I answered that I was unable to think, and therefore could not advise ; but I told him my wishes, and urged him implicitly to follow his own judgment. “What judgment I have,” he said, “floats on the surface. My mind is at all times ready to answer on the instant. It is plain the English will be paramount in India for awhile, and that all other European

nations will be driven from their settlements on the Indian islands. Our stay here cannot arrest the progress of events. A wise man, when he finds himself badly placed in one spot, will remove to another. The weak and timid, like silly birds, drop into the jaws of the rattlesnake. I only hesitated to hear your wishes ; so you may prepare the schooner for sea ; to do which you must run her round to Port St. Louis. As the grab is merely adapted for the Indian seas, I shall sell or leave her ; and we will proceed together in the schooner. The business requires haste ; so you had better turn the hands up, and get out with this land breeze."

This I did, and externally resumed the stoical fortitude which had left me for a time. Early on the next day I was at Port St. Louis, and all the busy preparations of going to sea for a long voyage commenced. The government stores, artificers, and seamen were severally put in requisition, by command of the governor-general, to expedite the equipment of the schooner. As I had lost all relish for eating and sleeping, and never left the schooner for an instant, at the expiration of a few days everything was completed, and we lay ready to put to sea at an hour's notice.

Nor did my grief make me so selfish as to forget or neglect those dependent on me. I consulted with De Ruyter on the best means of providing for Adoo, and Zela's other little girl, who was still emaciated and wasting, and the remaining Arabs of her house, now reduced to twelve. He first talked with the old Rais on the subject ; and, with his boundless liberality, gave him the choice of an entire plantation on his estate on the island, as a free gift to him and his, without stipulation ; or money to purchase a vessel, in which he might trade as a merchant, or return to his country,

and spend the remainder of his life at ease, amidst his kindred and countrymen. It would be a tedious recital to detail all that passed on the occasion. The old Arab seaman, although of the desert, had a heart and head that neither years nor hardships could render insensible. Long debating on the matter with him, De Ruyter ascertained that his wish was to return to the land of his fathers. It was therefore decided that Zela's Arabs and her two attendants should return with him. The Arabs were, by their own election, to become the followers of the Rais; and the Malayan girls were to be formally adopted by him.

It is scarcely necessary to say that every individual was amply rewarded, nor were their deserts so much considered as their fidelity to their mistress. Had their avarice been as great as that of priests, my prodigal gifts must have satisfied them; if indeed the insatiable maws of priests can ever be glutted, while aught remains to be extorted. But with these simple-hearted people, whatever other vices they may have had, avarice, the worst of all, though it had entered their dark bosoms, had not usurped the first place there. For the loss of the last blood of their race, the utter extinction of one of the purest Arabian tribes, whose pedigree went back to thousands of years, to the fathers of the human race, they gave vent to their grief in loud and clamorous yells; whilst I, "a cannibal of my own heart," nourished mine in silence.

I well knew it would be in vain to reason with Adoo on the necessity of her leaving me; and it required all the influence De Ruyter had over me to induce me to be separated from this last link connecting me with the past. But his reasons were so many and unanswerable, that at length I was compelled to submit, and he undertook to effect our separation by stratagem. Although

I continued to protest strongly and urgently against this, to my sorrow it took place ; and its sad result filled my cup of misery to overflowing, and, like a poisonous oil, it floats on the surface.

The Eastern portion of our crew was discharged, the grab was sold, and the Europeans on board of her were transhipped to the schooner. We had no difficulty in completing our number of hands, as so many seamen were anxious to return to their country. De Ruyter provided for his eldest followers in various modes ; some were rewarded by gifts of land on his estate, a portion of which he disposed of, including the house ; and he took care to register the freedom of those whom he had emancipated.

At any other time the metamorphosis my body was compelled to undergo, not from the caterpillar to the winged butterfly, but from the butterfly to the caterpillar, would have mortified me. In short I laid aside the free, graceful, and pleasant garb of the East for the detestable and ludicrous fashion of the West. I would rather my legs were in the stocks than my throat. The chains of a galley-slave do not cramp a man's limbs more than buckram, starch, and the modern tightness of dress. My first transition to a sailor's jacket and trousers I could have borne uncomplainingly had it ended there.

CHAPTER CXXVII

"A little shallow, floating near the shore,
 Caught the impatient wandering of his gaze ;
 It had been long abandoned, for its sides
 Gaped wide with many a rift, and its frail joints
 Swayed with the undulations of the tide."

SHELLEY.

It was a year afterwards that I received the afflicting news of Adoo. When she discovered that the schooner, bearing the ashes of her mistress, had left the port, contrary to her usual habits, but with the cunning and inflexible determination of her nature, she listened to all the kind-hearted Rais could say to soothe her, and appearing, if not satisfied, yet resigned to circumstances, she succeeded in lulling her adopted father's suspicions. Then stealing out at night, she swam to a country vessel ; and, casting off the painter, by which her boat was secured, with the rope held between her teeth, she floated out of the harbour with the land-wind. When she believed herself safe from discovery, she got on board the boat and paddled directly out to sea, her mind bent on the single object of escape, evidently in the vain hope of overtaking the schooner. She had never perhaps reflected on its folly ; as to the danger, where her affections were, thither was she impelled, and no impediment could arrest her steps.

The Rais, aware of her flight in the morning, with great sagacity traced her to having taken the boat of the Arab vessel, and, without a moment's delay, engaged a large boat, manned her with his Arabs, proceeded a long way to sea in our track, and cruised about for two days, in hopes of falling in with her. But not succeeding, he carefully marked the setting of the swell and currents since the night of her escape, ran back to

the island, and coasted along its east side, questioning the people in the fishing-boats and those on shore, but without avail. There are two small islands at the eastern extremity of the Isle of France, called Round Islands, when, going on towards one of these, he discovered a small boat, which proved to be the one taken from the Arab vessel. She was bilged, filled with water, and lying on the rocks, on which the swell of the breakers had washed and left her. The island was without fresh water or inhabitants; every spot, rock, and hollow crevice in it were examined, without discovering the slightest vestige of Adoo. The neighbouring island and the coast immediately adjoining was also searched. Her death seemed certain; but the manner of it was, and is, involved in mystery.

This news I felt as a sword thrust through my body, or as a probe forced into a newly cicatrized wound. It showed at least that a portion of the sensibility of my heart was restored. This event, of which I could not help thinking De Ruyter was the origin, formed the only instance where I ever had to repent the having yielded up my strong impulses to his sound judgment. Henceforth I determined that whatever manacles might bind my limbs, no fetters should incarcerate my mind.

“I have lived thus many years,
And run through all these follies men call fortunes,
Yet never fixed on any good and constant
But what I made myself: why should I grieve then
At what I may mould any way?”

I cannot recall an event worth recording previously to our departure from the Isle of France, nor during our passage to Europe. More than once we were chased; but few vessels that ever floated could keep way with the schooner in any weather. In the English Channel

the British cruisers lay around us like the coral islands in the Sooloo Archipelago ; we had escaped the peril of the one, so we managed to elude the pursuit of the other. After an unprecedented quick passage we anchored in the port of St. Malo in France, then full of French privateers and ships of war.

Ere we had been an hour at anchor De Ruyter was posting on his road to Paris, to deliver his dispatches to the government, whilst I remained in charge of the schooner.

We had a small cargo of the finest tea, coffee, spices, and, by some accident or other, a few tons of white crystal sugar. This last I mention, as, at that period, the price of sugar was so high in France that it was sold at an enormous profit, nearly clearing the expenses of the voyage. Our other East Indian produce was sold at almost an equally high rate ; and I saw that trade, not war, was the most direct and only certain road leading to wealth, though I was utterly indifferent to its accumulation. My sentiments, changed on many things, have remained, to the present hour, unaltered on this head.

The voyage, and more particularly the extreme hardships we endured, with the privations attending so long a run in so small a craft and many hands, all conspired, bracing my collapsed muscles, to keep me alive. Yet I was still very weak and emaciated ; my body was so thin that the skin seemed stretched to bursting over my gaunt and bony form ; my face was haggard and careworn to a degree unexampled in one so young—for I had hardly yet attained the age at which the law, as if in mockery, tells us we are free agents, while it heaps responsibility on us, and thrusts us forth to earn our bitter bread by the sweat of our brows, like Cain, with every man's hand against us—though Cain had, literally, the world for his garden, while we find every spot pre-

occupied. In this struggle for existence, each is compelled to turn his hand against every man.

CHAPTER CXXVIII

"Sylla was first of victors; but our own,
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell, he
Too swept off senates, while he hew'd the throne
Down to a block."

BYRON.

"Look to the east, where Ganges' swarthy race
Shall shake its usurpation to its base;
Lo! there rebellion rears her ghastly head,
And glares the Nemesis of native dead,
Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,
And claims his long arrears of northern blood.
So may ye perish!"

Ibid.

SEVEN or eight days had passed when De Ruyter returned to St. Malo. Several long conferences had passed between him and the French emperor. De Ruyter represented him as so wrapt up in schemes for aggrandising himself in Europe, that he afforded little attention to things out of it; and he asserted that if he could monopolise the East Indian trade, as the English had done, he would not permit it; for it could merely tend to enrich a few individuals, whilst it must ultimately ruin the nation at large. "And so," he added, "the English will find it, if they continue it on the same footing."

De Ruyter answered him that he was of the same opinion; but as the foundation of the political power of England was her commerce, that was the vulnerable side to be assailed; and as the Isle of France, having two excellent ports, St. Louis and Bourbon, besides one at the Isle of Bourbon——"

“What !” exclaimed Napoleon, “are the wealth and blood of France to be expended to maintain islands in the Indian Ocean, which are but idle pyramids to commemorate the name of an accursed dynasty, that should be blotted from the page of history altogether, and for ever ?”

De Ruyter, with his usual fearless frankness, observed—
“What signifies a name ? It can be——”

“A name !” interrupted Napoleon hurriedly—“a name !—why, it is everything ! The puny rocks, so designated, are worthless—let the English have them !—they will value them for the legitimacy of their appellations. Tell me, for I am referred to you on the present state of India, can anything be done there ? What is your opinion ? We have heard of you, and your *name* is a great one ; it has long slept ; but, by report, its spirit lives revived in you. I will be your pioneer, and put you in a way to add to its greatness. You have an example,” he continued, after a pause, “you have an example in your country, Holland, that a commercial nation may rapidly become great ; yet that is transitory, it never has endured, it never can endure. A nation, to be lasting, must build on the foundation of its own soil. We have no difficulty in finding leaders for our soldiers ; look at those men (pointing to a regiment of his guards, drawn up outside the Tuileries), there is not one among them but could, and many of them assuredly will, be able generals. Yet I have searched in vain, throughout the nation, for a single De Witt, De Ruyter, or Van Tromp ; else would I hasten the downfall of a nation, whose vaunted wooden ramparts are formidable only as the wall of China, while neighbouring nations are less powerful. Our Gallic nation are all bilious ; this is a spur to them on shore ; but on the water they are sea-sick. I had been a sailor, if my liver would have

allowed me. I never entered a boat but the heaving of the sea made me feel helpless as a puling baby. Our admirals are worse. I remember two of the oldest, with me at Boulogne, looked qualmish at merely seeing the vessels pitch and roll in the port. An Englishman, a twelvemonth at sea, is sick of the shore after a week's absence. But our empire is on the land; and thirty millions of men in the very heart of Europe will and must endure firm as the centre of the earth itself."

Napoleon then questioned De Ruyter, in detail and minutely, concerning the native princes of India, their strength, the population of their countries, their divisions among themselves, their religions, their revenues, and their characters, and more particularly concerning their courage and abilities. As De Ruyter went on, he made hasty remarks, in a low tone, as if indifferent to what he said being heard or not.

He concluded with, "It is strange that the Turks and Chinese are the only people who, whether conquerors or conquered, have attained the only useful end of conquest, a real augmentation of their national strength. If intolerance and bigotry enabled them to do this, the English ought also to have succeeded; for they are more intolerant and bigoted than either. They cannot mingle or unite themselves with any other people, not even with their nearest neighbours, the Scotch and the Irish. They go forth with a bayonet in one hand and a halter in the other; never for a moment will they lay them aside; after a lapse of centuries they have not advanced a single step in men's minds or hearts. Therefore the end must be that the natives of India, from the Himalayan Mountains to the sea, with one voice giving vent to their long pent-up execrations, will arise, exterminating their haughty oppressors, and every record of their ignominious slavery."

In long and repeated audiences which De Ruyter had with Napoleon, the emperor, when alone with him, spoke, openly and unhesitatingly, his opinions ; and he was pleased with the equal frankness of De Ruyter, his discriminating knowledge of men teaching him that he had a man to deal with as strong-minded as himself, not to be dazzled or daunted by the idle parade of a court, or the insignia of arbitrary sovereignty. Napoleon was the only monarch that De Ruyter did not thoroughly despise, and him he hated for his selfish and insatiable ambition.

“ He has, indeed,” said De Ruyter, “ shaken some of the palsied, old legitimate dotards from their mouldering, worm-eaten thrones ; and, doffing their purple robes, held them up to the derision of mankind. Yet, doing this, he vainly thought to perpetuate tyranny by substituting military despots, by whom he hopes to secure himself, and bind the ambitious by gratitude or interest, as if the ambitious could feel for anything but themselves. Much good, on the whole, may and will ensue ; but we owe him nothing, for he designed nothing but evil. A rusty bolt is the most difficult to withdraw ; but once removed, though replaced, it will never hold securely. What a master’s hand teaches his workmen for his own benefit will be, some day, turned to their own advantage. Napoleon has taught our children to play the game of hocus-pocus with popes, priests, kings, and other straw-stuffed scarecrows ; they (for we, their fathers, still cling to the rocking-horse and rattle), despising the toys of our times, will cast them aside for ever, and play a manlier game.”

De Ruyter moreover added, that the emperor had requested to see him again, hinting he should employ him, and, as bounty-money, tendered him less than the value of a shilling—the ribbon of the legion of honour.

“They would have disgraced me,” he said, “by creating me a chevalier—I’d rather be a Chevalier d’Industrie. Let us dispose of our cargo, and conclude the business which brought us here. I never *served* but one man—Washington! I was then a boy. In France, during a part of the Revolution, I sought to complete my apprenticeship to liberty: although, in France, I found many men professing to teach, when I had learnt enough from my first master to discover they were empirics.

“Politics apart, my dear fellow, will you act wisely—will you return to your own country? See what changes have taken place in your family. They are numerous and wealthy. Surely some among them must be worthy of your love. It is foolish to wantonly estrange yourself from human ties; and your health and strength are woefully shattered. A winter’s voyage to America will destroy you. Try a few months in your own climate. At the expiration of that time I will return; or, if prevented by events not to be foreseen, you can rejoin me in America, or elsewhere.”

I had a great deal of difficulty in bringing my mind to this point, yet at last I determined on it; but not till De Ruyter was leaving St. Malo. The period soon arrived; most of his crew were now Americans, picked up in exchange for French and other foreigners. Americans, which is not to be wondered at, dislike being detained in any country but their own.

CHAPTER CXXIX

"God save the king!" and kings,
 For if he don't, I doubt if men will longer;
 I think I hear a little bird who sings,
 The people by and by will be the stronger:
 The veriest jade will wince whose harness wrings
 So much into the raw as quite to wrong her
 Beyond the rules of posting; and the mob
 At last fall sick of imitating Job."

BYRON.

"For I will teach, if possible, the stones
 To rise against earth's tyrants. Never let it
 Be said, that we still truckle unto thrones;
 But ye, our children's children! think how we
 Shew'd *what things were* before the world was free!"

Ibid.

As England and France were then at war, De Ruyter inquired into the best means of my crossing the Channel; and, at St. Malo, this was no insurmountable difficulty. The islands of Jersey and Guernsey, belonging to England, are inhabited, almost exclusively, by the French or their descendants; and, as they lie nearly in mid-channel of the broadest part of the English and French coast, the people are perfectly neutral in their politics. When ordinary communications are shut up by war, these islanders always contrive to keep theirs open. During the last war they were notorious; both governments were believed to have used them as channels by which they acquired information of each other's movements. The boatman, with whom I engaged to run me across, had certainly been employed by the agents of France and England; who had, on those occasions, given him a sealed pass, which he was directed to show if stopped by any of the king's officers, and which he was always obliged to return before he was paid.

I am totally unable to write what I felt when the moment arrived which was to separate me from the man I loved better, a thousand times, than ever before one man could love another. The sun was setting, and the night must have been cold, for my limbs shook, and I could hardly support myself. I was obliged to hold on the iron rail of the stone steps, leading from the quay to the boat in which I was to embark. When we had descended, to be in a line with the boat, I was insensible to the water, which worked up to my knees. Exhausted as if I had run a race, yet my movements were solemn as the chief mourner at a funeral. De Ruyter also was touched ; his bronzed face was of a leaden hue ; though I believe he talked calmly and distinctly, I could not afterwards remember a word he had said, but, " Farewell, my dear boy ! " Then, with an effort to speak more cheerfully, he added the consolatory words, " In six months we meet again ! "

His hand waved a last farewell ! My heart—I thought nothing more could move it—swelled to bursting ; and my eyelids which, since Zela's death, had been dry and hot, became moist. The heart is the organ of true wisdom, gifted with prophetic power ; it looks into futurity. Though De Ruyter's words were, " We shall meet again," a prediction so rational to the judgment that mine could not gainsay it ; yet my heart, never before doubting that what he averred must be, now refused to register what he said—it added to his words, " Farewell for ever ! "

What could I but cling to De Ruyter ? Like one suspended over a cliff by a single rope, I held him ; and the feelings that overcame me at parting were as seeing that rope giving way, or as, with more appalling agony, a sailor fallen into the sea at midnight, catching the last glimpse of his ship, his limbs paralysed, his

swelling heart bursts. I am one whose faith is, that love and friendship, with ardent natures, are like those trees of the torrid zone which yield fruit but once, and then die.

On the night of our separation, De Ruyter returned to Paris. Not only the minds of men, but often their associations, are visibly charactered on their outside. It is a mystical book, which all stare on, and many pretend to expound, but few are the number who comprehend it. Cromwell and Napoleon, in the West, were of the gifted few: by those means they ascended thrones. In the East, the only "study of mankind is man." They have no Miss Edgeworth, nor any of those milliner-ing cutters-out of human nature into certain patterns of given rules in education. They do not measure men by one common standard; but those gifted with strong sight pry into the individual characters of others, often with the precision and truth with which a chemist investigates matter.

Napoleon, whose mind and conceptions took a wide range, although his actions were guided by self-interest, reminds us of Bacon's words—"Wisdom for a man's self is a depraved thing; it is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house before it falls: it is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger: and whereas they have all their time sacrificed to themselves, they have often, in the end, sacrificed themselves to the inconstancy of fortune, whose wings they thought, by their self-wisdom, to have pinioned." Surely this is applicable to Napoleon.

But to return to De Ruyter. The emperor, struck with his noble mien and extensive information, determined to employ him. He made him many offers—promotion in his navy, the command of the coast, and the marine department bordering the English Channel—a residency in a West Indian Island, or a return to the

East. Napoleon, unlike legitimate kingly blockheads, not bound down in holy alliances to act as neighbours act (by the by, where is the Holy Alliance of God's Anointed? I was told it was to last for ever!)—Napoleon thought and acted for himself. All his proposals to De Ruyter were made in the first person; and the rejection, unvenomed by ministers, was not offensive. By these conferences the emperor learnt that De Ruyter had a spirit to be moved, but not to be blindly hurried on by glory and ambition. He therefore gave him scope to act in his own way, bending his actions to bear on the designs then in hand. De Ruyter was at length induced to send the schooner to America under the charge of his mate, taking the precaution to change her French papers for those of America, through the American chargé d'affaires in Paris.

De Ruyter's first undertaking in the emperor's service was a secret mission to Italy. I only know its main design—against him profanely denominated God's Vicar, and the blaspheming crew who say they are moved by the Spirit of the Deity. Had Napoleon been sincere in his detestation of these vermin, and fearless in act as De Ruyter, he would not have clipped their wide-spreading branches, merely altering their form, but have uprooted the huge upas extending its baneful influence far and wide, and destroyed it to its root for ever. Whilst, for the good of all mankind, De Ruyter was investigating into the means of this uprooting, he was struck in the back with a stiletto, at the dark angle of a narrow street formed by the palace of a cardinal. This and other circumstances were enough to fix the treachery on the cowardly and atrocious priests, whose red stockings are emblematic of their sanguinary nature. His presence of mind was seconded by promptitude of hand rapid as lightning, and the

assassin's dagger was turned against his own heart with an aim that seldom erred. De Ruyter escaped with a slight wound, completed his mission with increased zeal, and returned to Paris.

I could then merely ascertain that soon afterwards he embarked at Toulon in a French corvette, went to Corsica and Sardinia, and thence to the coast of Barbary, in the Gulf of Cades. Beating up for Tunis, they fell in with an English frigate. The officer of the corvette, which was placed under De Ruyter's control, not under his command, was brave as he was inflexibly headstrong. He had persisted, till the last moment, too late to correct his error, in maintaining that the English vessel was a corvette, and not, as De Ruyter averred, a frigate ; besides stinging De Ruyter by boasting allusions to his country, his duty, his reputation, and the unsullied honours of the grand and invincible nation.

De Ruyter was standing in the most exposed situation, on the taffrail, sinking his dispatches over the stern, when the halliards of the French ensign were shot away. He and the French captain were in the act of rehoisting it, when they were both pierced by a hundred balls from a broadside of canister shot, from the frigate's carronades, which swept along the corvette's deck, almost clearing it.

His body was found enveloped in the folds of the tricoloured flag, under which he had fought so long victoriously ;—it was then his winding-sheet. Let me borrow the words of a Russian poet for his eulogy and epitaph ; they are worthy of him, and far better than I can find in my own mind—

“ He lived, he fought
For truth and wisdom ; foremost of the brave,
Him glory's idle glances dazzled not ;
'Twas his ambition, generous and great,
A life to life's great end to consecrate ! ”

CHAPTER CXXX

"A fisherman he had been in his youth,
And still a sort of fisherman was he ;
But other speculations were, in sooth,
Added to his connection with the sea."

BYRON.

"Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings ; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourn of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain."

KEATS.

"The world is full of orphans."

MS.—BYRON.

"IN six months we meet again ! " rung in my ears as the boat was pulled round the pier, and beside the walls of the town to windward. I lost sight of the harbour ; and the voices of the men on board the schooner, cheering me as I passed, died away. I was compelled to arouse myself to steer the boat, which was indeed of the smallest description, a mere punt of fifteen feet long, and five-feet beam ; a man and a boy were my crew. During the night we made little way. There was a light but steady breeze blowing from the north-west, directly in our teeth. We hugged the shore, pulling up to the southward, towards Cherbourg, making little way with our two oars. After seven hours' tugging against the breeze, we let go the grapnel, and the man and his boy went to sleep. I kept a look out, and saw the fishing boats and a privateer lugger creeping out to sea, and crawling along the coast ; but they could not see an object so low in the water and insignificant as our boat. A thorough seaman never sleeps more than four hours at a spell ; at the expiration of that time it was broad daylight, and the old seaman arose, pulling off a waterproof, shaggy, pea-green jacket, and shaking himself

like an old mastiff. The young sea-whelp, coiled up under the bow, in a space where a spaniel would have turned and twisted for a long time ere he could have stowed himself in comfort, endured many curses and some kicks before he turned out of his kennel. The seaman then, dipping a couple of his fingers in the water, rubbed his eyes, which is called a privateer's wash ; and lifting a small ten-gallon keg, he placed it on his lap, and supported it like a baby. At this, the boy handed him a wooden scoop, used for baling the water out of the boat, when he drew the spigot till it was about a third part full of brandy, first asked me if I would take a sup of the doctor, then drank it off like new milk, handed the boy a drop, and replaced the keg. Thus refreshed, he fished out of his pocket a small telescope, took a survey all round the compass, declared the coast was clear, and ordered the boy to weigh the grapnel, whilst he shipped the boat's mast. Under a small sprit-sail and jib we made a stretch over. We did not lay our course, but the tide was running up Channel, and carried us to windward.

Associated with men of many different nations, I had acquired a habit of studying their dissimilarities of character ; and the man in the boat being unlike anything I had hitherto seen, I, by degrees, turned the tide of my thoughts from brooding on the past, to the fellow who was continually before my eyes. Like all old seamen, he was remarkably taciturn. Whether he was French or English it was impossible to tell either by looks or language ; for he used both languages indiscriminately, and pronounced both equally badly. His visage was hard and bluff as a rock, of which it seemed a fragment ; his hair, never sophisticated by a comb, and matted together with salt water, resembled dark seaweed, speckled with incrustations of salt ; his chin and throat were covered with a week's growth of grizzled stubble ;

his figure was short, particularly square, and, with his red cap, shaggy pea-green jacket down to his knees, and tarpaulin trousers, had he been seated on a rock in India, I think I should have had a shot at him for an ugly specimen of the walrus. By degrees, I gathered from him that he was a native of Guernsey, but had, for some reason or other, migrated to Jersey, where he had married the widow of a drowned smuggler. She inherited from her deceased husband a snug cabin built in the bight of a sandy bay ; and he was prouder than a lord of the rights and privileges of this manor, although it consisted entirely of barren sand ; for on that the sea, at every spring-tide, sported, and thence arose his wealth. On the overflowing of the sea depended his livelihood, like the Egyptians on the overflowing of the Nile, and the people of India on that of the Ganges ; for the high tides in the Channel are frequently preludes to gales, and gales are followed by wrecks, when, favoured by the tides, which swept directly into the said bight, formed into a narrow bay by reefs, casks and other buoyant articles were borne thither, of which his hawk-eyed wife, always on the watch, made lawful prize. A few days before, he had thus picked up two pipes of Lisbon wine, which he called a godsend, and promised me as many gallons as I chose, seeing I did not seem to like the other genuine stuff he drank. He said, he sometimes, on shore, drank a tub or two of wine, if it was strong ; but it didn't do to take to sea, took up too much room, and didn't make a man's inside waterproof, which good Nantz would. Besides smuggling in a retail sort of way, he sometimes aided and abetted the wholesale smugglers by acting as their pilot ; for he had been five-and-twenty years constantly at sea in the Channel, and knew every bay, creek, and landmark. Nor was he very particular in his services ; as

he often piloted the ships of war of France as well as of England, being equally acquainted and friendly with both coasts.

We turned to windward during the day, occasionally using the oars, for the wind was light, the hardy boatman taking advantage of the tides and currents, without which we should have done nothing. Towards night-fall he said, "We must now make those *rochers* to windward, before the tide shall turn;—moor the boat under their lee till three in the morning, *demain matin*, when it shall again turn in our favour. To-morrow, at night, you shall, *sans être aperçu*, run in my cove, and you stay there as long as—*comme il vous plaira*."

Accordingly we struck the mast of the boat, and pulled her up to the rocks; they were four or five, about as big, above water, as the mud barges used in the Thames. I climbed up the largest, while the old pilot said, "I generally touches at these *rochers*, to pick up a few red coats" (lobsters), "*parceque ma chère femme* has deucedly *goût* for him; and there be plenty *ici*."

He then began spinning me a long yarn about the habits of eels and lobsters, which abounded among the rocks, and that the eels went there purposely to eat lobsters. The way they got them was by blockading the holes wherein the lobsters took refuge, when casting off their old coats; if they ventured forth ere the new shells were hardened, the eels attacked and devoured them. He then went to work with a sort of harpoon, and succeeded in striking and bringing up both eels and lobsters; while the boy, with a knife, dislodged oysters, mussels, limpets, and periwinkles. After a fishy supper, the pilot, having unlocked his jaw by repeated applications to the brandy keg, told me long and curious stories concerning his sea-adventures with French and English, including the *Flying Dutchman*,

which marvel he plentifully vouched with oaths, about as true as a common affidavit. At last, giving me the boat's sail for a bed, he stretched himself out on the jagged rocks, and slept soundly as the unsanctified in a comfortable pew of a church ;—I wish the benches were softer, and the cushions higher, as then more people might be tempted to take a nap ; it is my only reason for never going.

It was not then the hardness of my couch, nor did it disturb me that I was placed, like a bird, on a solitary rock in the sea. It was a fit resting-place for an outcast and isolated being like myself. Ere I entered on the new era of life before me, my thoughts naturally reverted to the past. I sat pondering on a destiny so strange as mine, wondering how it would end.

There are more helpless beings in the world than orphans, whose young affections sleep like frozen waterfalls, till love, from some being, like the sun in spring, rises and awakens their peaceful slumbers ; or rather their affections are created in that moment, and the vacancy in their hearts is filled up in the most harmonious manner. Far more cruel is the lot of those (and the world is full of them) who have hard-hearted and unfeeling parents ; or, still worse, those who are selfish and indifferent, exacting from their helpless and dependent offspring duty and obedience, without giving, in return, a single glance of kindness, chilling by frowns the spontaneous love which flows from children in torrents. I was of this forlorn tribe. My parents' hard usage and abandonment had long gnawed at my heart, till years of absence, in which both body and mind had expanded, taught me that it was the worst of slavery to submit the freedom of either to those whom we cannot esteem nor love. The pride of my nature impelled me to shake off the bondage. I

did so. I could not endure the weight of slavery ; but I cheerfully put on the heaviest chains the foes of liberty have to impose—and they are heavy. I walked with an elevated front. Alone I withstood a fate that would have overpowered thousands, often defeated, it is true, but ever, in losing, I have still won. In this hard struggle I had little refreshment but from the fountains of my own soul. Had I not clung to myself, the atrocity of others had made me a demon. In the very onset of my freedom I gained, what neither wealth nor rank can purchase, the friendship of the really noble ; and the far dearer love of one, the gentlest child of nature, a being on whom I might securely repose. My spirit basked in the brightness of her presence. I could neither then, nor now, conceive our love to be a childish passion, nor that it would not cling to me throughout my life. For the union of two hearts, formed to meet, nature had strung our souls with the same chord ; and, whether together or apart, it vibrated the same sound, the same aspiration, a sympathy so perfect that it was a balsam poured on our hearts, leaving nothing on earth or in heaven to desire. We had loved with an excess of affection, which can alone justify excess. It happened to us as to a child, who, seizing upon a branch and bending the whole tree over him, becomes embowered amidst clusters of golden fruit. Alas ! I imagined not that her sepulchre was placed by destiny so near her cradle. The light, which love lent me for a moment, was extinguished never more to be rekindled. Misfortune threw her huge shadow across my path, and I was doomed to walk benighted beneath the midday sun, never more to know peace nor rest till my dust is mingled with Zela's atom to atom. What joy in this world for one who has drank misanthropy out of the fulness of

love? My being was an aching void. My heart refused to give forth any fruit. The fulness of sorrow is great, but how much greater is its emptiness? I thought, in the sea around me, I could behold the fragments of my shipwrecked life floating. I stood up and, speaking aloud, said, "When will the swell and storm die away, and the dead calm of this great ocean come? When shall I be given up by its depths, and be borne unresistingly upon its bosom to the distant, still shores of eternity?"

CONCLUSION

"So on our heels a fresh protection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old darkness."

KEATS.

I AM continuing this history of my life. The sequel will prove that I have not been a passive instrument of arbitrary despotism, nor shall I be found consorting with worldly slaves who crouch round the wealthy and powerful. On my return to Europe, I found that earth's despots had gathered together all their gladiators to restore the accursed dynasty of the Bourbons. The warcry in Europe was, the inviolability and omnipotency of legitimate tyrants, while helots, bigots, and fools, were let loose to exterminate liberty. I found everywhere a price set upon the heads of patriots; they were robbed, prosecuted, judicially murdered, or scoffed at, and driven from the herd of society like the pariahs of India; to associate with them was to lose caste. From my soul, I, who had suffered so much from tyranny, abhorred oppression. I sided with the

weak against the strong ; and swore to dedicate myself, hand and heart, to war, even to the knife, against the triple alliance of hoary-headed impostors, their ministers, and priests. When tyranny had triumphed, I followed the fortunes of those invincible spirits who wandered, exiled outcasts, over the world, and lent my feeble aid to unveil the frauds contained in worn-out legends which have so long deluded mankind.

Alas ! * those noble beings are no more ! They have fallen martyrs to the noble cause they so ably advocated. But they have left enduring monuments, and their names will live for ever. Would they had lived to see the tree they had helped to plant put forth its blossoms ! Had they survived to the year 1830, and its glorious successor 1831, how would they have rejoiced at beholding the leagued conspiracy of tyrants broken, their bloodhound priests muzzled, and the confederacy of nobles to domineer over the people paralysed by a blow, the precursor of their overthrow ! The world has a right to expect that France, from her position and general information, will take the lead and keep it. Liberal and enlightened opinions have progressively manifested themselves in every part of Europe. " There is a reflux in the tide of human things which bears the shipwrecked hopes of men into a secure haven, after the storms are past."

" The very darkness shook, as with a blast
Of subterranean thunder at the cry ;
The hollow shore its thousand echoes cast
Into the night, as if the sea, the sky,
The earth, rejoiced with new-born liberty ! "

SHELLEY.

Yes, the sun of freedom is dawning on the pallid slaves of Europe, awakening them from their long and deathlike torpor. The spirit of liberty, like an eagle,

is hovering over the earth, and the minds of men are tinged with its golden hues. Let France, like the eagle it once assumed in mockery for its emblem, now, in reality, teach her newborn offspring to soar aloft, undazzled by the bright luminary, when it shall have ascended to its meridian glory. Every eye and every hope of the good and wise are fixed on France; and with her every bosom containing a single generous impulse, is vibrating in sympathy. "Methinks those who now live have survived an age of despair:"

"For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

BYRON.

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